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MY LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS.

BY

THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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MY LIFE AND RECOLLECTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

NEW FOREST DEER.

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THERE used to be current in society a very erroneous idea, that if a man were a thorough sportsman he could neither do nor think of anything else. In the drawing-room and in ladies' society he was incapable of talking about more refined matters than "horses and dogs," as the saying went, and so devoted was he to powder and shot, that he could not even eat game after it was killed.

It is true that before my time there were men whose lives were passed, according to the old song, "in boots and leather breeches," and who seemed to live only for sport and hard drinking—two things which never go well together. There existed a class of port-drinking

parsons, who, if they had attended to the duties of their ministry half as diligently as they poached on their neighbours' lands, might have peopled heaven with saints. Some of these were good-humoured, jolly fellows, who were only their own enemies, and their social characteristics made them welcome guests at the tables of their wealthy and titled neighbours.

Among the old school of sportsmen was a constant companion of the late Lord Craven, Mr. Blagrave, who, in his day, and for his day, was a first-rate shot. As a boy I remember to have heard that he had remarked—and this I have often done since—that if at the close of a day's shooting, and after dinner, the assembled guests who had shot together were asked severally to put down on paper what they chose to assert had fallen to their several guns, there was always a very much larger quantity of game said to have been killed than had been bagged.

To illustrate this, on a great pheasant-shooting day Blagrave took in his hand a rifle, instead of a shot-gun, and with it killed several pheasants. After dinner, the bag having been counted, and each guest claimed the number of pheasants he alleged was his, as there were none left for Blagrave, he asked his companions "if any of them had shot with ball." Having had their assurance that none of them had done so, he requested the butler to examine whether any of the pheasants had been so killed. It was discovered that several had been, and of course these were claimed by Blagrave, much to the discomfiture of the boasters.

Old "Jeremiah Hawkins, Esquire, of the Haugh," was another of those men who could do nothing else except hunt, drink, and farm; he was a gentleman farmer and foxhunter, but then he was as illiterate and spoke as "broad Gloucester" as any of his labourers—nevertheless he was a good, kind-hearted man. There were two others that I also remember, who were clergymen.

Butler, so well known in Dorsetshire, was in his day a good sportsman after the fashion of the old school, and a keen observer of sporting matters, often saying a good thing very much to the purpose. One of his favourite maxims was, as I have frequently heard him assert it, that, "Take all the hunting countries in the United Kingdom, the riders to hounds of twenty years of age would beat those of thirty years, and the men of thirty would beat those of forty, and so on, till each set of riders were themselves run to ground."

I confess that this tallied with my own observation, although of course there have been occasional instances when men have retained their quality of riding hard to hounds all their lives. This was the case with the present Lord Fitzhardinge, and is so with Lord Wilton. And where the nerve does last in this way, it is of course accompanied with the matured capability of selecting the ground in the line of country over which to go, and of guiding the horse over the lightest land, as well as at the least impracticable places in the fences.

Thus you may see a hard riding young man going in difficulty over a deep field up to the hocks of his

horse, while at the same moment, and just as straight, his older and better-judging competitor is proceeding at ease over light land on which the foot of his steed scarcely makes an impression. In turning quickly to hounds, too, the more experienced rider often has the advantage.

Old Butler told me a story once of his returning home from hunting, when as he passed the preserve of game of a large landed proprietor, he saw a good many pheasants feeding in the fields, that had gone from the proprietor's wood up a long hedge-row to get to the spot where they were, which was just out of the manorial or landed bounds of a noble lord. It was an opportunity too favourable to be missed by old Butler's poaching propensities, so seeing a good chance there to replenish his rather empty larder, on reaching home he astonished his own man by telling him not to put his weary hunter into the stable (he had but that one, so he must ride him or nothing), for he should want him again. Butler then ran to his house, got his gun and his steady dog, remounted, and rode off to where he had passed the pheasants and their feed, got between them and their home, made them run into the hedge outside their bounds, and killed enough to fill his pockets and to hang on either side his horse; and thus gamed for a fortnight or more, he returned home.

The last sporting parson of this kind that I remember was Mr. Freeman, then of Hayes, near Cranford; he was a poacher whenever he could slip in with gun or greyhound in the vicinity of my father's game

at Cranford, but in no way a sporting celebrity other than as I allude to him. When I knew him in my boyish hours, he was not quite right in the head, and one day he volunteered to tell me this, accounting for his occasional aberration of intellect by having had a severe fall while hunting with my father. The truth was, the accident occurred when he was not hunting with, but riding away from my father. He was out with some friend of his, with a brace of greyhounds, on the skirts of the Cranford Manor, when an alarm being suddenly given that Lord Berkeley and his gamekeeper were upon them, this startling intelligence so scared the trespassers that, setting spurs to their horses at the same moment, they ran against each other, and the Reverend Mr. Freeman came heavily to the ground, and so got a concussion of the brain.

Men who have but one idea seldom bring it to perfection. A good sportsman ought to have a great many ideas, for if he has not an extensive and keen observation it is impossible that he can either match the craft of the sensible fox and hunt him down, or kill with hounds the timid and curiously shifting hare. He will not know the likely spots and the likeliest time for finding the feathered game, nor the sort of weather that usually fixes their whereabout. Neither will he know how to baffle the far-scenting nose of the deer, nor how to shut out the large, the lustrous, and the curious eye that, directed by that nose, ranges the hills from the plain to the very "sky-line" on the horizon, and takes notice of everything

in motion, even catching alarm from the scared cry of a bird or the run of a disturbed hare.

Besides having the advantage of a keen observation and appreciation of events, the sportsman ought to feel an earnest love for nature, her lights and shadows, her sights and her sounds. While out on sport, what loveliness has met my view! what fragrance has pervaded the air! what delicious minstrelsy has touched my heart! Thank Heaven, I have loved Nature under all her aspects; and the more I saw the more I admired.

In the earliest days of my remembrance of that splendid possession of the Crown, the "New Forest," before that most mistaken Act was passed by the "Liberals" for the destruction of the deer, I had met with, to me, the never-failing and gracious kindness of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, then Ranger of the Forest, as regarded the does that were killed under his direction every winter for distribution among the poor. I was not only permitted to assist in killing them, but his Royal Highness ordered a great many of them to be put at my disposal for distribution.

When this was done on the *first* occasion, I was much amused at the wonderful effect it had on two or three of my rather small neighbours. They were so jealous of the power given me as a stranger or visitor of a place in Hampshire, to thus distribute a boon to the working-classes, that they at once bought butchers' meat, and gave it away, in order not to be outdone in liberality.

This led to my being consulted as to the laws by which the Forest shooting should be governed, and I proposed what proved a most effective regulation—that there should be no shooting of any kind there until the 1st of October.

As soon as the law for the destruction of the deer had passed, against which I did all in my power in my place in the House of Commons, I obtained leave to have warrants made out to me to kill the best bucks, under the condition that I should purchase all I killed, and pay the best price for any buck I did kill, whatever might be its age or condition—a stipulation I in no way objected to, being a very good judge of venison.

It was, then, on a most lovely afternoon, towards the end of July, when the bucks were getting into very good condition, that, with the John Manton rifle in hand, I sauntered slowly from the woodman's cottage in Holmsly enclosure, in a direction leading down to the brook at Osman's Ford, or Osmanly Ford, as it is sometimes called, near which now stands the Holmsly station on the Southampton and Ringwood line of railway. I had taken time by the forelock, in order that I might watch any veerings in the summer air, and change my place to some other likely spot for a buck, if the wind suited not my first-selected position; but I gave the preference to the alder swamp on the brook that limited a little open lawn lying between it and the adjoining enclosure, because I had been long aware that there occasionally fed a very good deer. That he, with the usual instinctive

caution of a fat buck, would not show himself till it was nearly dark, I very well knew; so I sauntered along down the swamp and the little murmuring brook, whose very small trout were rising and the minnowhood frisking about at play, to select some good ambush whence I could watch the lawn without being myself observed.

Before the mania for draining had affected the wits of people in charge of the Crown lands, the little brook was essentially a forest-brook, meandering now here, now there, breaking into little rippling shallows over pebbly beds, or sleeping in deeper holes where grew the water-lily. Through beds of golden bog-myrtle it sometimes glided noiselessly along, and at others smoothly flowed by willows and alder-trees. By the brink of a shallow, then, at last I halted; for on the other side the stream there was a fine old alder-stump, of very good breadth, high up from the marshy land on which it stood, from whose pollard top yet branched strong arms of luxurious vegetation. This alder stood the king of a host of others that, broke and bent, grew around it, their boughs entwined with the wild honeysuckle and rose, making in all a most sweet cover, over which the height of the larger tree gave me just room and space enough to command the length and breadth of the lawn.

Previous to climbing to this most eligible position, I drew from a little pocket a few light downy feathers from the breast of a duck I had wrapped in paper, and cast one of them into the hot, stagnant air, in order to ascertain the quarter of the wind.

There was scarce enough to indicate the direction, but what little there was showed that it came from a south-westerly direction; the very quarter I desired. This grand point ascertained, I climbed up early to my sylvan throne, in order that the scent of my steps might not affect the wary herd, and the rising dew assist to drown the dreaded prognostication of danger.

Talk of the "happiness of a king"—figurative method of speech as *that* is—no happiness on earth could surpass mine, and none that was shared in by more than two in the palaces, castles, and mansions of the world could come near it. I was the monarch of all I surveyed, from the straight hunting-horn stuck in my belt to call my man and the woodmen from the cottage if I killed a deer, to the rifle and the wild surrounding forest. The music in the air appeared to have been made expressly for my enjoyment. The goat-sucker purred his adulations, the yellow-hammer sounded his long, low, sweet evening song from a gorse bush, and the white-throat chided and warbled from the tall, high reeds.

It was too early yet for the expected buck to make his appearance, so I occasionally directed my eyes to the rising trout in the stream below me, or to the chubby head of a water-rat which, beaver fashion, cut down green flags, and fed on the juicy end of them.

It was getting late, the sun was below the westward trees, and the sky above showing the crimson blush of the descending planet, when, at some distance above me on the stream, my ear caught the cry of a startled blackbird. It was followed by no "twit—twit,"

denouncing the presence of some predatory animal, but was simply the cry of the bird when either a man or some large animal comes suddenly upon it, and makes it start from the ground to wing. It was quite enough to invite further attention, for either there was a human being there or thereabouts, to render my further vigil for a deer abortive—or there was some large animal other than a fox, otter, stoat, weasel, or cat, that had scared the blackbird; and it might be the very deer I was in quest of.

For a time all remained still, when suddenly I thought my ear detected the slightest occasional splash of water. It certainly was not that of the graceful little goldfinch which I had previously seen making his evening ablution on the margin of a shallow close to me, and peering from side to side in his crimson cap, as if self-satisfied with his appearance in the watery mirror. The goldfinch and all little birds were gone to bed, the earliest bat was flitting about, and the splash of the water was not like that of a wild duck, which perhaps it might be. No—it was not a wild duck, for, glancing my eye to the surface of the quick stream, I saw borne towards me on its bosom the blossoms of the wild rose, so there was something in the brook taller than a duck, probably the velveted antlers of the deer, which, shaken at the annoying flies, had brushed away the bloom that now passed beneath the tree whereon I was.

In another moment there were steps in the water: that was quite evident. That it was a deer of some sort I felt perfectly certain; and the next turn in the

brook, beneath the higher alders, must place the buck or doe, whichever it was, within thirty yards of my rifle, now cocked, my finger on its light trigger, and the sight directed on the spot where perhaps the goodly buck in one moment more would stand confessed.

None but those as much attached to woodcraft as I am will understand the thrill at my heart which came when I heard the close approaching step in the water, occasionally stopping and again coming on, and then beheld the ringing wave on the surface of the brook come circling round the corner, wide of the moving thing that caused it to swell and then die away.

It is in sight!—a white and beautiful hand and arm, picking water-weeds or flowers, and then a lovely face, with fair, luxuriant hair; and then, there, on the pebbly, shallow stream, the water reaching not to her knees, stood a charming girl, of about, or rather under sixteen years of age.

I feared to stir in my umbrageous screen above, lest I should alarm her, or so force myself on her notice when she did not desire to be seen; so, at the moment, I thought it better to let her pass by me, intent as she was upon the water, well knowing that but a very little lower down the stream the shallows would cease, and she must come on dry land and end her botanical occupation, for she held in her hand a book, between the rough leaves of which I saw her put several specimens of aqueous plants, as well as an occasional bit of fern. Therefore without interruption I let her proceed in her occupation.

An accident, however, soon brought me to her side, for when she was within ten yards of the old tree in which I was hidden, she uttered a sudden shriek of pain, and one of her white feet seemed to be held by what I at first deemed to be the thorn of a bramble. She slightly pulled at whatever it was that held her, but the obstacle to her progress held fast, and in another instant I could see what looked to be a string or piece of line extending from the bank into the water and to her foot, and then again to the opposite bank, so that mid-stream she was detained. Guessing at what had happened, and not to startle her too much by an abrupt descent, I exclaimed, from amidst my boughs, "*Please* do not attempt to move, and do not be frightened; I will come and assist you."

Down to the water dropped the delicate garments over the more delicate limbs at the sound of my voice; but before she could reply, my rifle rested on the branch and I was in the water with her. Finding that she had caught the sole of one of her pretty feet on a small hook on a line set across the brook for the little trout, with the hunting-knife at my waist I cut the string, and taking her up in my arms, while she steadied herself with one hand upon my neck, I bore her to the shore and up to the drier lawn, where I seated her on the grass.

She looked truly beautiful! Kneeling down by her wounded foot in the gentlest way, I begged her not to be afraid, but to let me look at it. She leant on her elbow as I said this, knowing that she was unable to walk; but satisfied that I was a gentle-

man, she permitted me to take the graceful instep in my hand, and, with the sharp point of my penknife, with scarcely any pain to her, I contrived to extract the hook, which was fixed firmly in the skin, and set her once more free.

She then undid a little bundle she had contrived to attach to her waist, that held her shoes and stockings; and while she put them on, I went back to the brook and found the book she had in her hand, and which had fallen on the bank as I carried her from the water. On my return she had adjusted her dress, which, however, about her feet was very wet, and she was standing up and blushing, apparently about to ask a favour.

Addressing me, then, by name, for it seemed she knew me by sight, she told me that she had some companions and a carriage not far off, and that she was perfectly safe, and could find them very soon. The one request she had to make was, that I would not accompany her back to her friends, nor tell anybody what had happened.

I promised this, and faithfully kept my word for many succeeding years, till she had become the mistress of her actions, and had been placed far from me. Giving me her hand, as might have been expected, I saluted it; she then walked away, as she alone could walk, and the winding cover soon shut her out from further observation. It was the first hour of my acquaintance with her, and from that time to this we have maintained a friendship that neither time, distance, nor human ingenuity, has had the power to destroy.

When she went away, daylight seemed to have gone with her, for then the sky lost all its roseate colour. The moon and stars came out, and a most lovely night set in. It was too late for me to seek another deer, and not wishing to infringe any injunction the young lady had given me, I took a circuitous way by which to reach the woodman's cottage, where I had left my pony and her little carriage; when, as I proceeded down the woodland ride, in all dark places on the sward or on the grassy bank, hundreds of glow-worms showed their tiny lamps.

On another occasion, and in the same summer, I had been all the morning in search of a buck in the vicinity of Whitleyridge Walk, near Brockenhurst, but in vain; when suddenly, in the midst of some high ferns, I fancied I saw the twinkling "singles" of more than one deer. Having stalked to the spot, I came on some fresh lairs, but as deer very often do, not from any alarm, but on account of annoyances from a collection of flies, they had risen and trotted off to some quieter place. Looking on, among some fern verging on oaken thickets of high trees, I again saw the twinkling singles, so again I crawled on in their direction. Again the singles disappeared, but whether the deer had gone far or not I did not know; so very cautiously I stole on to the best point for observation.

Some very high and thick gorse and fern stood on a slightly rising eminence and on the edge of a group of oaks. This I quickly attained, and with the ground in my favour, crept through the gorse till the other side of it verged on an open space beneath

the trees. Here, on finding that my cover was about to cease, I lay on my breast, and with my hands divided the fringe of high, thick fern, until I could gain a view of everything before me. A lovely scene presented itself! Right in front of me lay a little lawn, perhaps fifty yards broad and long, the turf as smooth as velvet and of the brightest emerald hue, for it was shaded by the limbs of the large oaks above, and at the same time watered by a little rivulet which meandered in a serpentine course the entire length of the lawn, coming into it at the opposite end from me.

Stretched on this cool lawn were the little herd of deer, the twinkling of whose singles I had twice seen in the distance; they lay in every graceful attitude of repose, but very close together, and there were perhaps ten or eleven does, five bucks, and one fine, sleek, dappled fawn, which rested at its mother's side. Among the bucks were two or three good ones, and one very good; so on him I fixed a deadly attention. The deer were all lying so close together, the bucks in the centre, that the one I wanted was not free for a shot, so having attained a safe approximation to them, in no hurry, the wind being quite fair, I lay still with the rifle ready to my hand in case the state of affairs should change.

It was a brilliant and a sweet sylvan sight! The grass so green, and the boughs above so full of verdure, while the little bright brook occasionally here and there got its waters chequered with such gleams of sunbeams as could pass the interstices of the oak-leaves as the light air came to move them to and fro.

I was so close upon the herd that every sneeze from the nostrils of the deer at the flies, or the movement of their tongues in licking their coats, reached my ear; when all at once, somewhere or other, I heard, or thought I heard, another noise. It certainly was a noise, because a pert, pretty, full-eyed, watchful young doe, of about two years old, rose suddenly to her feet, and pricking her intelligent ears, pointed them towards some very thick masses of fern that lay away from us, and beyond the little lawn.

I had the rifle ready, for all ears for a moment ceased flapping at the flies, and by this I well knew that on the vigilance of the young doe that had sprung to her feet each fat buck relied for protection, and was ready to be guided by her motions, or that short, sharp monosyllable "Boh," which when once given sends whole herds off at speed. The doe's ears then relaxed in their stiff projection, and she flapped them once more at the flies; all ears and singles then began to move again, and the young, graceful sentinel once more laid calmly down.

Soon after this occurrence I heard the noise again away among the distant fern, but apparently coming nearer to where I was; and now I distinctly made out the very weak, melancholy, plaintive cry—the "Mah, mah." of a little fawn. The only creature among that herd of deer which then took any notice of this was the fat, sleek little fawn that lay at its mother's side. His head rose at once from its recumbent position, and his ears were intently directed towards the fern whence the faint sounds proceeded. "Mah, mi, mah,"

at intervals came that approaching little cry, when all at once the producer of the plaintive supplication broke through the stems of the high fern, and staggered out in full view upon the open lawn; and such a miserable, rough, hairy little thing I never saw.

The instant it appeared up sprung the sleek fawn, and with those bounds so peculiar to the deer tribe—all four feet up at once, and the single over the back—he sprang to meet what he thought was a little playmate; and bounding thus he went, nor stopped till he had slightly countered the side of his little friend with his own more vigorous chest. Had both these fawns been in good condition the shock of contact had been nothing, but weak as one was, the poor emaciated little thing reeled, and staggering, fell outstretched upon the ground. The sleek one seemed amazed at this, and stood for a moment as if contemplating the struggling creature, astonished why it did not get up to play; then turning away it once more took up a position at its mother's side.

It took the starved little fawn—whose mother, no doubt, had been killed by some deer-stealer—a considerable time to regain strength sufficient to enable it to rise, but at last it did so, and winding the does, it staggered to the herd and sought for milk. But no—the does were either dry or had other fawns of their own among the fern, and from each of them the little famished sufferer was rudely repelled, till on its coming up to the mother of the sleek fawn, and tottering against her as she lay near the edge of the little rivulet, she rose up angrily, menaced it, and then,

when it attempted to suck, she gave it such a blow with her head, as sent it from her down into the stream. There the poor little thing lay on its side, a struggling, drowning animal, that in a few minutes would have been dead. I could not stand inactive and see this, so giving up all hope of my fat buck, I sprang to my feet, the sentinel doe gave her terrified warning to the rest, the whole herd rushed off, and I was left on the lawn with the fawn in my arms.

I could not sing,

> "Content thee, kind Robin, he needs little care
> Who brings home a fat buck instead of a hare,"

for my buck was gone; nevertheless, I had perhaps more pleasure in saving the life of that poor innocent little sufferer than I should have had in a successful shot. Kneeling on the lawn, and mingling some water from the rivulet with a little brandy from the flask in my pocket, I drenched the fawn with it, and rubbed her dry with my handkerchief, and though she of course regarded me with terror, I thought her full eyes grew more brilliant after the restorative I had thus administered, and looked less alarmed up into mine.

How fond I became of her, when as "Rosie" she grew up on the lawn at Beacon Lodge, a fine, sleek, dappled, frisking forest doe, I need not tell; nor the pleasure it gave me to see one who was almost her namesake, and as graceful—"Rosalie"—admire her, and offer her caresses.

There is a holly tree in the forest now, that has escaped the ruthless axe of the woodman, and the

pilfering bill-hook of the thief, at which I had often taken my stand for a shot at a hunted deer. Rosalie and myself rode there one day; she was on my charger, Beacon, then a young horse—at least, I think she was with me on that occasion, as she was on several others—when on the back of this tree I carved our initials, which still stand side by side, a test to time, and the mark of happy hours never to return.

CHAPTER II.

SYRENS.

Sowing wild oats—Peeresses from the green-room—Extravagance of ladies under protection—Disgraceful conduct of young men in society—An expensive sandwich—Michael Kelly's pupil and the Prince of Wales—Her spirited conduct before a committee of inquiry into His Royal Highness's debts—Royal and noble dukes—The theatrical pedestrian and his rural Hebe—Mrs. Mardyn and Lord Byron—"Skittles" in the grand tier at the Opera—Mrs. Salmon's evening parties—Concerts of Mrs. Sartoris—Her delightful singing at Cranford before her marriage, when Miss Kemble, floating down the river in a skiff—English ballads and Italian bravuras—Ambrogetti—Miss Stephens—Miss Maria B. Hawes.

THERE is a light that dances over the marshy places much too frequently met with by ordinary travellers in their journey from this world to the next, which induces them to deviate from the right road, till they either stick in the mud-bank of the Court of Queen's Bench, or flounder in that Slough of Despond of later origin, the Divorce Court. In other words, from the period of adolescence to advanced manhood, men who may be said to have the game of life in their own hands, fling away their advantages through a misdeal; a culpable negligence of their own interests, of which they are pretty sure to repent when they see the folly of their play. The rising generation, in contradiction

to their adjective, seem to consider that their characteristic ought to be an alacrity in sinking, and it is but bare justice to say, that they do their best (bad is their best it must be admitted) to act up, or rather down to this idea.

For a period far beyond my recollection, such persons, while in the possession of rank and fortune, have exhibited an extraordinary aptitude for a certain agricultural process much too familiar to the heavy father in the domestic drama, wherein prodigal sons are invariably the heroes—a process in which a well-known cereal in its uncultivated state is scattered broadcast. Perhaps I shall make myself more intelligible by transcribing a few directions for sowers of wild oats, apparently drawn up by an experienced hand, evidently for such cases made and provided.

"Rake discreetly beds of *coryphées*—plant out chorus-singers in park villas and Montpelier cottages —refresh *première danseuses* with champagne and chicken at the Star and Garter, Richmond, varied with cold punch and whitebait at the Crown and Sceptre, Blackwall—air *prima donnas* in new broughams up and down Rotten Row—carefully bind up rising actresses with diamond rings and pearl tiaras, from Hancock's—pot ballet-dancers in dog-carts—trail slips of Columbines to box-seat in four-horse drag—support fairies running to seed by props from Fortnum and Mason's—leave to dry Apollos that have done blooming, and cut Don Giovannis that throw out too many suckers."

Of course this is practically going through that well

macadamized thoroughfare, the Road to Ruin, which brings so many Wellborns the most direct route to the bankruptcy courts. They *will* follow the particular Will-o'-the-Wisp that attracts them from those singularly slippery paths called "the wings," or that particularly verdant trysting place, the "green-room," to the very desirable neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, or Brompton, where they must be content to be gradually engulfed, like a vessel that has stranded on the Goodwin Sands.

In vain they make signals of distress; they appeal to Jews and Gentiles, they fly kites, they fire post-obits, they have recourse to every expedient that promises to bring them assistance, or help them to keep their heads above water; but down they go—down among the socially dead men—down among the hard-ups, used-ups, done-ups, who have preceded them in the same foolish and dangerous course. If, in consequence of any miraculous interposition, or by lightening the craft by throwing everything overboard, one should succeed in getting off the quicksand, he would only be drifted about helplessly for a time, till he took the shore on the French coast between Calais and Boulogne, where he must inevitably become a perfect wreck.

I do not go so far as to assert that nothing good can be transplanted from the boards to the peerage, for I have known, and I know several instances to the contrary, where honours thus won have been won by the winners gracefully, and with credit to donor and recipient; many have not been so fortunate, or I am afraid so discreet, from Nell Gwynne to Mrs.

Jordan, and even subsequently; they have contributed to swell the number of the Upper House, without, however, doing it half so much dishonour as it received from the creation of the Duchess of Portsmouth, the Duchess of Cleveland, or other frail beauties, who acted on a larger stage than any playhouse could afford. Nevertheless, I am disposed to question the propriety of such connexions, whether arising from the *pas de fascination* of a Taglioni, the delicious *roulades* of a Grisi, or the seductive performances of a Vestris.

I can remember a long list of manias of this nature. I have heard it said that all the heads of all the colleges at Oxford were turned by the inimitable voice of Catalani, and far wiser men than Hughes Ball brought to foolishness by the pirouettes of a Mercandotti; and I have marked the lamentable consequences of such follies. Can I ever forget how Queensberry was victimized? how "Pea-green Hayne" was tarred and feathered? how Colonel Berkeley was gibbeted? or how Willox was ridiculed? Did not Y—— sacrifice all for *love*, without having arrived at the conviction that the world was *well* lost? I could adduce fifty examples that are the reverse of exemplary. All the world, however, knows that such things have been, and will be. Peg Woffington, Kitty Clive, and Anastasia Robinson are repeated in every age; and despite of an increasing Church establishment, floods of sermons, and deluges of tracts; despite of lectures, speeches, leading articles and reviews, good enough to make us a model nation, in morality we make little perceptible advance.

Society may be better than what it was when Aphra Behn or Lord Hervey described it. We have got rid of much that disgraced the reign of the merry and of the grim monarchs—the second Charles and George; we have even greatly improved upon a period of which I have a much better knowledge, when the fountain of honour was made turbid by pollutions of the nature I have been describing; but many amongst us who ought to know better, still continue to play their cards badly, and lose their games by a misdeal.

They invariably pay dear for their folly—very dear, indeed. Miss Smith, or Miss Jones, the vocalist or figurante, though for years satisfied with such small comforts as her limited salary could procure for her, with her brevet-rank of Mrs. Granville, or Mrs. St. Clare, or with any other respectable name that takes her fancy, will not be content without all the delicacies in season for her diet, a handsome villa for her residence, a pair of horses for her brougham, a lap-dog and page to her establishment, a stall and an opera-box, besides a most elastic allowance for the claims of her milliner and dressmaker, mercer, jeweller, and perfumer, and a score of other expensive caterers for her newly-awakened taste for extravagance.

However wealthy may be her "protector," in due course he is pretty sure of discovering that he has paid too much for his whistle, and probably gets another—for which he pays more. Apparently it is as essential to his dignity, as was the coral that adorned his neck in his first year or two of life. The latter helped him to cut his milk teeth; the

former assists in the more perilous dentition of his *dens sapientiæ*. He fancies he cannot do without it; and he so continues to fancy till he is done with it.

While the *ignis fatuus* is brightest, there is no knowing to what objectionable extent the dupe may go astray. However privately the affair is carried on, it cannot be creditable; and the least publicity renders it insufferably offensive. Yet I have known the scions of some of our best houses, in the equestrian or foot promenade, opera or theatre, before the eyes of their mothers or sisters, and in presence of their partners at the balls, associating—indeed, identifying themselves with such *impedimenta* as Miss Jones or Mademoiselle Violette, or the still more indecently confessed "Skittles," in a manner which betrayed that, however well they may have husbanded their material resources, that which was most material, their self-respect, was gone.

The poetry of such an intimacy is comprised in the well-known couplet—

> "I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart—
> I know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

The deity of youth is much abused, for he can have little to do with such transactions. He is well aware of the approach of the Psyches, who bring their candle-lamps in the hope of finding him sleeping; but he leaves them a clear field and no favour, and they are obliged to rest content with the pretence of having desired his countenance.

I am well aware that the rosy god has winked at similar irregularities; in short, that he and his Cyprian

mother have so very much to answer for of an extremely questionable character, that the sculptors might have selected other attitudes than those ordinarily given to them—attitudes more significant of their dubious inclinations. Venus might have been represented pointing her dexter thumb over her sinister shoulder, in answer to the prayer of her worshippers, and Master Eros manipulating at the extremity of his chubby nose with that mocking demonstration frequently had recourse to by ne'er-do-wells of his age and propensities. The Danæan shower is typical of the influence which prevails on these occasions. In brief, there is no more of Cupid in such transactions than can be found in cupidity.

This, however, is not always the case. I could quote instances of a sublime disdain among these public heroines, of pecuniary dictates. In the *good* old days when George the Third was king, there flourished an actress of very great celebrity, whose face had been a fortune she had contrived to put out to very good interest. Prominent among the principal shareholders in the speculation was a near relation of her virtuous sovereign. His Royal Highness called at the lady's residence one day, and having bestowed a more than ordinary prodigality of tediousness upon his hostess, on taking his departure—with a manner that showed his sense of his princely liberality—placed a crisp piece of very thin paper neatly in her hand.

Directly he was gone, she rang the bell and ordered luncheon. A tall footman in gorgeous plush brought in the tray. She bade him wait. The walking peony

opened his eyes with the very flunkiest expression of wonderment when he observed his beautiful mistress unfold a bank-note and place it between two thin slices of bread and butter. His mouth opened wider than his eyes when he saw her raise the sandwich to her mouth and devour it with as sedate a manner as if Abraham Newland had served her for anchovies time out of mind.

Without paying the slightest attention to the man's evident consternation, who deemed his mistress suddenly gone mad, on concluding a meal that was far more extravagant than Cleopatra's draught, she said, gravely—

"Tell that white-headed boy what you have seen, and inform him that I do not want him to call here again."

There is little doubt that the message was faithfully delivered. The incident of course became known, and the beautiful Mrs. Baddeley, as a natural consequence, grew quite "the rage" among men of rank and fashion.

Some years later there existed another Royal Highness still more famous as a connoisseur in similar articles of *vertu*. Among the celebrities of this time was an accommodating wine-merchant, who was manager of the Opera House in the Haymarket—the identical Michael Kelly immortalized by Sheridan as a composer of wine and importer of music. In truth, he was a musician of singular originality; he could compose either a bottle of old port or a modern overture, Burgundy and ballads, Champagne and

symphonies, with equal facility. At this period the passage at the back of the theatre, now known as the Opera Colonnade, being a short cut to a low market close by, all kinds of dirty people used to make it their thoroughfare—we all must recollect the state it was in, in our day—to the special annoyance of the aristocracy who had to pass that way to get from their carriages to their private boxes, or from the box to the carriage. The accommodating wine and music composer had opened a shop at the corner of Charles Street and the said passage, where he dispensed his notes and his bottles to such of the patrons of the lyrical drama whom he could induce to become his own. Always ready, like most of his accomplished countrymen, to improve the occasion, he caused a wall to be breached in such a manner that access to the private boxes was not less easy than convenient, through his premises.

Among the distinguished persons who availed themselves of this accommodation, was a prince remarkable for his patronage of dramatic talent, particularly when exhibited by female professors—more particularly when such professors were personally attractive. Michael Kelly was extremely attentive to his Royal Highness, and his Royal Highness, who liked to be amused, was always affable and condescending to him. I am not certain that he ordered any of his wines—at any rate, he did not drink any, for there is no record of his having been poisoned; but he took his music in very large doses.

He did more than this in the way of musical

patronage. Michael Kelly had a pupil, a very clever pupil, a very pretty pupil. His Royal Highness condescended to be present at a strictly private exhibition of her talents, in a quiet apartment a little removed from the convenient music-shop, and was enraptured in the most enthusiastic dilettante fashion. His Royal Highness came again and again to the quiet apartment, always more and more enjoying the private performance. The accommodating wine and music merchant, who hitherto had invariably thrown himself in the way of his Royal Highness when the latter honoured the premises with his presence, now as accommodatingly kept out of his way. What could his Royal Highness do but take Michael Kelly's music? He did more—he took Michael Kelly's pupil.

Mrs. Crouch was young and beautiful, a charming actress, an accomplished musician. Enjoying such extraordinary patronage, there is nothing singular in her possessing a taste for extravagance that was not easily satisfied. I shall here merely confine myself to recording the melancholy fact that the liberal patronage his Royal Highness conferred upon the drama caused him eventually so much embarrassment, that an attempt had to be made to ascertain his debts, towards striving to effect an arrangement with his creditors.

A group of commissioners, or trustees, or other official fogies, were established as a Committee of Inquiry, and they summoned before them all claimants. These worthies were not patrons of the drama, not men of fashion sensible of the weaknesses of their nature; but white-headed, bald-headed, pig-headed,

and pig-tailed men of business. Among others who appeared in person to substantiate their claims on his Royal Highness, was Michael Kelly's pupil. The Court looked at her over their spectacles, under their spectacles, and through their spectacles—even their hitherto pendant tails peeped at her over their pates—as soon as the beautiful creature presented herself before them. The most pig-headed and pig-tailed of the group held in his fat hand a slip of paper signed by his Royal Highness—a promise to pay several thousand pounds sterling to Mrs. Crouch. His Royal Highness appeared to have been as fond of writing his own name, as of forgetting the purpose for which it had been written. His autograph had evidently been in great request, but had generally been appended to slips of caligraphy that gave it a value it would not otherwise have possessed. It was so in this instance.

"Madam!" cried the premier official, glaring at the fair creditor with a solemn gravity worthy of a Commissioner of Bankruptcy about to examine a fraudulent trader, "have the goodness to state what consideration you gave his Royal Highness for the sum named in this document."

The charming creature, whose face had come like sunshine into the gloomy chamber, became suddenly flushed. She asked to see the paper. It was handed to her, the Committee of Inquiry severally staring at her in a singularly rude and disagreeable manner. To the utter confusion and intense bewilderment of all the white-heads, the bald-heads, and the pig-heads, the fair creditor tore it into small fragments and

scattered them in their fat faces, stamping her pretty foot on the royal autograph as it fell to the floor.

"As his Royal Highness," she said, calmly, "does not appear to know how to appreciate his own obligations, I am forced to show him the value *I* set upon them."

With a flash of scorn that passed over all the group, Mrs. Crouch swept out of the room, unquestionably as virtuously indignant as—she ought to have been.

These incidents that I have learned belong to the last century, when extravagances of the like nature were looked upon as the natural, if not the proper, characteristics of the highest rank and fashion.

Another Royal Duke, whose only books at this period, as Tom Moore says, were woman's looks—though in after years he possessed a library of a much less secular description—was an example of the same fashion. This, let it be remembered, was before his marriage with an amiable lady whose title has been taken from a Scottish town, now more celebrated than the early navigator, for doubling the Cape; moreover, it is quite as worthy of remembrance that the fair object of his preference was no other than the gifted and fascinating *cantatrice*, Signora Grassini. I could quote more Royal Highnesses, but I think I have written enough to prove how readily, when in search of partners the Court eagle can mate with the theatrical dove, and the majestic lion lie down with the plebeian lamb.

Another example, for whom less excuse could be found, was the old Duke of Portland, who willingly paid a thousand a year for the reputation of being

"the protector" of a still more popular vocalist, Mrs. Billington.

There cannot be a doubt that these blossoms of the stage were then almost as much prized as Dutch bulbs, in the height of the tulip mania. The duration of their bloom could not have been their principal recommendation; for though Madame Mara may have looked as well at seventy as Ninon de l'Enclos, I do not think she ruined any infatuated lover at that age. The pleasure must have been considerable in being plucked, or else so many great geese would not have submitted to the operation—even to the days of Vestris, who was an adept in the art of thus feathering her nest, as many others besides the modern "Tom of Ten Thousand" could have testified.

There used to be some forty or fifty years ago, a wayside public-house of modest pretensions in my county on the road between Bath and Bristol. I am not certain that a representation of a Wheatsheaf was the sign; but let it so be stated. One hot summer's day, a traveller, distinguished by that faded gentility and jauntiness of manner which characterized the actor of that time in very moderate estimation with pit, box, and gallery, while walking from the theatre in one town to the theatre in the other—under the same management—stopped at the inn door, and seating himself on a bench beneath a patriarchal pear-tree, called for a pint of home-brewed—all the refreshment his small salary would permit him to demand.

When the ale was brought, he could not for some minutes take his eyes off the bearer—a dark-eyed,

dark-haired, dark-complexioned rustic, such as Morland would have left even his pigs to have painted. She seemed as good-humoured as she was comely, and to the dusty pedestrian's attempts at conversation, replied with as much frankness as vivacity. The Thespian imbibed his ale slowly, as if striving either to make the most of his beverage or of his opportunity, for his eyes drank in more than his throat; but a provincial actor who is engaged to play in every piece, with perhaps three characters in each, has not much leisure to enjoy the pleasures of rural life; so, having looked well at the house, well at the sign, well at the pear-tree, and well at the gipsy Hebe who had brought the nectar he had so much enjoyed, he paid the small charge into her brown hand, and trudged on the remainder of the miles.

Somehow or other this obscure actor, who was but an indifferent character on the boards as well as off, and much too frequently put an enemy in his mouth to steal away the little brains he possessed, could see nothing, know nothing in his landscape but a blooming rustic figure, bearing a foaming tankard. How he made his exits and his entrances, how he repeated all he had got to say in all the characters he had to represent, how he performed low comedy, deep tragedy, comic song, and dance in fetters, remained a mystery to him then and ever after. He went on the boards mechanically, and he came off mechanically; he got his usual amount of applause, proceeded to his humble lodging after the performance, and continued the dream, in which he had indulged for the best part of

the night, on a heap of straw in a cock-loft till late the following morning.

The next day he had to return to Bath to go through the same round of virtuous countryman and heavy father, dapper footman and smock-frocked zany, murderer and victim, smuggler and constable, dancing-master and clown. He stopped, as if he had been wound up only to that extent of time, at the Wheatsheaf, recognised the house, recognised the sign, recognised the pear-tree, and with a still more joyful recognition, recognised "the nut-brown maid," who had filled his mind with her image during the last four-and-twenty hours. He again became a client of Sir John Barleycorn, once more drank in copious draughts of admiration from the picturesque gipsy who supplied him with the inspiring beverage, and again was only restrained from lingering till sunset in her delightful presence by a recollection of the inexorable manager, and the insupportable evil of a mulcted salary at the end of the week.

Each day he trudged to Bristol, each day he returned to Bath, the same charm was repeated, till the poor fellow made up his mind that he had become an altered man—was steadier, better, and more respectable every way than he had been in his life; and all from the effect of love. With this conviction strong upon him, on his next visit to the Wheatsheaf he plucked up a spirit, after he had drunk his usual potations, and boldly told the fair enslaver that he required her services at home. To her such a proposal of marriage was a marvellous piece of good fortune

that did not require much consideration before it was accepted thankfully. Compared with the toping chawbacons of the tap-room, her lover was a gentleman; and waiting only to get her trifle of wages and her trifle of a wardrobe, the rustic Hebe left the Wheatsheaf with the theatrical Jupiter, for an Olympus in a back attic.

The small salary that had never been enough for one was still more deficient for two, and many and anxious were the consultations as to the best means of effecting an increase. When the chandler's shop refused to give further credit, and the public-house would not score another pint, the position of the young couple seemed desperate. In this crisis a felicitous thought visited the husband, and he lost no time in putting it into action. The result was, that the bride became a member of the company to which the bridegroom belonged. At first she was only entrusted with the smallest possible business, but her peculiar beauty was rendered so attractive in these trifling performances, which she went through with striking success, that more important personations were entrusted to her. These, assisted by the stage experience of her husband, were played with such charming grace and originality, that she presently became a dramatic star of the first magnitude.

Her salary rose with her reputation, and the provinces having pronounced that in Mrs. Jordan's line she was scarcely excelled by Mrs. Jordan in her best time, the metropolitan managers bid high for her services. She was secured for the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,

and the town presently endorsed the eulogiums of the country.

When Lord Byron was connected with the management of this theatre, he saw this fascinating actress frequently, and like all persons of taste, greatly admired her; but his admiration was circumscribed. He never professed himself her lover; in truth was not half so enthusiastic as the majority of playgoers who went to Drury Lane solely to enjoy her performances. Having occasion to consult the noble poet on business connected with the theatre, she called at his house, obtained an interview, was received with the attention due to her merit as an artist, and after a pleasant colloquy went on her way.

Alas! "What dire results from trivial causes spring!" So tragic were the consequences of that interview, that I am inclined to think in one sense it would have been better had the rustic beauty remained the Hebe of the Wheatsheaf than become the principal attraction of the largest theatre in the metropolis. Luke Mardyn, poor fellow! never imagined the mischief he was inaugurating when he led her triumphant to his modest home.

Mrs. Mardyn was too beautiful to escape being an object of profound attention to the theatrical connoisseur I have referred to in a preceding page. So charming a brunette was a rarity, and the popularity her talents had excited, heightened the interest with which she was regarded wherever she appeared. Love, as usual, had the credit of accomplishing a vast deal more than was within his power, and what

he did effect was far less disgraceful to him than certain transactions of more recent date that have been attributed to his influence.

While thus alluding to remarkable women who have risen to the highest rank, as well as in some instances to the highest estimation in society, I cannot pass by a few of the lower grade, who have been rendered very notorious, not by themselves nor any great mental capacity that they possessed, but by the follies of young men who ought to have known better than to have brought things to the light that could scarcely be tolerated in the shade. Among these women the only one I choose to refer to was known by the vulgar cognomen of "Skittles." I once beheld her thrust so indecently into notice in a box in the grand tier of the Opera, that I could not refrain from expressing publicly my opinion of it, as one of the greatest outrages on society and good manners that ever came within the scope of my observation. Had such a thing happened in the best days of the balls at Almacks, not one of those young men I then beheld in that box, and in such company, would have got his ticket or subscription at those first-rate assemblies, and they would have been denied an invitation at all the best houses in the season.

Everybody knows that such public females will exist, and everybody knows that boys will be boys on such occasions; but though the heedlessness of youth may carry young men into strange society, good breeding and good taste, respect for their mothers, sisters, and those girls in high life who may become

their wives, ought to make them shrink from thrusting their temporary mistresses into public observation, and into a place considered to be exclusively for the best people in society. I am neither over-scrupulous nor too tight-laced in my ideas of what is right or wrong in the heyday of youth, but I must be permitted to say that in the wildest and most thoughtless hour of my life I should just as soon have thought of encouraging a scene of this sort, or of being seen by my sisters and my partners at all the balls, in such society in such a place, as I should have thought of dancing with a female sweep round a Jack-in-the-green in St. James's Street, on a May-day.

I wrote in the public journals of that day an article in condemnation of this scandalous proceeding, and I am happy to say that it was approved of by all classes. I trust that in the remainder of my life I may not witness such a spectacle again.

A well-known courtier in the olden time was once taken to task by a mistress who spoke angrily to him in jealousy of his wife. He received the jobation with great patience and good humour, but in a tone dictated by high breeding, replied in these few words :— "Amiable vice, respect virtue;" and his hint was taken.

I was always very fond of music, and the man who is not fond of it loses in this world an infinity of pleasure.

I can, I think, as a very small child, remember to have heard Mrs. Billington; but the first public songstress who particularly charmed me, was Mrs. Salmon.

Often and often have I been at her house in Bond Street of an evening after the theatres were closed, and when such vocalists as chose to accept her hospitable invitation could repair to sup and to sing, unaccompanied by instrumental music, as they sat at table, anything they selected as an harmonious treat to their friends. I hold that songs thus rendered have an intrinsic merit in their harmony, for no instruments can be so rich and beautiful, or speak to the senses half so much, as human voices when blending together in part-singing.

I occasionally met there all the best singers of the day; and when Mrs. Salmon gave way to younger women, then Charles Kemble's talented daughter, in like method, used to ask the best public singers to her hospitable board, and then again I was entranced with melody.

Arthur Upton, who was considerably my senior, in his failing years, often used to attend these concerts of Mrs. Sartoris; and I have seen his eyes run over when there was anything which particularly moved him. I at the time remarked how much a man in the decline of life can enjoy, and be moved by strains which reminded him, with a pleasurable melancholy, of the scenes and songs shared by him in earlier and happier days.

There is one lovely summer afternoon peculiarly impressed on my remembrance at Cranford, while Miss Kemble was staying there on a visit to my mother. We had been walking for some time in those quiet woods, when our rambles brought us to the little river

Crane, over which the Great Western railway now passes, soon after the down-train leaves Southall. It is this little stream that gives the name of Cranford to the park through which it flows, and to the old Cranford Bridge Inn, once so famous for attracting visitors from London, and for its post-horses down the road to Maidenhead.

On the occasion to which I refer, we found our little skiff at the highest end of the woods and grounds, near what is called the "water-splash," where the Crane flows across a public road at the end of the "moat-house wood," and getting into it, I let the boat move gently on with the sluggish stream, only steadying her with an oar, while Miss Kemble, in her own unapproachable manner, began, unasked, to sing one of the old Scottish Border ballads. In that retired place, my ears were the only ones to drink in the sweet and brilliant execution of that splendid voice, whose every note was melody. I sat in the boat entranced, and wishing that the hour would never end, to take from my heart a happiness that I so loved to enjoy! From one Border ballad she went to another, and to "Auld Robin Gray," till I almost imagined myself a Scottish chief, having my loved one by my side, and that the ruddy stains she saw in the water when her lover stooped to quench his dying thirst were only the reflection of the crimson lines in his tartan, and not the richer colours of his life's best blood.

It was a considerable way down that winding stream, through the then existing willow-beds, to what is still called the Chinese bridge, where the river at

once breaks into the wide artificial water called the Canal, and I am sure that I did not permit the boat to go very fast; but when we opened out upon the broader space, the songs continued with scarce an intermission, until we floated beneath the great bridge in the approach to the mansion, and thence as far as we could go, till we came to the waterfall.

The delicious harmony I then enjoyed has often recurred to me, unaffected by the lapse of many a long, long year; and the hour thus passed with Miss Kemble I regarded as one of the most delightful of my life! When the flow of song comes forth, unaided and unasked for, and for the amusement of the songstress and the listener, free and uncontrolled by any desire for applause or fear of blame, then the strain assumes a power it has not at other times.

Perfect to me was the acting as well as the singing of Ambrogetti, certainly the greatest artist of his time. Even the distinguished merit of Lablache has not superseded him in my estimation. His career was a splendid one; its termination the greatest contrast that can be imagined—the darling of the public ended his days a monk of the rigid order of La Trappe.

Nevertheless, Italian vocalization never affected me so deeply as English ballad singing, executed with appropriate simplicity and taste. I quite agree with Braham, that the Italian bravura astonishes the ear, while the English ballad touches the heart. Who can forget the effect produced by the charming singing of Miss Stephens, the most thoroughly Eng-

lish of all the syrens whose talents have secured them a coronet. I have heard and known the best that have graced the concert-room and the stage in my day; indeed, have been on terms of friendly intimacy with several, but among my pleasantest recollections of such society, are those of the delightful evenings I used to pass when in town, at the house of the late Mr. Hawes, in the Adelphi Terrace. He held the post of master of the boys of the Chapel Royal, whose scarlet suits, covered with embroidery, sometimes attract the gaze of town idlers in the parks, and set them speculating wildly on the character and vocation of those Liliputian grandees. There I was frequently entertained by his accomplished daughter, Maria, whose rich contralto voice and pure style of singing afforded me the greatest possible gratification.

CHAPTER III.

AUTHORS AND CRITICS.

The editor of "The Keepsake"—My introduction to a popular authoress—A touching appeal—I take up her quarrel—My first novel—It is attacked in "Fraser's Magazine"—"Bolofusticallibus on the Divinity of the Human Race"—I call upon Mr. Fraser—He refuses to give up the name of the author of the libellous article—Receives a flagellation as its publisher—I am taken to Marlborough Street—The charge against me—I discover that my anonymous assailant is Dr. Maginn—His character by his contemporaries—Major Fancourt acts as my second, and a hostile meeting is arranged—I lend powder and my own pistol, with which I am to be shot at—Dr. Maginn's narrow escape from his first fire and my first and last—After three ineffective shots he is removed from the ground—I am arrested at Crockford's for contemplating a breach of the peace—Trial of Fraser *versus* Berkeley—The verdict, reducing 6000*l.* damages to 100*l.*—End of legal hostilities—Correspondence of my brother Henry and Dr. Maginn—Letters from Miss Landon, Lady Blessington, and Miss Louisa Sheridan—My second novel.

One fine summer's day, during the height of the London season, and before I had resigned my house in Bedfordshire, I was walking up St. James's Street, and ruminating on things past, present, and to come, little thinking in that sunny, idle hour, and amid the bustling and perhaps thoughtless multitude which passed me to and fro, that one of the strangest events of my life was about to happen to me; but so it was. A friendly grasp on my shoulder from behind,

and I suddenly felt myself accosted by the editor of "The Keepsake," and author of that clever but mentally-diseased little volume, "Miserrimus," Mr. Frederick Mansell Reynolds. His haste to overtake me while proceeding at my usual pace had put him completely out of breath, and it was a moment or two before he could express himself intelligibly.

"What do you walk that agricultural-training pace for," he said, "while you are on the stones of the civilized world? One needs keep a cad to run after you. I want you to oblige me; come to Miss ——'s party to-night; all the literary world will be there."

"My dear Reynolds," I replied, "it is out of my power. I have five things to do to-night, and I can't make up my mind which of them is to be the last, nor, alas! which of them I shall like best, so I can't undertake any more."

"Nonsense!" he rejoined; "you'll meet all the cleverest people in London there, and the lady wishes you—wishes particularly that you should be introduced to her."

"I don't see much fun in some of it," was my answer; "what's the use of *seeing* clever people if you can *read* them. I have not the slightest wish to look on scientific noses, aquiline or snub, if they belong to the gender *vir*. The expression of a wish to see me by a lady is another thing; I feel and appreciate the compliment, but, to-night, I can't comply."

I was about to move on, when the countenance of my friend assumed a very serious expression. "You *must* come," he emphatically added, seizing me by the

arm; "I am convinced there is something beyond the mere wish of making an acquaintance that induces her to be so anxious to see you. I know her very well; and she has charged me to bring you to her—dead or alive."

On hearing this announcement, and seeing that Reynolds was most anxious on the subject, I observed, still inclined to teaze him, "Well, I hope she is good-looking; for though I have read and admired her writings, I have never seen her."

"She *is* good-looking," he replied; "and what is more, I am convinced she is unhappy; so lay aside all your nonsense, and, as a favour to me, as you know I would do anything for you, let me go back to her, and tell her you are coming."

His manner having become very urgent, as this last assurance was one that insured my compliance, I promised him that I would find time for the introduction, and that I would present myself at the address he gave me, at a given hour that evening, for his personal presentation.

It was, then, about half-past ten when I arrived there, and was introduced to the fair hostess by Mansell Reynolds. At the moment of my entry she was surrounded by several of the literary men of the day, but turned to me from them, and, as I thought, with some slight embarrassment of manner, to receive me as the friend of Reynolds. After a few civil words, she resumed her previous conversation. This in no way disconcerted me, for at a glance I read enough in her remarkably bright and intelligent eyes

to assure me that, for some unaccountable reason, my presence in that assembly was, by her, very much desired. I began conversing with an acquaintance, but while I did so I never lost sight of her, and resolved not to quit her house for any other assembly until we had had a more favourable opportunity for communication. It was not long before this came, for I saw her look at me, and proceed at once to a corner of the room where there were two vacant chairs. In a moment I was by her side; she moved her head as if to turn towards me, but directly growing very pale, she looked upon the throng of her guests and remained silent.

"You have all the literary ladies and gentlemen in London here to-night, Miss ——," I observed; "the legs and feet of society may be elsewhere, but the brains are here."

Never shall I forget the look she gave me. Her lips became compressed over her beautiful teeth (the eyes and teeth were the attractions of her face), and in that one glance from beneath those delicate eyelashes, I read the soul within—the terrible reality of her life, not "the poetry of it"—and knew that at that moment the light in her eyes was softened, almost subdued by a tear of anguish.

That she wished to speak to me confidentially I saw, but we were evidently in no place for private communication. My course was at once plain. Taking her hand as if to bid her adieu for the evening, I whispered, "Do not attempt to speak to me *now*; to-morrow, at eleven, I will call. Good-night;

God bless you;" and with a formal bow, I left the place.

I went to two or three parties that night, and I saw those I wished to see, but on my mind remained a pale, sad face that would not be banished, and every thought I had was centred in my new acquaintance. The next morning, punctually at eleven o'clock, I was seated by her side on the sofa. She tried to speak, but burst into passionate tears, and it was long before her sobs would permit her to utter an intelligible word. I reminded her that I was there at her desire to hear whatever she had to tell me, and that from thence and for ever she might consider me in the light of a friend or brother, assuring her that she might rely on me for any service that could be rendered by a soldier and a gentleman.

Her sobs presently became less violent. At last, evidently with a strong effort, she spoke, almost word for word as follows, her narrative at times interrupted by bursts of tears:—

"You must have wondered at the message I sent you, coming, as it did too, from one you had never sought nor seen; but though you did not know me, I knew you by sight; besides, I had heard you spoken of by others. I resolved to trust you with more than my life, to tell you all, and ask your counsel."

She then informed me that a certain person, known to me only by report, had made use of his influence in the literary world to obtain power over her for her personal seduction. He was the editor of a newspaper and a magazine, and, as a leading critic, was

believed by her to have the power of making or marring her prospects. She had been compelled by her dependent position and very peculiar circumstances to listen to the inducements he had held out to her, and thus had become completely compromised and at his mercy. In short, the young and clever *débutante* in the literary world had this terrible choice set before her, writing as she was to maintain her mother. Her personal and secret acquiescence in the vile proposition was to be the price of her public praise, and her refusal the cause of overwhelming blame, and this at the hands of a reviewer self-elected and set up to guide the opinions of the world. He was an Irishman of considerable talent, but, like many of his countrymen, possessed an extraordinarily plausible and, if vulgar, still to some a persuasive tongue. She, an inexperienced girl, had believed his professions —indeed, had placed implicit reliance on his honour —till she had made the astounding discovery that he was a married man, and that he was by nature as false as he was unprincipled.

As soon as she became aware of her fatal position, she declared to me that she endeavoured to break off all intimacy with this man, but that hitherto his proceedings had made such a course impossible. He persecuted her perseveringly, threatened to expose her, forced from her the greater portion of the proceeds of her pen, and, in short, so compromised her, that her life had become a burthen. One way of escape had been suggested to her, which she eagerly caught at—the interposition of a male

friend—but she said that she had looked around among her nearest relatives and most intimate associates without finding one in whom she could place confidence, or who was qualified to succeed in a matter demanding courage, prudence, and delicacy, as well as prompt resolution. She added that I had been so mentioned to her by a very dear friend, and that she was induced to wish for an opportunity of submitting the case to my judgment and sympathy.

It was impossible that such an appeal, spoken with all the natural eloquence of sincerity, should be made to me in vain. In referring to the unprevented execution of Marie Antoinette, Edmund Burke might assert that "the age of chivalry was passed," but an English gentleman and soldier, though not exactly influenced by Quixotic considerations, feels bound, or ought to feel bound, to serve to the best of his power any lady who should require his aid in a position of difficulty or danger.

I could not but acknowledge that the statement I had just heard was exactly such a case of unmanly wrong as I was bound and was very willing to redress, and with a strong feeling of indignation against her persecutor, I instantly assured Miss —— of my readiness to take up her quarrel. Of course I lost no time in endeavouring to ascertain all that it was necessary I should know respecting the status and antecedents of the person she had referred to. I found out that he was of very dissipated habits, and though the degree of LL.D., conferred by the University of Dublin, indicated a fair share of scholastic attainments, that the

constant pressure of debt and drunkenness had prevented his producing any substantive work. He was at this time one of the editors of an evening newspaper, and conducted a new monthly periodical that was striving to get into notice by the scurrilousness of its literature; but this fact I learnt later. His name was Maginn.

All I was enabled then to establish was that the person I had undertaken to oppose, and thwart, and punish should it be necessary, was a literary adventurer who lived a hand-to-mouth existence on what he gained by writing for newspapers and magazines, was as often in prison as out, and much more frequently drunk than sober, and that latterly the chief object of his persecution really was to force Miss —— to pay his debts, and afford him the means of carrying on his habits of dissipation without the daily labour he every day found more and more irksome, and for which his brain was beginning to fail.

My advice was at once to stop all intimacy with him, to have the door shut in his face if he called; moreover, to refer him to me for explanation, and let him understand that I took on myself the responsibility of these proceedings. She promised acquiescence. The man did call, was refused admission exactly in the manner I had suggested, and was either told that I had directed this hostile line of conduct, or supposed it from recognising my favourite chesnut mare very frequently before the house. Of course it created the bitterest feelings against us both; the miserably assuming tyrant saw that his prey was at

last taken out of his jaws, and I was warned by Lady Blessington that he but bided a time to demonstrate his jealousy and his revenge. I laughed at this, took no further notice of the man, left him to do as he pleased, but never for a moment intermitted my watchfulness over my clever and interesting *protégée*.

She gradually recovered her spirits, till a sense of security made her appear more cheerful. About this time her constant companion was a beautiful dark-eyed girl of Scottish birth—I have never but once since seen eyes so darkly beautiful—who was of the kindest disposition, very agreeable, and thoroughly devoted to her friend's interests. I was staying with them one evening, when some little ornament of the room accidentally dropped behind a heavy piece of furniture set against the wall. To enable them to recover it I moved the obstacle, the young lady went down on her knees to look for the lost treasure in the narrow space permitted, and Miss ——, holding a lighted candle, the rays of which so illumined the beautiful face, then archly glancing up from the floor, that it made an immediate impression on the poetical mind of her friend, who begged her not to move, that we might sufficiently admire the tableau.

Thus happily I passed some of my time with these friends till obliged to leave town. I parted from them with deep regret, but in one instance this was alleviated by the knowledge that I had rescued from the machinations of a scoundrel one of the most amiable and gifted of her sex. It appeared as if I had

succeeded in this with the greatest possible ease, and without entailing on myself any disagreeable consequence. My adversary, however, as I had been warned, was only waiting his opportunity to ensure his revenge.

About this period I began to show an inclination for literary composition, and after publishing some few trifles in the periodicals, tried my hand at a two-volume novel. I had some leisure between the sports of the field, and devoting this to the purpose, produced a work of fiction on a subject which could scarcely fail of finding favour from its historical attributes. The title of my story was "Berkeley Castle," and it was published in the year 1836, with a dedication to my first cousin, Lady Euston (the present Dowager Duchess of Grafton). It was indulgently received generally, and I resumed at Harrold Hall my customary pursuits, content with the literary experiment.

Not long after the publication of the novel, and while at Harrold, I received a parcel containing a copy of "Fraser's Magazine" for the current month, with a note from Colonel Berkeley directing my attention to an article that had just appeared in it, which, in the guise of a review of my book, was a most offensive and personal attack on me and Lady Euston. At this time a portion of the press was in the habit of abusing its privileges by making scurrilous attacks on private individuals. At least two Sunday newspapers made a trade of this, owing their circulation entirely to their personal references; and

this monthly periodical, which had been lately established apparently on the same principle, was attacking every public man against whom the writers entertained either a political or personal prejudice.

It was high time that this flagitious system was put down, but the anonymous supporters of it laughed at all threats of legal proceedings. They were men of straw, whom no ordinary penalty could affect, and their employers, secure in the impunity which the defective state of the law of libel permitted, persevered in a course they had found profitable. No one, however infamously treated, had ventured on a prosecution, and the idea of dragging such cowardly assailants from their ambush into the light of day and inflicting personal chastisement, as severe as it was well-merited, did not appear to have presented itself to any of their victims; or, if it had been thought of, it never had been put in force.

That idea, however, presented itself to me, and ordering post-horses to be put to my carriage, I immediately proceeded to town as fast as they could carry me. I drove to Berkeley House, and sought Colonel Berkeley's room.

"I thought it would bring you up," he exclaimed.

"Of course it would," I replied, "and for some purpose, too, as the writer shall find to his cost, let him be who he may."

He did not attempt to alter my resolution; indeed, evidently approved of it. So I set to work to devise some means of unmasking the slanderer, and of bring-

ing him face to face with me. Some days had now elapsed since the publication of the insults, and they had, as I ascertained, been much commented on. The first step was to obtain the name of the author. If that were withheld, the publisher would render himself responsible, and I was not at all in the humour to let him escape should he attempt to screen the real offender. Several of my friends had suffered from similar unprincipled attacks in the same magazine—Lytton Bulwer and Tom Duncombe among others—and I resolved at least to attempt to abate the nuisance.

There was one difficulty to be removed. I did not know the person of Mr. Fraser to whom it was necessary that I should apply in the first instance. I was aware that he kept a shop in Regent Street, where he published his magazine; but it was essential that I should be sure of my man before I sought to make him answerable for his publication. So, to avoid any awkward mistake, I went to Crockford's, of which I was a member, and secured the services of a shrewd little man, Simmonds, the hall-doorkeeper of that celebrated establishment. He was to go to the shop and inquire for a book called "Bolofusticalibus on the Divinity of the Human Race," while I and my brother, Craven Berkeley (since dead), and who wished to be present at the transaction, waited at my tradesman's, Chivers's shop, in Conduit Street.

I had great difficulty in teaching Simmonds the name of the rather mysterious author for whose

imaginary work he was to inquire; but he succeeded in learning his lesson at last, and went his errand. After the lapse of some little time, he came where I had arranged to wait for him, with the information—which did not at all surprise me—that no such book had ever been published; moreover, that he had been assured of this by Mr. Fraser himself, whom he had just left at his desk in the shop.

My brother and myself at once passed into the thoroughfare which, it being about three o'clock on a fine summer's afternoon, was filled with pedestrians and carriages, and I presently entered the bookseller's shop. I found the proprietor in the spot that had been indicated, and alone. A quick, scrutinizing glance showed me a young man—or at least a man between thirty and forty, and apparently in the prime of life and strength. He was showily got up; in short, looked a thriving Regent Street tradesman, approaching to a self-conceited "swell."

"Mr. Fraser, I believe?" I inquired, walking up to him, and leaving my brother at the door, if necessary, to prevent interruption.

"The same, sir," he replied, promptly, and with bowing civility.

"You are the proprietor and publisher," I added, "of a magazine called by your name?"

"Yes, sir," he rejoined, rubbing his hands, and simpering with complacency.

"And I am Mr. Grantley Berkeley, and I have been scurrilously abused in the current number of that periodical, while the anonymous writer pre-

tended to be reviewing a novel of which I am the author."

The bookseller bowed, but said nothing.

"I have called upon you, sir, in person, for the purpose of learning the name and address of the man by whom I have been so unwarrantably attacked."

This demand, expressed in a tone and manner that showed I was in earnest, elicited from him only a more urbane expression of features, as he stated, in the tradesman's civilest phraseology, that he regretted it was not his custom to reveal the names of his contributors.

"It may not be your custom," I rejoined, sharply; "but as the publication in which I have been assailed is produced for your profit, and by you, you render yourself responsible for its contents if you refuse to make known the source whence you have derived any offensive portion of it. My business here is to insist on being made acquainted with the name of the author of the article to which I have referred, and I will not leave your shop without it."

Mr. Fraser hesitated—the position evidently appeared to him embarrassing. At last, he made the following diplomatic answer:—

"Very well, sir. I will deliberate on your request, and write to you my determination."

"That will not do!" I exclaimed, still more sharply. "I will allow neither procrastination nor evasion. I give you fair warning that, if you persist in shielding the writer of that scurrilous attack on me and my relative, the consequences will rest with yourself."

Mr. Fraser hesitated a moment, and then flurriedly cried—

"Then I will not give up the name."

This refusal of justice, with a full knowledge of the responsibility incurred by it, in my eyes warranted severe chastisement. I at once with my fist knocked him down on his desk, whence on his recovering he snatched at some weapon close behind him. I never knew what it was, but, seizing him by the collar, hurled him into the middle of his shop; where, on his refusing to rise, and on my brother handing me a racing-whip he had brought for my use, I gave him a severe flogging, which concluded in the gutter of the street, up which he presently fled, crying loudly for help.

Of course the spectacle in a moment attracted the attention of the passers-by in carriage, on horseback, and on foot. As I released Mr. Fraser, a crowd quickly encircled me. There were loud demands for a policeman, while I remained on the pavement quietly awaiting the result. A constable then made his way through the throng, and informed me that I must consider myself in custody, and accompany him to the nearest police-office. Then the sympathisers, in entire ignorance of the provocation I had received, insisted that the policeman should take me by the collar. One of them having made himself very conspicuous in this way, I invited him to collar me himself; but on my advance, he evidently thought the better part of valour was discretion, for he skipped into the background.

I then directed the policeman to do his duty, which I knew as well as he did, and we walked side by side along the street, my brother immediately behind, and a rabble in our rear, literally "the observed of all observers." Some of the passers-by stared very much; one at least recognised me, but circumstanced as I was, seemed timidly to fancy that it would be better to avoid than to come to me; but two or three particular friends on horseback rode up manfully, and kindly inquired if I needed any assistance, asking what service they could do.

When I had informed them of the state of the case, and assured them that I was well prepared for the result, they rode away. Shortly afterwards I found myself in Great Marlborough Street, before the sitting magistrate, Mr. Chambers, who seemed at once to be prejudiced against me; for he ordered me to place myself at the bar, and to cease flourishing "the murderous weapon"—the gold-mounted horse-whip—I was dangling in my hand.

While the charge was being proceeded with, Mr. Fraser entered, certainly bearing evidence upon his face and person of having been rather roughly handled. After he had made his complaint, and his witnesses had, with much exaggeration, corroborated it, the magistrate asked me the usual question—

"What have you to say, sir, to the charge?"

In my reply, I threatened to repeat the chastisement once a week for the next month; which announcement appeared very much to amuse some of the persons present.

"Sir," said Mr. Chambers, "if you persist in that threat, I shall refuse to take bail."

"Very well," was my rejoinder. "I came out to take public vengeance for a public and scandalous wrong; this has been done, and my object accomplished; therefore I do not object to state that I withdraw my threat of repeating the punishment for this offence."

Bail was then accepted for my appearance to answer an action for assault. I was set at liberty, and walked off to Berkeley House, where I found Colonel Berkeley, and described to him my adventure, to his intense satisfaction. Then I proceeded to Crockford's; there, and on my way, meeting many friends who congratulated me on the check I had given to an abuse which had become intolerable, and which the interests of society demanded should be put down.

I was, however, far from satisfied—the real delinquent had escaped me. This fact became more annoying when I ascertained, from a private source, that my anonymous assailant was the newspaper editor who had behaved so shamefully to my gifted friend, Miss ——. He had seized upon the opportunity my book presented to revenge himself on her adviser, and had shown me that the hint I had received from Lady Blessington was well founded. Having this clue, I communicated at once with my friend Major Fancourt, who had previously acted as the second of Miles Stapleton, to assist me in finding him. All I knew for certain was, that his name was Maginn; but where he lived—he being notoriously at hide-and-seek

with his creditors—was the problem to be solved. My original intention was to horsewhip him, as I had done by Mr. Fraser, but circumstances changed the course of events. On finding that I was on his traces, and aware of what must inevitably be the result of a hand-to-hand encounter—and urged on by Mr. Fraser to shoot me if he could—impelled also, as I was told, by the threat from his patron of arrest for a debt if he did not do so—he applied to his friend, Lady Blessington, to ask me to meet D'Orsay and others at dinner at her house, so to make quite sure of my whereabout.

Dr. Maginn had established for himself anything rather than a desirable reputation among his literary contemporaries. He was notorious for the virulence of his personal attacks, and in retaliation had more than once been held up by some of them to the public odium he had deserved.

In the "Literary Souvenir" for 1833 appeared the following lines, from the pen of Mr. Alaric Watts, the editor:—

"Inspired by gin and true potheen,
For Mister Fraser's Magazine,
* * * *
And cheek by jowl his brother twin
In all but dulness, Pat Maginn,
Who, though he writes the LL.D.
After his name, will never be
A whit the graver than he is—
Less fond of drunken 'deevilries,'
Less ready for a vulgar hoax,
Addicted less to pothouse jokes,
And all the rough, plebeian horse-play
He will so oft without remorse play.

Give him a glass or two of whisky,
And in a trice he grows so frisky,
So full of frolic, fun, and satire,
So ready dirt around to scatter,
And so impartial in his blows,
They fall alike on friends and foes.
Nay, rather than his humour balk,
His mother's son he'd tomahawk!
And so he can but set once more
His boon companions 'in a roar,'
Will scruple not, good-natured elf,
To libel his illustrious self!—
A task so difficult, I own,
It can be done by him alone."

On my return from the dinner at Gore House, I found that Dr. Maginn had called at Berkeley House and left his card for me. There could be no difficulty in understanding this, so in the morning, when Major Fancourt called, I handed the card over to him.

"The fellow, by this, of course, means to fight," he observed, as he read the name; "and vile as he is, we must give him that chance, or people will say that you avoided the offer of the pistol for the more safe and certain redress of the whip, relying on your superior personal power."

"Having placed myself in your hands," I replied, "I can have nothing further to say, so go and seek Dr. Maginn, and the sooner you have him out the better."

He immediately proceeded to the address on the card, but no such person was known there, or at least, acknowledged. He went subsequently to half a dozen other alleged addresses, with exactly the same result. Finally, he wrote a few lines to the address on the

visiting card, telling Dr. Maginn that he was tired of hide and seek, and that if he meant to fight, he must send his second to meet him at his house. This note brought a visit from a friend, a namesake of the publisher, but I believe no relation, and a meeting was speedily arranged to take place in a quiet spot by the side of the Harrow road, a few miles from town, known to this Mr. Fraser, he having fought a duel there, as I understood, a short time before.

Notice was sent to me to get ready, and all my arrangements having been completed, I was on the point of starting in a postchaise to pick up Fancourt, according to his request, when I was stopped in the adjoining room by my eldest sister, Lady Mary, who having gained some intimation of my purpose, waylaid me, and threw her arms around my neck. She had come to take leave, but I comforted her with every assurance I could express, that no harm could happen to me, and at last managed to get away.

I jumped into my chaise, and was presently rattling through the inconvenient old arches that led from our garden and stable-yard into Cockspur Street. I found Fancourt waiting at the place appointed, and he was quickly at my side. I noticed that his handsome face wore an unusually disturbed expression, and on inquiring the cause, learnt that the surgeon who had promised to attend had not arrived. He did not join us at any time, as he mistook the directions he had received.

In a short time I perceived that we were following a similar vehicle along the Harrow Road, which car-

ried my opponent and his second. In this way we proceeded, till the pace slackened, then I felt a jolt, as if the wheels were going over a rut, and then they stopped. I found that we were in a meadow, about twenty yards out of a green lane, in the rear of the other chaise. Major Fancourt and Mr. Fraser alighted and walked together into an adjoining field, to look at, and to select the ground.

It was a beautiful afternoon, not only cloudless, but brilliantly sunny; the recently mowed fields were still redolent of fresh grass, indeed, haymakers were about, apparently busy upon the "aftermath." The prospect was well known to me, for I had had many a run over the Harrow Vale with my stag-hounds. I sat still, with the back of my opponent's chaise so near me, that I could not avoid observing the restlessness of its occupant, as he protruded his head and shoulders first from one window, then from another, inquiring in a loud voice from the post-boy, what that place was called, and whose house this was.

At sight of him, the recollection of Miss ——'s persecutions came so strongly upon me, that it was with difficulty I could restrain my inclination to take the post-boy's whip and make him (far the greater offender) suffer the same punishment I had inflicted on his employer; but the knowledge that the affair was now in the hands of my second, kept me passive till he returned. At a word from him I got out of the chaise, and we all walked to an undulation in the next meadow. Here the positions of the principals had been marked by their respective weapons, mine

in a handsome mahogany case, the other in plain cloth covers. The latter, however, it was ascertained contained copper-capped pistols, which were objected to, as my copper-capped pistols had previously been, by the seconds. Mr. Fraser then not only requested a loan of one of my flint-lock John Mantons, which my brother Henry had lent me, but also asked Major Fancourt to load for both, as his own experience in such affairs was very limited.

"Very well, sir," was the prompt reply; "I will load for both, but you shall stand at my elbow, and see it done. Where's your powder?" he demanded.

"We have neglected to bring any; will you oblige us with some?"

This strange request took my second a little aback. The idea of coming to a combat *à l'outrance* thoroughly unprepared, was new to him; but the code of chivalry inculcated courtesy between all parties in the *duello*, and Major Fancourt therefore proceeded to my pistol-case, in a mildly accommodating spirit. Had we fought with my copper-cap John Manton pistols, that I was used to, I could have hit any button on my adversary's coat. I had overheard what had passed, and could not help exclaiming to him, in an undertone,—

"What a shame, to be obliged to lend them my best powder for the purpose of shooting at me!"

My second could not help laughing, and owned it was straining courtesy, but to have refused the request would have brought the affair to a dead lock, very much against my wish, so the loading proceeded,

during which I had the pleasant conviction that, should I be killed, it would at least be by my own weapon and with my best powder.

It was now discovered that the sun had more power in one position that had been selected for the principals, than on the other, and the seconds agreed to toss up for the choice of place.

"Then I'm sure to lose," I whispered to Fancourt; "I never win at toss." Nevertheless, I cried "heads," and of course the coin came up tails. Dr. Maginn selected the spot at my pistol case, and I had to pass over to his.

"Now, gentlemen, you will understand the directions," cried Fancourt. "You are to keep the advanced foot immediately behind each pistol-case; to hold your arms pendent by your sides; and to take no aim. I shall ask if you are ready. On receiving an affirmative from both, I shall give the word 'fire!' when you will raise your hands without dwelling to take aim, and discharge your pistols."

While this was going on, twelve or fourteen men, women, and children, from some distant cottages, had been attracted by curiosity, and had taken up a position about a hundred yards on one side of us. My opponent having noticed them, became fidgetty, but as every one but himself appeared to have agreed to ignore their presence, he took his position, turning sideways to me, and stood ready to receive his pistol.

My reflections while on the ground, had not been in the least degree amicable to the man before me, as may be supposed, for the wrongs of my poor dear

friend, Miss ——, had to be avenged, as well as the insult to my cousin and myself. Still, detestable as I knew him to be, I felt reluctant to be the cause of his death. When Fancourt brought me my pistol, I asked him (for the second time that morning) if he still thought that my fire would not be returned.

"Nothing can justify his shooting at you," was the reply.

I shook my head at this opinion, as I had done before. The man's hostility to me since my interposition in behalf of his victim, had been made too manifest for me to doubt that he would get rid of me, if he could. Still I felt reluctant to act upon this conviction, beyond inflicting a wound that should leave a memento of his punishment, and afford him time for repenting his transgressions.

Had he held his pistol steadily on his thigh, as he was then resting it, he must have hit me on pulling the trigger, for at the short ten paces Fancourt told me he had taken for the distance, I could absolutely look down the muzzle. This, however, he did not do.

"Are your pistols cocked?" demanded Major Fancourt.

"Yes," I replied quickly.

"I don't know," said Dr. Maginn, and raised his to look at.

Mr. Fraser went up to him, examined the weapon, and returned to his place, reporting that it was in its proper state. His principal then lowered his arm as mine was, and resumed his attitude of attention.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," replied both.

"*Fire!*"

I awaited his discharge, and delivered mine immediately after, taking a hasty aim at his leg. The ball went through my pistol-case, at which he was standing, striking and splitting on the hinge of the lid, one moiety going into the heel of Dr. Maginn's boot. He had very nearly as narrow an escape from his own bullet, which in consequence of overhaste in pulling the trigger, buried itself close to his foot in the turf, to which the wadding set fire for a moment or two, proving that he could not have allowed himself time to raise the barrel. On feeling the result of my shot he drew up his leg quickly, and looked at his foot.

"Nothing done—nothing done," he repeated; but whether in answer to a question from his second, I am not aware.

"Does Dr. Maginn intend that as a shot at me?" I inquired, on Major Fancourt coming up to me.

"Why do you ask?" he said; "I was looking at *you*. What did he do?"

"Blew up the ground close to his own toe," I replied; "you can see the hole."

Major Fancourt walked towards Mr. Fraser, and repeated the question.

"I do not know," he answered.

"Not know, sir!" cried Fancourt, scornfully. "What are you here for? Go and ask your principal."

"Did you intend to shoot at Mr. Berkeley?" asked Mr. Fraser, advancing to Dr. Maginn.

"Oh yes," said the latter, rather in an off-hand

manner. I looked at my second on this announcement, and he observing that I had heard it, proceeded to re-load, with Mr. Fraser again at his elbow.

I now had time to regard my opponent more critically, which the sun flashing in my eyes had a moment before prevented me from doing. He was a short man, borrowing at least an inch from the heels of his boots —I should say then, from one, the other having been damaged. He seemed a little thick-set in shape, and wore a coat tight at the waist, and buttoned closely over the chest, which appeared to be padded. He evidently wished to profit by the advice of his countryman, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, for he was very careful in giving me no more than a side view.

The weapons having been re-loaded, the seconds returned to their positions. Major Fancourt repeated his directions, and at the word I again received my opponent's fire, and, after a slight delay, returned it. His ball ploughed up the ground within a yard of my right or left leg, I forget which, while mine passed close to him, rebounding from a slightly-rising ground in his rear, rapidly dislodging the two postboys from the roofs of their respective chaises, where they had perched themselves to command a better view of our proceedings.

My brother Henry, who had followed me on horseback to the field, and was looking on from behind the nearest hedge, heard one of these worthies say to the other, "My eyes, Bill, this wont do; the ball whizzed between us!" They lost no time in placing them-

selves and their vehicles at a safe distance and out of the line.

For the third time Major Fancourt loaded the weapons, and at the command to fire, Dr. Maginn's third bullet ploughed up the turf about the same distance on the other side of me. On discharging mine, I thought he was seriously wounded, for something white appeared to fly from his breast, to which place he hurriedly raised his disengaged hand.

Mr. Fraser walked quickly up to him, and they exchanged a few sentences inaudible to us. He, Mr. Fraser, then cried, "I shall remove my principal from the ground."

I expected to see Dr. Maginn falter or faint; but, though he seemed still to move his hand about his breast, he remained perfectly upright, and when his chaise was called, walked towards it evidently unhurt.

"*You* can do as you choose," replied my second to the other's decision, "but *we* intend to hold our ground." I added a much more insulting remark, but no notice was taken of it. Mr. Fraser helped his friend into the chaise, and as they drove away raised his hat to us. My brother mounted his horse and rode back to town. Major Fancourt and myself then returned to my chaise, he explaining that he had not observed the result of Dr. Maginn's first fire from his intense anxiety for me, as in an affair of the same nature that had occurred only a short time previously, in which he had assisted, he had observed his prin-

cipal, Miles Stapleton, afterwards Lord Beaumont, receive General Moore's bullet in the breast, near the heart, whence to the day of his death, it could never be extracted.

In the evening of the same day, we were sitting over our dinner, at Crockford's, when the porter, Simmonds, entered, announcing a strange visitor—who would take no denial as to walking into our Club, from him—and who wanted to see me on urgent business. He had walked in, looked into our dining-room through the glass in the door, and seen that I was there. I proceeded to the hall, and the stranger announced himself as a police officer—he was either Vickery or Lavender, I forget which—and that his errand was to arrest me for contemplating a breach of the peace.

"You are a day after the fair," I replied; "the duel your warrant was issued to prevent, has already been fought; 'I am just come from the ground."

This information did not satisfy the officer, who assured me that he was responsible for my appearance the next morning before a magistrate, and at first refused to let me go out of his sight. Finally, however, he said that he would be satisfied if any two gentlemen in the house would join me in a personal guarantee for my appearance at the required time and place, and that in the meanwhile I should not fight; and on fetching from the coffee-room the present Duke of Wellington and Lord Clanricarde, they gave the desired pledge, and the man retired.

In the morning I appeared at the police office, and after it had been explained to the magistrate that the affair had terminated, I was permitted to leave the court with my friends.

Proceedings in the Court of Exchequer were commenced against me by James Fraser, the bookseller, in the sittings after Michaelmas term; the case was to be tried by a special jury, and the declaration of the plaintiff, dated 24th of October 1836, was drawn up in the following terms:—

"That said defendant [myself] heretofore to wit, on the third of August, 1836, assaulted said plaintiff, and then with great force, &c. &c., knocked and struck said plaintiff down to and upon the ground, and then with his fists and with a certain whip gave said plaintiff a great many violent blows and strokes on his head and face, and divers parts of his body, by reason whereof said plaintiff was then greatly hurt, bruised, and wounded, and became and was sick, sore, lame, and disordered, and so continued for a long space of time, to wit, from hence, hitherto, and during all that time, by reason of the premises, said plaintiff suffered great pain and was hindered from performing and transacting his lawful and necessary affairs and business, by him during that time to be performed and transacted; and also by reason of the premises, was forced and obliged to lay out and expend, and did then necessarily lay out and expend, divers sums of money, in the whole amounting to a large sum of money, to wit, 100*l.*, in and about en-

deavouring to be healed, and cured of the bruises, wounds, sickness, soreness, lameness, and disorder aforesaid, to the plaintiff's damage of 6000*l.*"

In answer to this, I put in a plea of justification, on account of a gross and scandalous libel published by the plaintiff, for which I had instructed my solicitors, Messrs. Clarke, Finmore, and Fladgate, of Craven Street, to issue a writ against him, laying the damages at 6000*l.* Mr. Thesiger (the present Lord Chelmsford) and Mr. Crowder (the late eminent judge) were my counsel. The trial "Fraser *v.* the Hon. Grantley Berkeley," came on in due course, and in our proceedings we gave the plaintiff the opportunity of justifying the libel; but this was never attempted, his counsel prudently satisfying themselves with proving the assault.

Nevertheless, the jury, though they found a verdict for him, estimated his damage at 100*l.*—merely the amount of the alleged doctor's bill. It proved so heavy a disappointment to him, that he commenced fresh proceedings, by moving for a new trial—on the ground principally, of the inadequacy of the damages allowed by the verdict. This occasioned consultations between the lawyers engaged on both sides, and I was prevailed upon to accept a compromise, to the effect that both plaintiff and defendant should stop their hostile suits. On this understanding I agreed that a nominal verdict for forty shillings should be returned on the libel case, each party to it paying his own costs.

Thus terminated all legal hostilities, but the quarrel,

as far as the provoker of it was concerned, was far from being at an end. A few of his literary *confrères* made common cause with him, and I was subjected to a great many annoyances, perpetrated under the shelter of the anonymous. No one, however, ventured openly to offer me any personal affront, and though the chastisement inflicted on the unfortunate publisher may have been severe, there is no doubt whatever that it did a great deal of good. It put a wholesome restraint upon the herd of libellers who in the "Age" and "Satirist" newspapers, and "Fraser's Magazine," had for years been recklessly trading upon scandals affecting families of distinction.

In the following year, 1837, Dr. Maginn again appeared in "Fraser's Magazine," in praise of himself, combined with a carefully guarded, but more vile attack upon portions of my family. This was in the month of January, while I was hunting in Bedfordshire, so my brother Henry, who was on the spot, lost no time in taking the matter on himself, and in addressing to Dr. Maginn the following letter:—

From Henry F. Berkeley, Esq., to Dr. Maginn.

"Berkeley House, January 2, 1837.

"Sir,—My attention has been called to 'Fraser's Magazine,' by reading a letter from Major Fancourt, in the *Times*. I observe that the present number of that magazine contains an article with your signature, grossly insulting to my family.

"I am perfectly content that the public, to whom you appeal, should form their own decision on the

subject of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's chastisement of your employer, as a jury has already done, but there is one single sentence in your article, which I consider worthy of notice, and which is to this effect—'I am a man whom no one can insult without exposing himself to those consequences which are the alternative of a gentleman.' I feel peculiar pleasure in taking the opportunity you so obligingly offer, of assuring you of my perfect conviction that you are a blackguardly hireling of the most profligate part of the press, a stipendiary assassin of character, and a mean and malignant liar.

"HENRY F. BERKELEY."

Now, there can be no doubt but that the quotation made from Dr. Maginn's letter—a sort of challenge, as his boasting assertion was, to all the gentlemen in England—fairly entitled my brother to take it up, under the aggravated circumstances, to test the willingness of our maligner as to whether or not he would maintain his ground. In reply, he received from Dr. Maginn the following shuffling letter:—

Dr. Maginn to Henry F. Berkeley, Esq.

"16, Great Castle Street, Regent Street,
"January 4th.

"SIR,—Judging from the date of your note, I think it possible that you may not have read in the *Times* of Monday the answer which I gave to Major Fancourt's letter, especially as you allude to that of the Major; no reference is made to mine. Conceiving,

therefore, that you may have written under a mistaken impression as to my character and motives, I shall, sir, consider the enclosed unopened, by—

"WILLIAM MAGINN.

"P.S.—I did not receive the enclosed until 2 o'clock to-day, Wednesday."

My brother replied to this as follows :—

Henry F. Berkeley, Esq., to Dr. Maginn.

"Berkeley House, Thursday.

"SIR,—I made no reference to your published letter in reply to that of Major Fancourt, for two reasons. In the first place, it appeared to me to contain no answer whatever to the points urged in the letter of that gentleman; in the next place, it was *not* on a perusal of that correspondence, but of the atrocious libel, bearing your name, in 'Fraser's Magazine,' to which the correspondence directed my attention, that I wrote you the letter which I beg to return.

"HENRY F. BERKELEY."

Dr. Maginn to Henry F. Berkeley, Esq.

"16, Great Castle Street, Regent Street,
"January 6, 1837.

"SIR,—In returning your note of the 2nd inst., I thought I conferred on you an indulgence, by sinking in oblivion a paper containing injurious expressions neither applicable to me nor graceful to yourself. You much mistake, sir, if you imagine that such coarse language conveys the sort of insult which

I ought to resent, and to which I allude in the sentence you quote. It would be strange indeed if the mere offering of vague and commonplace abuse constituted a claim to the privilege of a gentleman. I do not pretend to misunderstand the meaning of your note, and I distinctly state that I have no notion of fighting a second time in one quarrel, and if I were to engage myself with you in a duel, on what you are pleased to describe as the concern of your family, I should recognise the principle that I am bound for a single transaction to afford a succession of hostile meetings to all its members. Our correspondence on the subject must, as far as, at least, I am concerned, terminate here.

"WILLIAM MAGINN."

Henry Berkeley, Esq., to Dr. Maginn.

"Berkeley House, January 6th, 1837.

"SIR,—'*The indulgence of sinking in oblivion*' the direct insult *you* have received at my hands may be more suitable to your personal feelings than beneficial to your character, as hereafter will be seen.

"My expressions may indeed 'be ungraceful,' but that their application is improper, or that utterance of them is 'vague,' I must directly deny. You have allowed upwards of two days to pass away without returning an answer to my letter, and the contents at last of that answer are a sneer at the *insult* your cowardice dares not avenge, nor even your dexterity with your pen can excuse your refusal to defend.

"The *one* quarrel, because proper means were taken

for its arrangement, ought never to have afforded you a sufficient umbrage for a repetition of the same provocation which led to it, and it is with the pitiful excuse of having once given satisfaction that you dare repeat, with tenfold aggravation, the insults and injuries which caused the quarrel, and then claim exemption from responsibility. Sir, I *repeat* the 'ungraceful language' which I consider most appropriately used against the author of the last article in 'Fraser's Magazine' of January 1837, because it contains neither more nor less than the most infamous slanders and libels against my family.

"If under the cowardly subterfuge of having *once* been responsible for injuries and insults, you consider, on a repetition of them, that you are no longer so, you must indeed have a curious 'code of honour' to regulate your actions by, insomuch I fear no remonstrance of mine or the *glimmering* of gentlemanlike feeling, not belonging to that code, can induce you to avenge insult or repair injury. Our correspondence ends here, as *you* are pleased so to determine, but 'that free utterance of opinion, the Englishman's birthright,' which you have so proudly boasted the enjoyment of, may compel you to regret the infamous and degrading course you have thought proper to pursue, by its direction hereafter against yourself and your contemptible employer.

"HENRY F. BERKELEY."

Here, then, terminated the extraordinary circumstances which arose from the advice I had given to my

interesting friend, as well as from the appearance of my first novel, "Berkeley Castle." When a man writes his own memoirs it places him in the unpleasant position of having to choose between some injustice to himself, or the publication by himself of complimentary things through the appearance in print of which he may be charged with having committed a vain-glorious boast. In my own case, therefore, I elect to keep back a good deal that I may justly feel very proud of, inasmuch as it contained the opinion of numbers of persons in society at large, as well as in the literary circles of the hour, regarding the merits of my first works, and the way in which I had met the aggressions described in the foregoing chapters.

In acknowledgment of the receipt of the novel of "Berkeley Castle," which I sent to L. E. L. the moment it was in print, she wrote to me thus—it is a literal copy from her letter, still in my possession, and which is a portion of that correspondence which the late Lady Blessington desired to purchase of me for almost any amount, but which offer I then and there declined:—

"I should before this have answered your polite appeal to my 'judgment,' but I had a slight accident with my head which made writing painful, and every week bringing me a certain quantity which must be done somehow or other, sick or well, I delayed the pleasure of my cordial congratulations. But I need scarcely apologize to an author for praising him to the public before praising him to himself. I am delighted with your book; it has what so few have

now—originality and freshness; the story carries you on, and the characters have the charm of reality. You must allow me to send you two reviews, written as such things too often are, in horrible haste, and when writing at all was a painful effort. When I tell you that I reviewed your volume with a dozen others by ten o'clock at night, all to be read and noticed before the following morning, you will allow *that* for the faults of what was so hasty. I was much disappointed that the review was not in the 'Court Journal' last week. But I cannot help laughing at what I have written. I forget that I am not addressing a person like myself, to whom the public and its organ, the press, is an entire existence. You would address your orders as the 'Comte de Tourville' did the vassals he had just ordered to be hanged, 'Messieurs, je vous fais beaucoup d'honneur.'

"I am rather surprised to find what an exquisite taste you have for nature. There are descriptions which I frankly confess I envy you.

"Why do you not write a book in a more modern period? In a notice of 'Berkeley Castle' in the next 'New Monthly' for August, I *have* ventured to suggest the time of Charles II.; your wit and keen observation would then have scope. I do not very well know how to send you this notice, which I should like you to see. To be sure, the 'New Monthly' may be seen anywhere.

"Printed proofs after all are the facts of criticism. I might say a thousand flattering things to yourself

which would all go for nothing, but I could not praise a work as I have done yours unless I really admired it, neither in justice to myself nor to my employers. Why did you publish so late in the season? To a first work, which has its reputation to make, it is positive injustice.

"L. E. Landon."

Some time after the reception of this letter, and after the affairs with Messrs. Fraser and Maginn, my friend Mansel Reynolds enclosed me the following note from L. E. L., saying "he sent it me as he thought I should like to keep it." Neither of these letters of Miss Landon's bear any date: to omit the date was her frequent custom. The note before me is addressed "F. M. Reynolds, Esq.," and has no post-mark, and seems to be in reply to some question he had asked her, but what that question referred to I have no recollection:—

"Dear Mr. Reynolds,—I need scarcely say that any friend of yours would be welcome; but Mr. Grantley Berkeley is so completely the Bayard of to-day, that he ought to be received with acclamations.

"Yes, to both your notes.

"Yours obliged,

"L. E. L."

The Countess of Blessington.

"Gore House, April 12th, 1837.

"My dear Mr. Berkeley,—I cannot tell you

how much I like your verses. They are full of fancy, freshness, originality, and beauty. Miss —— may indeed well be proud of her bard. I hope you will soon let me have the pleasure of thanking you in person for your most acceptable contribution to the 'Book of Beauty.'"

From the same to the same.

"I like the continuation of 'The Spirit of the Wye' exceedingly. It is full of romantic incident, gracefully and graphically delineated, and the language is peculiarly elegant. This is not only my opinion, but that of all whom I have heard speak of it.

"Always your sincere friend,

"M. BLESSINGTON."

There was another young lady at that period in whose society at various times in passing years I never knew a dull moment; and who, in my opinion, was one of the most gifted of her sex. The specimens of her penmanship, not only in composition, but in writing music and printing with her pen, are perfectly wonderful. Like many another flower that has been mown down by the scythe of Death, selected in preference to the numberless weeds still left to flourish, she is no more. Not very long before her marriage I received the following letter from her, written, as was usual with her, in a buoyancy of spirit which her ill-health in no way warranted. She, too, speaks in praise of my works in her letters; and in the one now

before me, breaks off from the first theme in it thus:—

"7, Belgrave Street South,
"November 21st, 1838.

"MR. GRANTLEY BERKELEY,—Sir, clever young man as you are, be so good as to inform my ignorance *why* you consider *my health and happiness depend on my marrying* an individual you never saw? How delightfully *clear* my style is! I don't mean that 'mon futur' has only the advantage of never having seen you! I mean to ask how you can decide that a man whom I slightly sketched with the common justice of an ordinary acquaintance, is the very person on whom my health and happiness depend?

"And you are *in error*, too, for once since I have known you, I am happy to say! My physician, Sir James Eyre, says I am much too ill to hear a word about marriage, which must be considered as a distant good, when my cough is gone next spring. There, Mr. Grantley Berkeley! pretty advice you give your lady clients. Seriously, my dear kind friend, my cough has been so severe that the physician *has ordered me to be shut up all the winter in the house*, at an equal temperature night and day.

"Oh! talking of 'Working Men of the Muse,' what do you think of 'Letters from the Holy Land,' by Lord ——? Perhaps you have not had the luck to 'cast the soundings' of his intellect as I have; but *I now* shall not be surprised to read of 'a new and clear system of metaphysics by the Duke of ——!' Lady

Charlotte —— I see is at some Welch Legends, translated.

"Well, well, laugh as you like, the *very* ambition is good!

"Tell me the length and breadth of your copy-books for the new book on which I hope you have been working.

"Ever yours most truly,

"LOUISA SHERIDAN."

"Sandron Hall," was my next work of fiction, and on the eve of its production, to my intense disgust, I received a letter from Dr. Maginn, asking me "to let bygones be bygones," and offering to give the work a favourable review if I would bestow on him a small sum of money. To this despicable proposition I returned for answer, that "I infinitely preferred his blame to any praise he could give," and that "if he ventured to intrude upon me again," he would have to abide the disagreeable consequences. The work came out; it was very favourably received by the press generally; while the notice of it written by Dr. Maginn, though abusive, was milk and water compared with his former vituperation.

I never heard of this man again until after his death, when I saw an eulogium on his abilities, character, and private virtues in the *Morning Post*, and in the public papers, proposing also a subscription for his widow. In some of the newspapers at this time there was an allusion made to the duel, and it was referred to as a "political quarrel,"

and again as a quarrel arising out of an ordinary review, when, though I contented myself in one instance in rebutting the allegation that it had a political origin, or arose out of a fair review, in order that I might not in any way interfere with the subscription in favour of his widow and family, I said nothing about its real cause.

CHAPTER IV.

CROCKFORD'S.

"Limping Dal"—The Earl of Stair and his private "pitching in"—His *chère amie* and her devotion rewarded—Their appearance in Scotland—His marvellous stories—Canine sagacity—His invitation to dinner—John Mills and M. Ude—Sir St. Vincent Cotton and Lord George Bentinck—The junior Crockford's established in Bury Street—Count D'Orsay and myself on the Committee—Singular effects of the looking-glass ceilings—I entertain Lords Canning and Stuart de Rothsay—Calling the French cook to account—His touching defence—Play—An apology for Crockford's—Lord Sefton and his son—Set-to between Lord Mexborough and Fletcher Norton—"Berkeley with his dump"—Horace Twiss at supper—Lord Coventry "chaffing" Lord Allen—Lord Halyburton taking in the freshmen—Combat of the monkey and dog—Shooting plovers—The gorilla hoax.

AMONG my earliest recollections is one of a Mr. Dalrymple, afterwards the Earl of Stair; but when I first heard of him, being lame, he went by the name of "Limping Dal," there being another *nom-de-guerre* preceding the allusion to his bodily infirmity of similar alliteration, but which referred more particularly to his adherence or otherwise to the truth.

He was intensely fond of eating, and used to order turtle and other delicacies for a solitary dinner, or what he called his "private pitching-in." Dalrymple was very wild and fond of low female society; in

short, like the Barrymores, and many other men of lamentable notoriety, he drank hard, lived wild, and very far exceeded the resources of his, as he used it, inadequate income. He was a good-natured man, and the enemy of no one but himself, and was a great friend of Colonel Berkeley.

As a boy I had heard of Dalrymple and his "private pitchings-in," but I had never made his acquaintance till Colonel Berkeley told me of him, and introduced me to him in London.

The information rendered to me on that occasion was, that Dalrymple had been forced to live in France for some time to escape his creditors, and that there, too, he had outrun the constable. However, according to his usual custom, he had associated himself with a Frenchwoman, on whom he lived—instead of maintaining her—and who had been very kind to him. The two had come to the end of their last sou, and were at the time living in a garret, not knowing where to get a dinner, and expecting every hour to be arrested.

At the very instant when misery, and starvation, and desponding incarceration stared them full in the face, over to Paris came an express from England, addressed to Dalrymple, announcing his accession to the Earldom of Stair, with letters of credit on a bank in Paris for any amount of money he might there and then require. This good news reaching him at such a moment affected Stair's head, which was never a very strong one, and laid him down with something like a brain fever.

Through this illness the Frenchwoman attended him assiduously, and so grateful to her was Stair for her devotion to him in poverty, in sorrow, and in sickness, that he at once resolved to take her with him to England. Shortly afterwards I was introduced to Lord Stair in London, and according to a promise he had years before obtained from Colonel Berkeley, it was then arranged that we should go down to his place in Dumfriesshire, "Stranraer," to pay him a visit, and to shoot grouse, on his first going to take possession of the family property.

Stair went to Stranraer to prepare for our reception, and when we joined him there he was not living quite in the way approved by his proud and stiff-laced lowland connexions; for on his right hand, at his table, sat this Frenchwoman, and in her company he drove about in his carriage.

One morning at breakfast, Stair came hobbling into the room in very strange attire. He had in one hand an odd sort of broad-brimmed, high-crowned, drab hat, which he had picked up somewhere abroad, with a brigand's ribbon flowing from it, and in the other an old French musket; while round his shoulders, attached to a green silk string, was a kind of cowhorn powder-flask.

"Why, what are you going to do?" we exclaimed, on seeing him thus strangely got up, aware, as we were, too, that he did not know how to use a gun.

"Going to do?" he repeated, in a voice of angry resolution, "going to do? My factor tells me the

estate is overrun with rabbits, so to-day they all die, by G—d!"

On hearing this we could not help laughing. When we had finished our breakfast we started for the moors, where we wished him good sport also; but, as we had anticipated, he never left the house except in a carriage with the Frenchwoman, in whose ear he breathed future vengeance against the rabbits, assuring her that their deaths, in a heap, were only postponed.

On a Sunday he asked me to take a drive in the park, in company with him and his female companion. As we proceeded along the open road through the park, I became aware that he had not left off the course of proceeding which gained for him the first of his appellations. "Madame," in her native tongue, observed that the sheep on the left of the road and those on the right appeared to be of the same flock.

"So they are," replied Stair, "but they never cross the road and get together, because those on the right hand know that they are for my table, and those on the left are quite as well aware that they are for the servants' hall, and on that account they sustain the relative position in which they now stand; and if you were to try, you could not drive them together."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the Frenchwoman, with a sly look at me, "*c'est un merveille!*"

One of the gillies hired by Colonel Berkeley to attend us, who, on the moors, carried a small hamper with an ample luncheon, came suddenly over the brow of a hill right upon two of our dogs who were pointing. The poor fellow was in rags, which, added

to the suddenness of his appearance, so scared the two young dogs, that, with a loud and terrified bark at him, they "blinked" their point, and came running, with their sterns between their legs, to us for protection. The pay Colonel Berkeley gave, however, was so good, that in a day or two after the young Scot got such a swell suit of clothes, and looked so smart, that the same dogs fawned upon him.

Poor Stair! I saw him afterwards on a few occasions in London. Our last meeting was at Crockford's Club, when he exclaimed, in his wonted fashion—

"Ha! I've ordered *such a dinner* here to-day of old Ude! There's enough for two, and I'll order something more. Let's dine together at eight."

"Very well," I replied; "I was going to dine here; so—so let it be."

On coming to the Club at eight, or whatever was the hour at which the mails came by, I found Stair flattening his nose against the window, staring at them with the stupid admiration of a half-witted child. His look and manner struck me so very much, that I doubted if he were quite in his senses; so, to be able to come to some conclusion on the matter, I asked—

"Well, where's the dinner?"

"I've dined long ago, and deuced good it was," he replied.

I went to the waiter, and asked him if Lord Stair had ordered any dinner for me, or said anything about my dining with him, and was assured that he had not.

I never saw poor Stair again, for very soon after

this I was told that he became completely imbecile, and had to be taken care of.

I saw a very good scene in the dining-room at Crockford's between Ude and John Mills—at least, I think it was John Mills—the Squire of Bistern. He had ordered some new potatoes, and had written down the required vegetable, then just come in, in the bill-of-fare; but they were not forthcoming. On this he directed the waiter to tell the great *chef de cuisine* that he required his presence. Ude came up, and Mills blew him up for not having furnished him with what he had ordered. Ude defended himself with amusing volubility. Insisting that there were new potatoes, he disappeared, and shortly returned with a covered dish in his hand, which he opened, and letting out the steam, discovered to Mills the vegetables he had ordered, all the time protesting against his being accused of any neglect, and in the midst of his protestations backing towards the door. Through the door, potatoes and all, he then disappeared; and Mills, much amused with the occurrence, remarked on the oddity of the scene, and the coolness of the cook in taking away the delicacy he was longing to enjoy.

It was in that coffee-room, too, that poor St. Vincent Cotton was dining, after a very severe attack of illness. He had ordered a good dinner, eaten it, and called for the bill. As the waiter was about to deliver it, Lord George Bentinck, who was also dining there, called aloud, and in very supercilious tones—

"Waiter, bring me Sir St. Vincent Cotton's bill."

Cotton sat speechless as the extraordinary order

was obeyed. George Bentinck read the bill, and then returned it, exclaiming aloud—

"Before Sir St. Vincent Cotton ordered so expensive a dinner, he ought to have paid his debts."

Poor Cotton, depressed in health as he was, probably aware, too, that he had been a defaulter in booking-up for some race, and that he owed George Bentinck money, never said a word. So passed that scene, and thus it ended.

After that most agreeable institution, Crockford's Club, in St. James's Street, ceased, and old Crockford had become a man of the past, there was another club started in Bury Street, St. James's, with the object of replacing the old one. In order to set it going, a certain number of us consented to form a committee, having power to rule its provisions—provisions in a double sense; that is, to preside over the rules of the Club, and also to give a certain number of dinners of the most *recherché* description, to as many of our friends as we chose. For this we could give an unlimited order for delicacies and wines of every sort, and only to be charged a guinea a head. Myself and D'Orsay were two of the committee, and we gave several of these dinners to set the affair going.

The rooms of the club-house were magnificently furnished, some of the reception-rooms having the entire ceiling of looking-glass, while the sofas and arm-chairs were of the richest damask. The effect of the reflection from the ceiling, of a dinner-party, as some of our friends alleged, had the strangest consequences: they imagined that when they looked up

and saw themselves at the table reversed, it made, or assisted in making, them giddy; but whether this might not have been attributed with more reason to the other glass or not, I cannot say. It never *is* the wine that makes a man unsteady on his legs, or denies him the power of saying that "the country is truly rural;" it always is a bit of bread swallowed at the wrong time, or a sudden acquaintance with the open air.

On one occasion, when I invited some ladies, friends of mine from Gloucestershire, to the windows of the Club to witness a passing spectacle in St. James's Street, I ordered a champagne luncheon to be placed at their disposal in my absence at the House of Commons. Our major-domo, a man of excellent manners, had my strict orders to attend on them, and to see that everything was in perfect order. At the right time he went to the drawing-room, and invited them to the cold collation then awaiting them in the dining-room with the glass ceiling.

He told me that on reaching the door of the room to which he preceded them, he flung it open, and then most respectfully backed for the ladies to enter. Instead, however, of going on, the leader of the party, having cast her eyes to the ceiling, and seen that it was of looking-glass, and that in it the chairs stood upon their heads, uttered a little exclamation of surprise, and fell back. The ladies who were with her, taking the hint, did the same, though no one of them explained why she did so. The major-domo assured me that there in the doorway in a cluster they stood,

whispering, laughing, and nudging each other for ten minutes, while he beckoned, waved his hand, and bowed in their rear, continuously, to move them on; but all in vain.

Presently he observed that the more adventurous of the party put in her foot, and then looked up at the effect the looking-glass had on her dress; when, on seeing that, though she was reflected up-side-down, her dress remained as it ought to be, and that she was not turned inside-out, she ventured in, and was followed by the fair group, all of them laughing heartily.

Nothing could be better than the dinners dressed at this Club; but I remember one night making the mistake of having too large a party, and on that occasion the late Lords Canning and Stuart de Rothesay dined with me. Than the latter, no man was a more agreeable companion or a better judge of good living, so I was anxious that everything should be of the first class.

A great many of the things were dressed to perfection, still there were a few faults; so on the next morning I sent for the head-cook, a Frenchman, severely to inquire into the matter. His manner was very droll. Bowing with the utmost politeness, in his snowy uniform from head to foot, and a long knife at his side, he assured me—

"I do my best, but I not ave ze room to manœuvre in force. Ze maids of de kitchen—ze kitchen gels—zay was *hors de combát*. Zay was done up wis ze heat. Zay had to be done right into ze fire.

Ze place so small zat ze opposite wall was as de oven, and zay faint away. I did all that a *chef* could do for zem, and I carry zem out op pon ze leads to recover, and at one time zare were seven of dem all down upon dere backs, gasping as de '*poisson*' for ze leetel wind."

Of course I could have nothing to say to this touching description, but thenceforth we took care not to invite so many guests at the same time.

We also turned this Club into an arena for the combat of man and beast, and on certain nights the best boxers of the day came to set-to—Spring, Owen Swift, the Sailor Boy, and others; and we also on one occasion fought a main of cocks by candlelight.

During this period there was a room for play, but as I repudiated such risks, I never entered it, though I was often entreated to do so by the proprietor of the house, "to set" what I conceived to be "a very bad example."

This Club held its patronage for some time, but then, like others of the kind, when its novelty was gone, it ceased; and the lower gambling "hells" had it all their own way. Now I have heard it urged that Crockford's Club, as well as the Junior Crockford's, were blots on the face of society, and evils gaining strength by their publicity and renown, and by the patronage they openly received from the first men of the day. I am, however, of a different opinion, grounded on the following reasons:—"What can't be cured must be endured:" young men and old ones, too, addicted to play, and having large fortunes to

play with, will frequent some place or other where they can follow the bent of their ruling inclination.

My cousin, the late Lord Sefton, and his father, were both fond of play, and they each indulged that passion to a reasonable extent; nevertheless, they did not like to play in the presence of each other—the father being in this matter a check to the son, and the son to the father—and it was on this account that old Crockford applied to us to let him have a private room for play, instead of a room free to everybody belonging to the Club. This request we without hesitation refused.

I therefore repeat that "what can't be cured must be endured," and it is infinitely wiser to have the "endurance" in a room exclusively at the command of gentlemen, and in good society, where all is as straightforward as the odds in favour of the bank will admit, and where nothing that is dishonest can be done, than drive young men into the midst of sharpers and pickpockets.

The same thing exists in regard to the boxing match and the art of self-defence. Since it has been persecuted as illegal, and attendance in the ring made penal, all the generous attributes of fair play and a stand-up fight between two well-matched adversaries have fallen into decay, and the whole thing is left to the control of a set of blackguards.

I repeat, if such things must exist, the more strictly they are conducted, and the less "the roughs" gain the upper hand, the better for all interests at stake. All the statutes in the world will not eradicate the

passion for gambling, nor will the law prevent the boxing match, and it is a fact, known to me as a justice of the peace, and told me also by judges on the Bench, that since the fairly-arranged combat with the fists has been stopped by the police, the appeal to the foreign weapon, the knife, has increased to a terrible extent.

During my boyhood the rage for the boxing-gloves was so great, that on one afternoon the park was cleared of all the leading young men of the day on account of a challenge given and accepted between the late Lord Mexborough and my old friend Fletcher Norton, of Elton Manor, to set-to in Jackson's rooms for what in *Bell's Life* would be called a "belly-full," that is, to see who was the best man at good hard blows. Both were light weights, and very well matched—both pupils of Jackson—and they were known as about the best men of their inches. Beauty rode on horseback then in Hyde Park as beauty rides now, though in much less abundance, gracefully cantering on the grass or sitting beneath the old elm trees, that not only threw their shadows on the turf below, but over groups of deer not yet removed by the rapacity of the Whigs; but the fairest and the best were on that afternoon deserted, to see the Peer and Commoner have a bout at boxing.

Jackson's rooms were thronged; and, divesting themselves of coat and waistcoat, the champions of the light weights pulled on the gloves, sparred a little, and then went to work in earnest. For a time it was doubtful whether the Upper or the Lower House, the Peer or Commoner, would win.

Mexborough was the quickest at out-fighting, while Norton proved himself the stronger in a rally. Eventually the strength of the latter prevailed, and Mexborough was knocked clean over the benches, when everybody cried "Enough!" I well remember hearing my eldest brother say that Mexborough was the quickest, but little Norton the greatest ruffian.

The suppers at Crockford's in those days were very agreeable things, and certainly, but for the play, which amply remunerated every outlay, old Crockford might have complained of several hard bargains. There were a good many men who never played, and very seldom dined in the coffee-room. I always dined there when I did not dine out, as, under the auspices of that queer old Frenchman, the celebrated "Ude," you could not do better. Like Lord William Lennox, and many others, I never played. If I did risk a sovereign—which sum was never exceeded—by way of experiment, it was so seldom, that my friends used to laugh at me, and cry, "Here's Berkeley with his 'dump' again!"

I recollect one night, however, when I suppose Lord —— must have risked a lucky "dump," for he went up to Crockford to get his winnings changed. Our smart croupier, "Page," had also been to the desk, for he came back with a very sly look, and said in a whisper to the group round the table, "Have any of you lords and gentlemen dropped a five-guinea counter? There's Lord —— changing one at the desk."

Some little time after this, on a Sunday night, I was at supper at Crockford's; there was a very large party. The late Horace Twiss had come in from reporting in the House of Lords, and we had watched as usual the enormous amount of viands massed together for his expected arrival and consumption. The quantity of it was beyond belief. I knew him very well and sat next him, and he was aware that we laughed at the way he ate.

Turning to me one night he said, "I see my supper is a matter of wonderment to all of you fellows; but you eat three or four times a day; I but once: and this meal that you see is all yours put together. I hate to dine early, and I must be in the Lords at a certain time. This, therefore, is my dinner and supper, and it being late, you may call it my breakfast too."

One night the present Lord Coventry's great grandfather, then Lord Coventry, had been teazing the late Lord Allen with offensive *double entendres* of wit, not at all in accordance with Allen's good-humoured but pompous notions, and we were all immensely merry. All at once the present Lord Haliburton cried across the table to me, "How are you?"

My mind was rather abstracted from the immediate scene, so I replied, "Pretty well, I thank you; how are you?"

"I'm all right," he said, "but I was anxious to know if you had suffered much from your confinement."

There was something in the tone in which he asked

this that drew my attention, so before replying I looked at him, when I saw that he had some difficulty in speaking in a serious tone, and a glance of his eye showed me that there were two "freshmen," *just out*, on either side of him, whom I did not know; both of whom had their eyes fixed intently, and with much curiosity, on me.

At the moment I was not quite sure of his drift, but in a pause he continued, "Is the treadmill as hard work as they say it is?"

I now comprehended what he was at. "Oh yes," I replied, "it's good exercise; and if you don't step up, the boards rap your shins amazingly."

"Ah!" he returned, "I had heard so; but I suppose you get your shoulder to the wall, and shirk some of the labour?"

"Of course," I said, "when I can; but you can't always get that place."

"This being Sunday then, this is your only day off," he continued; "you go back again before day-break to-morrow?"

"Why," I rejoined, "you must have been on the mill yourself—you know as much about it as I do; so why bother me with grinding matters while I have my 'Sunday out'?"

Then I heard him say in a whisper to his neighbours, "I told you so; you would not believe me, but now you hear it from him."

By this time the whole supper-table was awake to what was going on, and we had immense amusement at the cost of these young men, who seemed perfectly

convinced that I was undergoing imprisonment with hard labour.

On a later occasion and for some time, the columns of the press had teemed with accounts of the prowess of a savage monkey, who was said to have it in his power to kill in fair combat any dog that could be brought against him, by his terrible bites on the jugular vein. The acts of this brute had been the theme of conversation among us for some time, greatly exciting my mirthful disbelief.

"You may laugh, my dear fellow," said a friend of mine, "but I have seen the combat, and the monkey tore open the artery in the throat, so it's no use saying that he can't kill a dog when you have not seen him try. I know he can."

A match in London had been announced in the papers, as having been made between a small white bull-and-terrier bitch, belonging to the champion boxer, Tom Cribb, and this terrible monkey, so we all of us then might have an opportunity of judging for ourselves. The news of the expected combat ran through society like wild-fire, and many of my friends invited me to make arrangements for them to see it.

Not far from the Cockpit Royal, in Tufton Street, Westminster, was situated a pit for the combat of dogs, in Duck Street. Perhaps a more blackguardly locality than this could not have been selected, nevertheless, it was here that some of the *élite* of society resolved to go. Having prudently suggested that we should leave our watches at home, I communicated with Cribb, as honest a boxer as ever lived, and told him

to call together a lot of the "ring," to keep the roughs in order, though at the same time we should be in strength sufficient to take pretty good care of ourselves. I insisted, too, on all the front places being kept for us, and everything managed on the "square."

In accordance with my orders, the roughs were kept out until our arrival. We got off our horses and entered the low and confined room. The moment we had taken our places, with a rush we were pressed upon and crushed by as horrible a lot as Westminster or Billingsgate could bring together. They might crowd in upon our backs, but we had shoulders to bear, and elbows and fists quite ready enough to hold our own, so I fixed my attention on the preparation for the fight.

In the centre of the pit was chained to a ring a large, ill-looking monkey. There was nothing about him suggestive of an animal that had ever conquered, or that was boldly expecting a battle; he cowered to the floor, and seemed to wish that some hole would open into which he might creep for protection.

On the other side the pit stood the burly form of Cribb, his beautiful milk-white bull-and-terrier bitch held under his left arm, his back being to the monkey, so that she could not see her foe, and his right hand firmly clasping the dog's muzzle, keeping her jaws together and her head in an upright position.

"Your manner is suspicious, Master Cribb," I thought to myself.

Time was then shouted. Cribb faced the monkey,

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loosed his hold of his dog, and with a spring she fastened on the back of the neck of her antagonist. The poor wretch gave himself up to punishment without an effort at retaliation, at times clasping his arms round the dog's neck, at others holding them firmly over his own eyes, apparently to shut out the view of his tormentor. Suddenly, and before the animals had closed for a second, and as the bitch worried the monkey round and round, as a swivel in the chain permitted her to do, out, and beyond the combatants for the distance of a foot or more, there began to form a circle of blood. At this sight, and the heat and roars of the pit, my poor dear friend, the late Seymour Bathurst, fainted away, and was carried out into the open air; others of my friends, equally sick of the spectacle, assisted in carrying him. Myself and many others, however, were resolved to see it out, my object being to detect an imposition, and to show that my opinion on the capabilities of the genus monkey was correct.

The dog was then permitted thus to have it all her own way, till there was a very large pool of blood around her, and she showed slight symptoms of weakness. Then there arose a cry of "Take her away! monkey and dog will be killed!—make it a draw!" Cribb seemed to speak for a moment to a man supposed to own the monkey; "a draw" was proclaimed, and the champion picked up his bitch, and held her in his arms precisely as he had done before, and she ceased to bleed. Then there was "such a getting up stairs," or out of the fetid atmosphere of the pit,

"as never was seen," Cribb remaining stationary to the last.

"Cribb," I said in his ear as I passed, "I'm down on it all; the monkey never bit your dog. You bled her in the jugular vein with a lancet before you put her down; I knew it when I saw the care you took of her jaws and head."

Old Cribb's jolly face put on a smile. "Mum, sir's, the word—you knows it, but it makes a pit."

When Paul du Chaillu writes astounding narratives about colossal apes, it is difficult to get readers for less pretending though more reliable accounts of smaller ones. The gorilla no more knocked out a man's entrails with his paw, or broke or bent the barrel of a gun with it, than the monkey I have been speaking of killed a dog.

Nor did the old wild-fowl shooter, Mr. Hawker, on the Lymington Muds, bag the number of golden plovers he said he did at one shot. Hooper, the present keeper at Canford, with Sir Ivor Guest, as well as myself, knew that he did not, because, on hearing the weight and size of his shot, we made up a similar quantity, when, on counting the shots that composed it, if Mr. Hawker had bagged the number of birds he claimed with that charge, we discovered that each shot must have killed three plovers!

With regard to M. du Chaillu, it is now well known that a good deal of his narrative is a Yankee fabrication, and his dreadful encounters with the gorilla pure romance. More astonishing even than his fictions is the fact that, while aware of the sort

of credit due to him as a writer on natural history, he should have been permitted by the Council of the Royal Geographical Society to return alone to equatorial Africa, as an explorer specially selected by them as worthy the confidence of the scientific world.

CHAPTER V.

ECCENTRIC ADVENTURES.

Lord Waterford—His illustration of "tempus fugit"—His manly frame—He has a turn-up on the road to Ascot—A prize-fighter employed to punish him—Our good-natured friend—Lord Downshire's pugilistic qualities—Lord Waterford in Ireland—Silences a mob orator—I agree to represent him at the Curraghmore—The doctor's gig and the costermonger's wheelbarrow—The baronet at sea, in imminent peril of drowning—Bottles up a confession of his sins—Is restored to his family—The bottle reaches its destination—Lord Cantalupe pre-eminently for the fair—Augustus Berkeley's plunge into the Serpentine—Earl Vane's cab-horse—Charles Mathews the elder — Lady A.'s bonnet — Misadventure of an officer's cocked hat—Young lady equestrians—Droll scene at a drawing-room—A loving couple—Lord Roden—Her Majesty at a Court ball—The Eglinton tournament.

Among those of my personal friends who used to do strange things was the late Lord Waterford; and perhaps no man was less understood by the world at large than he was in many matters regarding his nature and disposition. He was often deemed extravagant because he did extravagant, apparently senseless or foolish things, but in doing them he afforded himself a temporary amusement, and paid for; to him, a pleasurable occupation. We none of us do much better in this particular when we expend sums of money similarly to wile away the time.

Amusement does not of necessity go hand in hand with utility: Waterford knew that he would have to pay for acts he committed, which had no recommendation beyond the momentary pleasure for enjoyment. He begrudged not the money, and could afford it.

Thus one night he came into Crockford's Club, and fixing his glance on the face of a handsome clock, he sent out such a blow from his powerful arm as knocked it from its place on the chimney-piece, and smashed it all to pieces. He had to pay for it of course, but that neither injured his means nor affected his spirits.

In my opinion Waterford was one of the finest made men for muscular power I ever saw. The only fault in his figure that existed—if, indeed, it could be called one—was, that in his clothes he looked the size he really was. We generally lay it down as a rule, that an "athlete" should look a larger man out of his clothes than in them; but this was not the case with my friend. However, when stripped, his immensely muscular arm was perfection in length and size, which made him so hard and lashing a hitter.

One Ascot-day, he was driving his four-in-hand to the course, when, either for his own amusement or by accident, he ran into a spring-cart, if I remember rightly, and upset its two burly Whitechapel occupants into the ditch. The wheels of both vehicles, I believe, got locked; at all events, the four-in-hand came to a standstill, so Waterford's groom descended and stood at the leaders' heads. The lad had no sooner placed himself there, than up came one of the men who had been upset, and without a word,

savagely knocked him down. In an instant Waterford and his friends vacated their seats; the former first floored the assailant of his servant, then performed the same office for his companion, who had hurriedly made in to the fight. In a very few minutes he had threshed both of his competitors, without a mark on his own face, his fine limbs bearing no other trace of battle than an immense bruise on his left forearm, which he got in stopping a blow. He showed this to me the next day. It was about the size of a small dessert plate, and he told me he could not punish his opponents so much as he wished, because on finding that they had met their match they would not hold up their heads. He had therefore to hit them short blows, or "upper cuts," under the chin, to get at their faces at all.

I heard an account of this rencontre on the road from some mutual friends who had been in a carriage close behind Waterford's drag. They said it was a very curious thing to see. First came a sudden stop in the line of carriages; a moment after Waterford and his friends all scrambled down off their coach together. They were out of sight but for a few minutes, when they all scrambled up again, and the line recommenced its forward movement. When my friends came up, there was the spring-cart in the ditch, and the Whitechapel heroes evidently very well threshed, mopping their bunged-up eyes and bleeding noses; the scene then passed from view as if a portion of a moving panorama.

At one time Waterford used occasionally to frequent

the saloon at one of the theatres; and as, when he went there, he usually had wine enough to make him ready for anything, some wiseacres determined to have him waylaid when in this state by a prize-fighter, who was "to give his lordship a good hiding."

It so happened that when this trap was set for him he went to the saloon perfectly sober, and with no intention of kicking up a row, or picking a quarrel with anyone; so the pugilist being there—I forget his name—he was forced to make a quarrel for the occasion. They set to, and the boxer caught a tartar, who, to use the phraseology of the ring, "knocked him into the middle of next week."

When Waterford was in a fighting mood, and flushed by wine, it was a dangerous thing for anybody to give an opening that might lead to hostilities. I remember a mutual friend of his and mine very foolishly saying to him, at Crockford's, as I came in one night, "Waterford, here is a man who can lick you"—a thing I should have been sorry to have attempted.

I confess to having had a great mind to have assaulted the waistcoat of this foolish fellow, for I could have threshed him; but as Waterford turned briskly round to see who it was entering the room thus alluded to, and recognised me, we both laughed.

"You," he exclaimed, turning to our good-natured friend, "can't lick anything but with your tongue."

As specimens of the athlete of England's nobility, two finer men were never seen than the late Lord Waterford and the present Lord Downshire, the latter

much the heavier man of the two, and the more gigantic in size. They were alike celebrated for their powers in self-defence.

On my asking Waterford what he thought of Downshire, he admitted his strength and pugilistic science, and his superior weight, but said that, supposing they were to fight, he felt sure he could make a victory certain, because there was more stamina or endurance in his own constitution; I, however, can conceive nothing more improbable than for him to have beaten Downshire in his best day.

Waterford was a kind-hearted, good-tempered man: even when he fought he was always in the utmost good humour—as ready to laugh in as to hit his antagonist's face. His extravagance consisted in the things he did, rather than in the lavish outlay of money, for no man knew better the value of a guinea, or how to keep the wealth he possessed.

At a political meeting in Ireland, where a riotous crowd were assembled, a vulgar mob orator, in a violent and inflammable speech, roared out that his ragged associates, whom he designated "the people of Ireland," "were not to be put down by the military, and they were not afraid of the soldiers. They were ready to meet them; let them come."

On this, Waterford, who was on the hustings, retorted—"Not afraid to meet the soldiers? Why, you are afraid to meet me! If not, let your friends around you clear a little space, assent to my challenge, and prove your boasted courage. I'll come down and fight you where you stand."

I need scarcely add that the mob orator declined, and, in American phraseology, quickly skedaddled.

Waterford was engaged to be married, but had previously arranged, at the Curraghmore, to fight a "main of cocks" against some Irish gentlemen, and while so doing he was, with his usual profuse hospitality, to receive his opponents as his guests, and give them a sumptuous entertainment. Fighting cocks, loud betting and hard drinking were, on that occasion, more than probabilities, and, as it was not just the sort of business to precede a wedding, Waterford requested his friends to let him off. However, the circumstances being taken into consideration, as he informed me, it was deemed by these friends too good a chance to win a match, the result of which had previously been very doubtful, so they held him strictly to "play or pay."

At that time I happened to have a few good game-cocks, some of which I had previously given to Waterford, and feeling himself not handsomely used on this occasion, he asked me to cross the water and represent him at the Curraghmore, placing the cellar, cook, servants, and everything in his house, at my command. I was to receive and entertain all these play or pay guests in his usual hospitable fashion, to fight the match, and to beat them if I could by the ample means he put at my disposal. In short, for the time, in every way I was to be his representative; and I at once complied.

Waterford then announced to his friends that, as they would not let him off, though he could not

himself attend, I should be there to carry out the match, and his engagement was to stand good. On receiving this communication they let him off the match, and I was cut out of some very good fun; for though I should have demurred at—indeed, I would not have assisted at—the hard-drinking part of the arrangement, I should have liked to have seen the Curraghmore, and to have won the wager of battle.

One of the last practical jokes played by my poor dear friend, I believe, was performed in Piccadilly. A gentleman of the medical profession had stopped to attend a patient, and left his rather old-fashioned cabriolet—or what in those days was called a "How d'ye do" gig—standing by the pavement, in the care of one of those red-jacketed lads who get a living by holding horses in the absence of any groom. Unfortunately for the doctor, he had halted his vehicle just in front of an old woman's apple and orange barrow, behind which she sat, polishing her fruit up with a very dirty apron. The temptation for fun was too great for Waterford, who happened to pass by; so he went up to the old dame, and astonished her by bidding for her barrow, fruit and all. At first she cried, "Get away with your imprance, do!" but on being assured that her customer was in earnest, she named a sum which would have bought her four or five barrows full of fruit: this, to her astonishment, was instantly given her.

Having secured the barrow, the next thing he did was to go to the lad in the red jacket, who was minding the doctor's gig, and enlist him in his service.

From him he obtained a sufficient piece of cord, with which he tied the barrow on to the gig, and then, in immensely amused anticipation, awaited the result.

Presently out came the doctor, spectacles on nose, looking gloomy and absent, as if in doubt whether he had mistaken his patient's case or not, and done his best to kill or cure him; and giving sixpence to the lad, on whom Waterford had already bestowed half-a-crown, he got into his carriage. Sitting, as doctors invariably do, in the middle, he waved his whip after the fashion of a conjuror's wand, and letting it emphatically fall on his quadruped, with a jerk at his mouth to arouse him, the "How d'ye do" gig rattled on, and after it the barrow full of oranges and apples.

Of course, over the stones all the fruit bumped about as if it were alive; and the barrow, as the gig proceeded, scattering its tempting load in the most lavish way, soon collected a crowd of scrambling boys, who followed roaringly in its wake. The cheering and vociferous laughter thus created at last made the doctor glance behind to ascertain the why and wherefore. As there was a long tail of scattered fruit, for it could not be picked up as fast as it fell, the spectacled charioteer looked too far behind to see the barrow that was almost under his nose; nor did he discover it till it had been emptied and its wheel had come off, when a street-constable drew his attention to the clattering appendage.

The fortunate red-jacket thereafter often boasted that it was the luckiest day of his life, for in half an

hour he got more money, ate more fruit, and enjoyed louder laughter than he had ever done in eight-and-forty hours.

A friend of mine, a baronet, whom I have seen go well over a country in former years, while on shipboard, was overtaken by a terrific storm. His nerves, once so good in the saddle, at sea, in a different sense, seemed to have realized the purport of his voyage—they made him feel all abroad. He thought the ship was sinking, and that a watery death was about to close over him and his unrepented sins. It is very odd how the acts of a man's existence change in appearance, increase or diminish, according to the state of surrounding circumstances, as continuous prosperity or imminent danger brighten or cloud the horizon of his life! As a truthful historian, I cannot say that danger induces me to take a gloomy view of the happiest hours of existence, or frown on the recollection of my good fortune; such retrospection, in my opinion, at the verge of violent death, should rather sustain the heart to meet it like a hero and a man. Nevertheless, my friend's danger seemed to have a contrary effect upon him, and to make him consider his peccadilloes as a weight sufficient to sink him to the very bottom of the raging sea—probably to a worse place. So, having an idea that confession would help him in his extremity, he came to the conclusion of writing one in full. An almost helmless and partially dismasted vessel, heavily labouring in a cross and tempestuous sea, is not a convenient place for writing; but by clinging here and clinging there,

now over the ink-bottle, now below it, my friend contrived to string together a list of his transgressions, bottled up and air-tight, to be read at the leisure of others. He sat in dire deliberation, hesitating about putting in the cork. He listened to the awful row going on on deck. If there was a momentary lull in the wild sounds, the cork went farther away; if an increase in the dreadful hubbub, it was hurriedly seized to be driven into its appointed place.

"Keep the helm a-weather—jam it a-weather! Hold on for your lives!" roared the trumpet upon deck.

Then, without further warning, my repentant friend was shot from one side of the saloon to the other, bruising his shins against a sofa, and knocking his nose against the forehead of a fellow-passenger who had been opposite to him; for he dared not attempt to save himself for fear of destroying the receptacle of his confession. When he looked back and up to whence he came, the floor of the saloon was as steep as the side of a house, and all fixed furniture seemed like stationary flies, to have the power of standing on legs when bodies were upside down.

Gradually things righted a little; the cork, in consequence, again retired.

Presently came a sudden and terrific shock, which made all tremble, and then the hoarse command—

"An axe—into the mizen chains!"

Another dreadful bump was followed by this startling dialogue between the captain and mate:—

"Shall I cut?"

"Hold—does she answer?"

"No!"

"Then cut——" and the ship rolled more frightfully than before.

The cork now touched the bottle, and my friend held aloft his clenched fist to drive it home; but a lull in the noise again occurred; there was a swing of all things into their right places, and roars from above reached his ears—

"She rights—she rights—she rights!"

Then was shouted from the trumpet—

"Keep her dead away!"

Down went my friend's fist—not on the cork, but upon the table; and again the cork retreated.

Now came such a dreadful toss, that every loose thing clattered—bump, bump, bump—and the ship seemed to shiver in her very timbers.

"Hatchets and knives!" roared the trumpet. "Cut *with* all, and *for* all! Cheerily to work, and away with it!"

The raised fist fell heavily on the cork, and drove it home into the neck of the bottle; and crawling up the companion-ladder, the face of my friend looked upon the black and breaking sea—on its chill, leaden depths between the breakers, and then on their snowy crests—on the stump of the mast, and on the wrecked and broken hamper, swinging and flying about in incomprehensible confusion.

He felt convinced that he had not another hour to live, so clinging to the nearest thing on which he could lay a hold, he reached the bulwarks, and made

himself easier by casting the evidence of his repentance right into the raging ocean. Then wetted by the seas to the skin, he once more sought the saloon.

It so happened that the baronet was not doomed to be drowned. The wind lulled, the sea decreased, and a friendly steamer hove in sight. She waited by till the storm sufficiently subsided, and then towed the penitent and his disabled ship to port, where they remained a time to refit and recover from the effects of the storm.

At last my friend was safely restored to his home and the bosom of his happy family. He could not, however, avoid some anxiety respecting the document he had committed to the waves. For a lengthened period nothing was heard of it, and then all apprehension ceased. He felt assured that the water had forced its way into the bottle, and drowned every sin he had.

He and his lady were sitting at breakfast one fine morning, happy enough, when a servant entered with the identical glass vessel, with its address still legible on the piece of leather firmly tied round the neck. My friend, aghast, started up, for he dreaded a coming explosion, but before he could grasp the arm of the servant, he had followed the instructions on the label. Lady —— took the bottle, drew the cork, took out the document and read its contents, while the imprudent penitent sat in speechless horror. The face of the enraged wife, astounded by a revelation completely unexpected, was, to use a familiar phrase, one more easily imagined than described.

"A scene," of course ensued—a very terrible scene to the self-condemned culprit—but her ladyship was a sensible woman, and prudently forbore from pressing her advantage too closely. My friend, no doubt, has ever since conducted himself unexceptionably; at least, if he transgressed, no combination of circumstances ever induced him to place his errors on record.

I am enabled to add that he is still in the flesh, though I am sorry to say far from enjoying that robust health which distinguished him when he was in the habit of riding well across country with my hounds.

Of all men, perhaps, the late Lord Cantalupe was the one most anxious to signalize himself in the service of the ladies; his ear was ever open to the appeal of the feminine shriek, and his arm ever at the command of the unprotected. Of course, when I assert this, I mean to say that Cantalupe infinitely preferred exerting his heroic powers in aid of the young and beautiful.

It was a fine sunny day, in the midst of a London season, when a number of us were collected in Crockford's bay window, looking out at the carriages, and into the windows of all decent or otherwise questionable vehicles, to see what thus passed before us. The jest was going here and there, and we were ready for a roar of laughter, in short, our minds were set with a hair trigger for any explosion of mirth; Cantalupe let us off with a vengeance.

At the moment of a lull in our conversation, down came a carriage from Jermyn Street into St. James's

Street, and at the corner, either one of the horses fell down, or it ran into another, or was itself run into, I forget which, but at all events his sensitive ear—he was on the pavement coming from White's—heard a female shriek, and a crash, and while we looked on from our window on the opposite side of the street, he rushed to the vehicle whence the cry proceeded, and wrenching the door open, received in his arms (avoiding any uncivil assertion) certainly not what he sought, but a particularly antiquated lady. He had just time to see what it was he *must* receive in his arms, and to anticipate the mirth it would elicit from his friends over the way, and I shall never forget the horrified expression in his handsome face, when with his breast and his arms set one way, he turned his head the other.

Another instance of the same kind of thing happened by the Serpentine in Hyde Park. Carriages, riding-horses, and pedestrians, were all drawn up under the trees and by the seats at the water's edge, when a splash was heard near the bridge, and a cry of "a woman drowning." My brother Augustus being at hand, beneath the eyes of the galaxy of beauty looking on from horse and carriage, hesitated not a moment, but plunged into the Serpentine, reached the struggling creature, not out of her depth, and brought her to the shore in his arms. For the first time he looked at his interesting heroine, and discovered her to be a ragged, dirty, drunken old beggar woman, who had sought a gin-and-watery grave. His look of horror and disgust has never been forgotten by those

who beheld it, and not even the medal of the Humane Society, which I believe was presented to him, served to reconcile him to his disappointment.

A curious accident also happened to Lord Seaham (now Earl Vane). He was coming down a street in London, just as a carriage with a lady in it was crossing in another direction, when his fast and high-stepping cabriolet horse ran his head slap through the window of the carriage, into close company with the lady. The action on the reins forcing the fine-mouthed horse to arch his neck, his ears caught against the top of the smashed window, and the long cheeks of his embossed bit hooked a portion of the frame half way down the door, giving him a magnified resemblance to a mouse caught in a guillotine trap. In this way he kept pawing the air and shaking up the fair occupant in the carriage, who bounded from her seat like a squirrel in a whirling cage. Indeed, the animal's terrifically staring eyes, foaming and blood-stained mouth, almost frightened her out of her wits, till a lull in the conflict came through sheer exhaustion, when the door farthest from the horse was opened, and the lady extricated from her perilous position.

I have often wondered that more accidents do not happen in Hyde Park; for, what with bad driving, bad riding, and reckless or foolish conduct among pedestrians, equestrians, and charioteers, and weak gentlemen-coachmen trotted away with by their four-in-hands, the scene there has really seemed to me to be a tempting of Providence. The police

and the sensible horses I believe are the guardians of the public safety.

I shall never forget a still hot day, or what would vulgarly be called a "muggy," hazy day, in June, at the fullest time in the Park. People then drove up and down between Hyde Park Corner and Cumberland Gate, and not by the water as they do now, till what with the weather, and the listless sameness of the pace, place, and work, every horse slept upon his bit, and by leaning upon it, made it appear as if his mouth ascended to his ears. The line was a full one; coachmen, footmen, and grooms who rode behind, all felt the influence of the drowsy atmosphere, and flunkeys having fed were more induced to slumber after the fashion of some rustic congregations. Had the celebrated Charles Mathews seen his audience as inattentively immovable to his exhortations as women, horses, and men were to passing occurrences, he would have struck work and refused to proceed. Indeed, I recollect that he was once so much annoyed by a stolid countenance that continued to stare listlessly upon him from the stage box, he repaired forthwith to the manager and told him he could not proceed unless the imperturbable gentleman was either tickled or removed.

I am not sure what caused the very sudden halt somewhere in the near side going line; whether a wheel came off or a horse fell down I know not, but in the midst of the drowsy throng, a halt did come so suddenly that not a coachman or coachwoman of any sort had time to hold up a hand for caution. Poles ran into panels, high-steppers knocked their noses

against foot-boards and cannoned back on the things they drew; and Jeameses, their huge ungainly calves thrust upon by pole-hooks, leaped up like flying Mercurys, holding on as they could, and flourishing their canes by way of caduceus. The shock was dreadful, and its unexpectedness made the entire sleepy community start from their hitherto happy unconsciousness bolt upright, or stare out of window in bewildered consternation.

My Lady A—— was driving her dear cream-coloured ponies, with two grooms similarly mounted behind her. She was as usual splendidly got up, with a parasol attached to the handle of her whip, and a little bonnet on which was perfectly bewitching (to all bonnet-makers). Not those uncouth, stuck-up battering-rams that ladies distort their heads with in the present day, but a nice little thing made to fit the head gracefully, and not put on as if to hide some imaginary horn or excrescence designed to gore offending man, or pierce neglecting husbands. My lady had felt the enervating effects of that hot day, the white tails of her ponies hung straight down, her grooms behind her had turned their faces to whisper a drowsy inquiry to each other as to "*when* she would go home," when suddenly the carriage in front of her abruptly halted, the pole of her own vehicle hooked into the four calves of two immense snowy-coated, ruby-breeched London footmen, who kicked out at that at which they could only guess, while at the same time the nose and bit of one of her own groom's horses came smack into and through the crown of her

lovely little bonnet, tearing it off her head, deranging her fair hair, and scattering artificial bloom upon the stagnant day.

Alas! the pretty bit of millinery stuck to the curb-hook, and the snorting and astonished horse tried to blow it off for a time in vain! The terrified servants, both of whose steeds had cannoned more or less with the rear of their lady's carriage, one of them with her very head, however at last relieved the horse from the thing that *had been* a bonnet, but it could go on the head no more.

With that perfect breeding which distinguishes the best examples of the sex, the lady uttered not a word: a look was enough. In truth this was so expressive that a would-be wit who did not know her, snarled something about—

"Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell."

She drove at once from the Park, and from that hour to this I have never heard what became of the equestrian who had taken such unwarrantable liberties with her toilette. Possibly he absconded, fearing the consequences, but certainly he never again appeared. It gives me the liveliest satisfaction to be able to add that the heroine of the adventure suffered no other injury than the derangement of her head-dress.

Something similar to this happened in Parliament Street on the day of a levée. Two gentlemen, one of them an officer in a cocked hat and feather, were proceeding to Court in a cab, when something caused

them to stop so short that an omnibus ran into them from behind, the huge pole almost reaching their splash-board, and in its way knocking off and going through the officer's cocked hat. The omnibus backed, the cab shot on for a few yards, and out came the great vulgar pole of the omnibus, with the military trophy firmly attached.

Astonished by the sudden appearance between them, the horses kept bolting up and down, causing it to make still more violent movements right in their noses and eyes, amidst shouts of laughter from the collected crowd.

In Hyde Park I very nearly bought at my own price rather a nice horse. It had just bolted with its owner, who could not ride. He was evidently a muff in hand and seat, and the animal went clean over the rails that separated the grass from the gravel, while he fell heavily off without the horse coming down. The latter did not run away, and the rider was unhurt, but as he again took hold of the reins, I saw that he regarded his steed with a look of distrust.

"That, sir, *is* a vicious beast!" I exclaimed, "and not fit to ride in London; if you'll sell him, I'll give you twenty pounds, and run all risks from his temper."

"Thank you, sir," replied the discomfited equestrian, rather confused by his fall; "I do not think him safe, and I will take——" Here he hesitated, and having reflected for a moment, added, "No, sir, I will *not* take your offer." So saying, and regarding me at the same time with rather an offended look, as if he fancied I intended to do him, he led his horse away.

At one time young ladies were permitted to ride without chaperones even, when the Park was most crowded—their groom of course behind them. When joined by a male acquaintance they would say, "You must not ride with us, we have no chaperone to-day."

If the gentleman thus addressed was an agreeable man, and on this intelligence cast upon his countenance a shade of melancholy regret, the same lips were pretty sure to add, "Oh, but though mamma says we must not let anybody ride with us, we are going to pull up under the shade of the tree by the pump, so you may do the same, and join us there."

On being made acquainted with this convenient rendezvous, I remember proposing to dress up the pump in bonnet, gown, and cloak, and make it the guardian of all unchaperoned girls sent out for equestrian exercise.

At a drawing-room in St. James's I once saw three very singular things happen. I had been to Court, so it was not necessary that I should make my bow again; but as some ladies I knew wished for my attendance, I took them to the door of the reception-room, and then met them at the other door after they had passed her Majesty. While they were in the former apartment, I retained my place at the first door, to amuse myself with looking at the people coming up for presentation. The first funny thing I saw was a clergyman and his wife, or sister—I think his wife; they seemed new to *that* crowd, and rather bewildered. However, on coming to the door, one of the lords-in-waiting took the lady's arm out of the

gentleman's, and, with the usual fling, cast her train behind her. It had evidently been made by some mantua-maker not versed in the usual requisites of a train, and therefore not weighted; so the window close by, being wide open for air, a breeze came in, got beneath the train, and raised the entire garment up towards the ceiling, where it fluttered behind the wearer in rather a peacock-like display. The lords-in-waiting and the ushers jumped at it, and tried with their wands to get it down again, but as all this time the wearer was confusedly hurrying on, she got so near the Queen that they were obliged to desist; and in that proud position, beneath the floating cloud of her own drapery, she curtsied to her Majesty and passed on.

This droll episode in the day's entertainment was followed by another. A lady, on being told to take the glove off her right hand, tugged at the tight fit on that hot day so hard, that all the glove came off except a resolute thumb which remained inexorable to every twitch. She too was accompanied by a gentleman—they were evidently a clergyman and his newly-married wife; and when the lord-in-waiting attempted to draw the arm of the wife from that of the husband, the husband exclaimed, *sotto voce*—

"Hallo, my dear! hold fast! Who knows what these people want?"

At this moment—I forget whether it was the late Lord Mulgrave or the present Lord Conyngham—one of the two, on seeing and hearing this quaint resolution not to be parted, cried—

" 'What God hath joined, let no man put asunder!'" so the couple passed before the Queen, fondly and fast locked in each other's arm.

Lord Roden had to kneel and kiss her Majesty's hand on some appointment or other, but being not quite so active then as in former years, having gone down on his knee, he found it impossible to rise without assistance; so, having hold of her Majesty's most gracious hand, he held on so fast that in raising himself by it he almost pulled her from her chair of state.

In dancing a country dance at one of the Queen's balls, it chanced that we had come to the figure where, after changing hands, Lord Torrington, who was dancing with the Queen, was to lead her down the dance and back again. His eyes at the instant were fixed in a momentary reverie on the floor, therefore he forgot the figure, and did not see the step her Majesty made in advance to meet his approach to take her hand, or rather, to let her hand rest on his, which is more of the method *comme il faut.* I saw the error; her Majesty smiled and coloured, when by a stamp with my foot I drew his attention, and he led her down the dance, apparently in considerable dismay at his own forgetfulness.

When the Eglinton Tournament was first suggested, I know nothing that ever seized on the minds of the young men of fashion with such force as it did, or held out apparently so many romantic attractions. I can safely say that, as far as I was concerned, I was seized with an extraordinary desire to

be one of those who would enter the lists, without at first considering the consequences which must inevitably attend on such a proceeding. Perhaps, assisted by the narratives of the "Wizard of the North," and other illustrators of the olden time, all that I thought of for the moment was a Queen of Beauty, brave deeds, splendid arms, and magnificent horses.

Filled with these charming conceptions, I proceeded on my way to London to be present at a meeting in which those desirous of joining in the experiment to revive the entertainments of our ancestors were to consult on rules and regulations for carrying it out. We were to meet at a house, I think, in Bond Street; but as I was proceeding to town from Beacon Lodge, I had time to reflect on the subject, and the probable consequences of the "joust," under totally different circumstances from those which attended the knights of old when they engaged in what they with very great reason, contrasting their means with ours, called "a gentle passage of arms." I felt satisfied, in the first place, that the strength of man had increased; that the tales of superhuman power which romance had assigned to the knights of old were based either on a delusion, or had their foundation in the fact that a very strong and large man among smaller ones, was of much rarer occurrence than it is now; and therefore the isolated deeds of such individuals when they appeared among the ranks of chivalry, thrust themselves more on observation, and gained a wider attention and renown than they could hope to do in the present generation.

In former times a knight encased in armour was like a walnut in its shell—his body was safe from injury unless his iron defences could be cracked. Once on his very slow-going cart-horse-bred steed, his opponent must poke him off with his lance, which, if he were a fair horseman, fenced in by a saddle in front and rear, could only have been effected by its steel point catching in some crevice of his mail, and driving him to the ground over the crupper. Once down, he lay as helpless as a sheep on his back in a gutter, until picked up by an esquire, and put again on his perpendicular. If he refused to surrender, he got his shell cracked by the heavy mace, or battle-axe, previous to his death; or his brain visited by the "dagger of mercy" penetrating the "sights" in his visor. Of this we may also safely be assured, that in ancient times the great clumsy horse that could carry the still clumsier war-saddle of a man in armour, all his own panoply, as well as that of his rider, could not go at the lists with a quarter of the speed of our better-bred and improved animals; and that, therefore, the shock of the encounter of spears, by contrast, would be as that of an ancient arrow and a modern rifle-ball, and one or both of the competitors in all probability must be killed.

These convictions entered my mind on my way to the meeting, and I was anxious to hear how such serious subjects for consideration would be dealt with. The next thing that occurred to me was, the great expense of an equipment fit for a knight to compete in the lists, and I asked myself the question whether

I could afford it without any prospect of return. By the strict rules of the "joust," the horse and arms of the vanquished after a challenge became the property of the victor, and would be put to ransom. As some of the horses of the would-be knights I knew to be worth a couple of hundred guineas or more, this, added to the value of the arms and armour, might prove sufficiently remunerative. For a strong man and a good horseman, then, there was a prospect of repayment for his outlay, to be affected only by the chances of war. If they went against the knight, he would be *hors de combat* indeed. The resolution I came to was that I would undertake all risks, if the affair could be carried out to my satisfaction.

With this determination I attended the meeting, and proposed that the ancient rules should be rigidly enforced—that is, that the horses and arms of those who fell should be put to ransom by the victor. The proposition was received with anything but favour, and I did not wonder at it, for there were present some knights, who, whatever might have been their courage, could no more have contended with some of the heavier weights, with a hope of success, than they could have knocked the dome of St. Paul's from the top of the cathedral, by tilting at it with a cane from the back of a park hack.

True there were men present ready to be competitors, who could not easily have found their equals, such as Waterford, Eglinton, Campbell of Saddle, and a few more of the same stalwart character; but they

constituted a small minority; the rest were certain of defeat.

The majority at that meeting, of course, carried the rules, and it was there and thereafter determined that all danger of defeat or injury to the person should be avoided, that there should be no real strife, and spears were to be partly sawn in two from the under side, so that they should be sure to break on the smallest concussion. A Queen of Beauty was to be assigned by general consent, and not as of old, by the best knight. In short, there was to be nothing but an imitation of the ancient entertainment, to be made up of martial music, shining armour, glittering jewellery, pretty faces, gaudy pennons, and fine dresses. A poor knight, robbed of my inheritance for a time, though not, like "Ivanhoe," disinherited, as I must now appear, could not enter lists thus regulated; therefore I withdrew from any participation in what could only be an empty and expensive pageant.

Still lingering, however, around the preparations for the scene, the idea of which had taken so much hold of my fancy, I found in a search among ancient armour, that had come within my observation at the Tower and other places, that not a breastplate of the ancient date could be discovered which could be made to fit the more ample chest of the present generation of men. Among the many breastplates that for my amusement I had at various times tried on, I had never found one wide enough for me; and I am quite sure that it would have taken three

of the largest ever known, beaten into one, to have covered the ample chest of Lord Downshire.

The question of the relative strength of man in ancient and modern times was decided; and when one looked at the splendid steeds that were brought to the barriers for practice, nearly thorough-bred, and whose arrow-like speed—from their quick action and activity of limb—could be attained in a few strides, any close observer, who knew what the shock of contact must be with such horses, could very well see that death to the one rider or the other, perhaps to both, must be the inevitable result.

The noise of the blunt shaft of the headless lance, when in practice at the barrier on one of these modern horses, as it struck the quintain against which it was levelled, was like the shock of a cannon-ball, and it was very evident to me that whether the armour was pierced or not, the blow on the headpiece, or even on the body, would take away life.

It was during their practice that Campbell of Saddle very rashly suggested, I think, to Lord Eglinton, that the latter should tilt at him as he sat in his saddle, to see if under such a shock he could retain his seat. Campbell was to hold no spear in his hand, but simply passively to receive the assault.

One of the causes which would have made a tournament in these days additionally dangerous was, that men did not fully comprehend the uses of their armour or their weapons. Thus, when Campbell faced his antagonist without holding spear or shield,

he exposed the rivets in his arm, where the armour to enable him to use his limbs of course is jointed and open. A shield should have protected the bridle arm, while, by the shape of the lance, the right hand and front face of the elbow joint in the right arm are covered. Not to hold a lance is to leave the right limb exposed.

Campbell received the shock of Eglinton, "as met the rock a thousand waves," unshaken and not unseated; his adversary's lance struck him full on the breastplate with a bang that might have been heard a long way off, but splintering and glancing, was turned by the slanting make of that piece of armour, and shivered and splintered, and, therefore, now sharp, its jagged points struck the unguarded joint of the arm, entered it deeply, and the shaft breaking again, left a portion of it sticking up in the wound, like the short handle of a broom.

Campbell sat like a tower of strength under this glancing-off blow; but when the broken spear was extracted, a fountain of blood followed it; indeed the wound was so severe as to prevent his taking any further part in such proceedings.

Supposing the affair to have been so arranged that there had been a chance of remuneration, as of old, I would have risked the upshot of it, and run my chance. I had entertained a fancy for going to the tournament in disguise, with no heraldic device or banner announcing my name, and to have pitched my tent as an obscure knight desirous of entering the lists. Supposing that I were successful

in the contest, then to have denied the chosen Queen of Beauty, and have claimed my right to substitute one of my own selection.

In the lists, and with their swords, Waterford and another knight exchanged blows, and I am told lost their tempers sufficiently to call for friendly interference; the latter had the plume shorn from his helmet by a cut from his assailant's weapon.

CHAPTER VI.

A SLIGHTED WOMAN.

Hard riders among my friends—Lord William Lennox as a sporting character—Lord Coventry's mistress and her messenger—Scene with Lords Coventry and Fitzhardinge—Mr. Barker's second—The tables turned—Mrs. Barker sends another message by Mr. Bernal Osborne—She lives under the protection of Lord Fitzhardinge—My mother's death—Lord Fitzhardinge refuses to pay the arrears of my allowance—Directs me to give up the representation of the Western Division of the county—Accuses me of abusing the Government patronage—Threatens to ruin me—Conduct of his agents—He attempts to injure my character—I am summoned in the County Court—Lord Ducie's grudge—I consent to throw myself on the county—My popularity in the county—Mr. Grenville Berkeley put forward by Mrs. Barker—A contested election—Outrages—I am again returned.

My having kept hounds so long, and having such fine wild red deer from Berkeley Castle to hunt, put me much in contact with the best riders of the day. Of these going across country, more or less hard and well, were Lords Cardigan, Clanricarde, and Gardner, Colonels Standen and John Lister, Greenwood—who was the best man in water as well as in the saddle I ever saw—John and Henry Montague (now Lord Rokeby), the present Sir H. Peyton; the late Colonel Kingscote, a welter weight; and on his wonderful mare, the late George

Hawkins, also a welter weight. Pretty constant guests in my field were also Lord Palmerston, the late Sir Francis Burdett, and the Duke of St. Alban's, who married Mrs. Coutts; and towards the end of the season, occasionally, all the men from all the fox-hounds in almost every shire in the kingdom.

The barracks at Hounslow occasionally furnished me with some fine riders: the Foot Guards, with a good many more; the Life Guards, one of whom was William Locke; and the Blues, with several others. It used to be a great joke among us speculating why William Lennox, who was in the Blues, never came out, and why he never seemed to join in any sports of the field. We knew that in the regiment he did not shine on horseback, and that at one field-day he had to hang on with both hands to the sheepskin or shabrack over a portion of Wormwood Scrubs, either to prevent or to ease his descent to the ground. Our inclinations to quiz him on the subject increased, when, in later years, he came out strong in magazines and reviews on sporting adventures, as a sporting writer. We never knew him as a race rider, or as a man across country, as a shot, or as a fisherman, so our intense amusement as well as surprise may be conceived, when we discovered that all the while, somewhere or other, when we had not been in the least aware of it, he had been rendering himself a proficient in things in which we thought him ignorant.

But he was always full of his jokes, a very hard adversary to put down in a keen encounter of wits, and always ready with a retort, let the provocation be

ever so quaint or unexpected. In his society I have passed many a merry hour, though our pursuits in life were very much at variance.

It was about this time that a very extraordinary circumstance happened, while I was up for the Parliamentary Session, and staying at Berkeley House, Spring Gardens. My servant came into my room, bearing the card of a "Mr. Clifton," and saying the owner of the card wished to see me. Clifton was a very good name, so I at once ordered my servant to admit the gentleman.

When he entered I was quite sure that I had never seen him before. He seemed excited or annoyed, but at once commenced his business by saying that he was the brother of a Mrs. Barker, living at that time, as I very well knew, with the then Lord Coventry, though the wife of a public singer. Pausing not an instant, he went on to say that he had hastened to me by his sister's desire, for she was in terror of her life, and wished at once to put herself under my protection.

"I am a strange messenger," he said, "to come on such an errand as this, considering the relationship in which I stand to the lady in question, but she bids me tell you that her husband has discovered your intercourse with her, and that he has taken himself off, carrying his children with him to the Clarendon Hotel, and is resolved at once to shoot you. In the meantime, so great is his revengeful violence, that my sister deems her own life at any time may be sacrificed."

He now waited for my reply. It was prompt and very brief.

"Go back to your sister, sir," I said, "and tell her, what cannot but be most agreeable to you, that, as *she very well knows*, I have had no intercourse with her of the kind alluded to, and must at once and firmly decline receiving her under my protection. As to her husband's calling me out, tell him, if you like, that I shall be happy to go out with him, because it would afford me an opportunity of establishing the fact, that, as far as I am concerned, the charge of infidelity he seems to have brought against his wife is utterly without foundation." I then bowed Mr. Clifton out of the room.

He had not been gone two minutes when Lord Fitzhardinge sent to say he "wished to speak with me immediately." On repairing to his room, I found Lord Coventry there, in a strange, drivelling state of rage, jealousy, friendliness, and tears. As Lord Deerhurst he had known me from a boy.

He began by saying, "Oh, what have you been doing? You have injured the honour of that bloodthirsty fellow, Barker, and he is going to shoot you at once."

"What is all this?" joined in Lord Fitzhardinge, evidently fearing, as I was then politically useful to him in the county, that I had got into some scrape that might be detrimental to the influence I possessed.

"What is all this?" I repeated. "Why, it is some miserable job or trick which I will expose. It is false that I have had anything to do with Mrs. Barker."

I then turned upon old Coventry, and demanded, "What do you mean by 'her husband's honour?' It

must be in *your* keeping, if he has any, as you have lived with his wife. However, I have said my say, and so far here ends this conversation."

I immediately quitted the room.

I had not enjoyed my privacy long before another visitor was announced, as "a gentleman on pressing business." He, too, was admitted, and I found myself face to face with a man who said he was a gentleman, and that he came in a quarrel as the second of Mr. Barker, the offence being a clandestine correspondence carried on to his dishonour with his wife, and which had but then been discovered by his deeply-injured friend. In short, he came to "demand satisfaction."

"Certainly, sir," I replied; "of course her husband knows how long and in what light she stands to Lord Coventry?"

"I must not hear those things, sir," he said, "and I know nothing about them; you can't shoot Mr. Barker, for he is the injured party."

"Whether I shoot at him or not, sir, is no affair of yours," I replied; "my answer is, that I will meet Mr. Barker on this quarrel; and by Heaven I will at least try to shoot him in defence of the little honour his wife has left! You may retire, sir, leaving your address, and I will send my second to you with as little delay as possible."

The bearer of the challenge, however, did not quit the room; he tarried.

"If I understand you right, sir, you assert that Mr. Barker has no cause for believing himself dishonoured, and if you, on your word of honour, give

me that assurance, we may, perhaps, prevent the matter going any further."

"Not at all, sir," I replied; "I will give Mr. Barker no assurance of the kind, and he must thank himself for the consequences if he calls me out. So now, sir, good morning."

I left him no other course but instantly to quit the room, which he did; it was not long before he returned with, to me, the surprising announcement that Mr. Barker *was satisfied*, and begged that the matter might be permitted to drop.

"Certainly, sir," I rejoined, "you may drop it if you like; so now, sir, just at this moment we have nothing further to do."

I then arose and accompanied him through the suite of rooms to the porter's hall, and saw him shut the door behind him. I followed into Spring Garden passage, and at once overtook him.

"And now, sir," I said, "a word from me through you to Mr. Barker. Our situations are changed: I am now the appellant, and as I hold the charge made against me to be disreputable, if Mr. Barker does not show me that he had some grounds for making it, he must either fight me with pistols, or I shall horsewhip him."

His friend then went to communicate this intelligence.

Once more he returned, after a short space, and informed me that the accusation was made on some letters of mine Mr. Barker had found in his wife's desk.

"Very well, sir, if such letters are in existence, they are tangible things, and can be produced; the statement that they exist, or have ever existed, is false. And now, upon the penalty of pistol or horsewhip, I insist on their being given up to me."

Again the man left me, and returned, bringing me back a torn portion of a sheet of letter-paper, on which, and in my handwriting, I at once recognised part of a song and dialogue I had written at Lord Coventry's request, for this Mr. Barker to arrange and set to music for the stage. There were, it is true, *dramatic* allusions to love in it, but not a syllable had been addressed to Mrs. Barker.

"There, sir!" I said, tearing and tossing away the fragment, "no more of this, and for the future, let me wish you a better occupation than lending yourself to attempts of this sort, which can only be disgraceful to all concerned in them."

Thus ended what I have no hesitation in stigmatizing as a nefarious attempt to compromise me. Who paid the bill at the Clarendon—if he really went there—for the disconsolate husband, I do not know; there was nothing of any sort got out of me, save the willingness to dispose of the charge as I have narrated.

I heard nothing more of this woman for some time, when a proposition came from her for me to introduce her to Lord Fitzhardinge: of this I took no notice. A little later, my friend Bernal Osborne came up to me in the House of Commons, "Mrs. Barker," he said, "tells me that she wishes to see you."

I declined the honour of the proffered interview, and

suggested that he should attend to represent me. This he declined, and there ended the matter.

Some time afterwards, one morning on my going into Lord Fitzhardinge's room, he informed me that a certain proposition had been made to him on behalf of this woman.

"If you comply," I replied, "I don't suppose you mean to give much for her?"

He stopped me, on my saying this, rather short, by adding, "Don't say anything against her, for I have taken a great fancy there."

This intelligence, I confess, caused me much regret, because he well knew the position in which she had long stood to Lord Coventry, and had been but recently acquainted with the attempt that had been made upon me. I perceived that she had somehow or other contrived to obtain an influence over him which boded me no good. Lord Beauchamp observed, when this miserable infatuation was known to the world, "So astonished am I at a man's being so silly, that when I arrive at the age of Lord Fitzhardinge, I shall appoint a tutor to look after my intellects, in case I should be led astray by woman."

Mrs. Barker had not long been installed as his lordship's first favourite—Mrs. Bunn being retained as second—when I found by several little circumstances which occurred, that Lord Fitzhardinge was gradually being set against me; moreover, he was upsetting my labour of years in keeping him right in political and public matters, and as respectable as possible, inasmuch as he had been induced by me to keep his amours out

of sight. I saw that he was failing me, but the first fact of importance occurred on my mother's death, when he refused to pay me up the fourteen years of arrears that were due to me by his word and by his letters. I asked for it, and on its being refused, insisted on its payment.

His reply was, that if I went to law, he should plead simply the Statute of Limitation. Disgusted with this conduct, I then wrote to Admiral Berkeley, explained the circumstances, and received from him in reply, "that it was too bad, when elder brothers were rolling in riches, to deny the small pittances that were due to the juniors; *but so they always did.*"

When Lord Fitzhardinge died, and the writer of the above had succeeded to his estates, and was rolling in the very riches he had alluded to in the opinion he had expressed to me, I applied to him, as jointure *and all* had then come into his hands, to pay me the arrears. *He refused* my application. I offered to refer the matter *to his own brother-in-law*, the late Duke of Richmond. This also was refused.

Gradually, under the influence of Mrs. Barker, the acts of hostility done against me by Lord Fitzhardinge began to assume a more violent and open character. He attempted to push forward my junior, the Member for Cheltenham, to lead in all the political affairs he could, to which proceeding I, of course, would not submit, nor would those with whom I acted. At last, he signified to me that at the next election I was to "quit the representation of the county."

This induced me to demand an explanation; for,

although I might have borne in silence—and, in fact, concealed—any amount of ingratitude and illusage directed by a brother against me in our domestic relations, yet, on *public matters*, it was due to my position to know the exact state of circumstances, and to be able to adduce to my political friends some reason for my retirement.

In the county I was as strong, or stronger, than ever. My supporters were increasing every day, and everything therefore bore the aspect of a long occupation of peace; the two seats in that division of the county being filled by myself and Mr. Hale—the latter having succeeded to Lord Worcester on his elevation to the House of Peers.

Lord Fitzhardinge's reply to my demand for more specific information was to the effect that I was getting very unpopular, and it would be impossible to return me again to Parliament; moreover, that his funds for political purposes were exhausted, and therefore that he had now no reason for keeping up his political power.

The first part of this I knew to be without foundation; the latter part implied that through me he had nothing more to get.

I again addressed him, still in terms of affection, and asked him, "Am I to understand that on the dissolution of Parliament in 1847 you will no longer support me nor contribute the necessary funds for my return in the event of an unexpected contest? If that is to be the case, my course will be very clear; I have only to inform my constituents that I retire from the representation on account of my incapability

to meet election expenses, and because I no longer receive the support of Berkeley Castle."

I suppose that this put him in a corner, because then he would have had to give some public reason for his conduct. He seems to have imagined that it would be better to try to crush and silence me at once, and by a bold, but very rash attempt—for he of all men ought to have known me better—to frighten me and forestal any future explanation. His answer to my demand for further explanation as to why he abandoned me, was contained in the following few words:—

"You have become so unpopular, and have so much abused and misdirected the Government patronage that has come under your gift, applying it to private purposes, that it would be impossible to return you to Parliament."

Here then was a tangible charge against me, and one so disgraceful if true that it would be impossible for me to put up with it. I wrote to him, imploring him in the first instance to withdraw it, and not cause me to prove that he was stating an untruth, put forward, I was well assured, by an infamous woman. I added that had he simply thanked me for all I had done for him, and then given me to understand that for private reasons of his own he should discontinue his support, I should have had no difficulty in stating my determination, on the *loss of his support*, to retire, but that if he ventured thus *publicly* to state the double untruth of "unpopularity and misuse of Government patronage," cost me, in a pecuniary sense,

what it might, I would prove the falsehood of the charges.

That he entertained some doubts of the success of the violent course he had adopted, was very soon apparent, for several of his old friends and dependents, toadies and others, who while I basked in the sunshine of his favour in those old Castle walls, seemed to be my devoted supporters, wrote me letters attempting to shake my resolution. Among these was one from a man who was Lord Fitzhardinge's senior in years, and very high in the estimation of the people in Stroud, and so much thought of among the *Liberals*, that at one time it used to be said of him that he could return anybody he chose for that town—Mr. Joseph Watts, or "Old Joe Watts," as I had always heard him called on his visits to the Castle.

This communication was not addressed to me, but *at* me, through my brother Henry, and a faithful copy of it, if not the original, is in my possession now. The purport of it was that Mr. Henry Berkeley was privately to assure me that Lord Fitzhardinge had expressed to Mr. Watts a resolution to beggar me and blast my reputation—to crush me, in fact, in purse and station, goods and body, if I did not under his charges silently retire from the representation.

At that time Mr. Henry Berkeley appeared to side with me in these matters, and he therefore put the letter into my hands. Watts had lent himself to the intentions of the writer, when, as from his age, reputed respectability, and professed friendship for me, the least I expected, were he *consulted by Lord Fitzhardinge*,

was straightforward advice to forbear attempting to injure me by any such unworthy means.

There was another man who had, from the first election when I came into Parliament, been the agent of Lord Fitzhardinge, and for fifteen years or more apparently my devoted well-wisher and servant. This was the deputy-coroner for the county, the late Mr. Joyner Ellis, resident at a place called Wickselme, near the town of Berkeley. He was a keen observer of character, shrewd, crafty, and unhesitating as to the means by which he obtained success for an employer who paid him liberally. One or two little things regarding his conduct I had to check, and then kindly overlook, so that but for my knowing that he was a toady and worshipper of a rich man in power, I might have hoped for better things in him.

He seemed to have come to the opinion that it would be infinitely safer to cheat me into compliance with Lord Fitzhardinge's commands, if that could be done, than to play at a rougher game, so he sailed his craft on the winds of cajolement, called on me to acknowledge his years of devotion to my service, and then to believe in his sincerity when he assured me of my unpopularity in the county, and the impossibility of my being again returned to Parliament.

He took very good care not to touch on the false allegations made by his patron in regard to Government patronage, but at the same time upheld him in the minor assertion; this, no doubt, he thought would weigh with me when coming from an agent

deep in the political mysteries of county, city, and town. It did not, however, do anything of the kind.

After the receipt of this communication, I met him accidentally at one of the railway stations between Bristol and Berkeley, and at once turned my back on him. For this decisive act I received from him by the next post the most false and fawning letter that ever was penned by a human being, of which I took not the slightest notice.

While this was going on I was paying a visit to the late Duke of Beaufort, at Badminton, when, on one hunting morning, I came down to breakfast before anybody else. As the papers of the day lay ironed out for reading, I happened to cast my eye over the columns of the *Morning Post*, and under the heading of "Police Reports," saw my own name coupled with a charge made in Court against me of affiliation, the girl accusing me being named Lait. When asked *Why* she had not caused me to be summoned to appear, she replied that she did not know my address—rather a bold assertion, when she originally came from the town of Berkeley, and had employed an attorney who must have been very well aware that my name alone, with M.P. attached to it, would have reached me anywhere.

The moment the Duke of Beaufort came down I showed the report to him, telling him that I must forego my day's hunting, start up to London at once, appear at the police-office, and leaving my address, express my desire to meet the charge and publicly

repudiate it. That done, I trusted to return to Badminton for a late dinner.

I did this, and no more was heard of the affiliation case for some time, when it changed its shape into the more expensive proceeding of a trial, brought by the father for loss of service and seduction of his daughter, his attorney being a person whom I had known to have been in the employment of Lord Fitzhardinge *and Mrs. Barker*, and who was afterwards outlawed. The *venue* of this was laid in Hertfordshire, and the case consequently at once stopped by my making an affidavit that it was impossible for the seduction to have taken place within that jurisdiction, as I had never been in the county within the given time. Thus for the second time the charge was disposed of.

A considerable period elapsed, when the suit for seduction again came to light, in the Middlesex Court. I prepared to meet it; but, for the third time, after causing me some expense in preparation, the parties fled from trial. The affair again slept, until the approach of the Gloucester assizes, immediately preceding the General Election of 1847. It was then revived at Gloucester, simply to endeavour to create a feeling against me in the county; but, for the fourth time, was again abandoned. My solicitors, Messrs. Simpson and Dimond, then nonsuited the plaintiffs, legal procrastination being unable to be eked out any further; and the father of the girl, to escape the consequences of costs, absconded.

When this result became known, it was evident to all that the whole thing was part of a system to

carry out the threats of Lord Fitzhardinge, as alluded to in the letter of Mr. Joseph Watts, and that the charge, and the expensive proceedings attending upon it, were intended to damage me in the estimation of my constituents, *and to cripple my finances*. It succeeded in the latter, but in regard to the county being moved against me, the evident oppression only bound every honest man in it the more firmly to my cause.

The flight of Mrs. Barker's tool did not secure his escape. Some, at the time, unknown and humble friends, watched him, and I was correctly informed of his hiding place, where he was forthwith arrested and consigned to prison for the costs he had thus put me to, and in prison he remained for seven years. He was then released on bankruptcy.

A little before this a curious charge had been brought against me in the Middlesex County Court, in the shape of a summons from Mrs. Latham, Lord Fitzhardinge's housekeeper at Spring Gardens, to recover from me a sum of money, about or under 20*l.*, for breakfasts and firing supplied to me while the guest of Lord Fitzhardinge and in his house.

The husband of this woman had lived as butler with my mother, and there was some delay in the proceedings, because the old man stoutly refused to let the demand appear in his name.

This was thought so disgraceful to Lord Fitzhardinge, that a number of his former friends and mine begged me to pay the money rather than let the affair come to trial; and though I told them all, that I well knew it was not the last persecution to which I

was doomed, still, at their request, I consented, and paid the claim.

The time of the election for the Western Division approached, and I received numerous letters from what might be called the industrious classes, begging me to come down and show myself in the Vale of Berkeley, assuring me, in their homely way, "that if I had lost my room in the Castle, I had fifty rooms of my own in its place, for they all had set apart in their cottages or houses their best chamber, and had newly done it up, as Mr. Grantley's room."

From the tenants under the Castle, too, and the members of my squadron of Yeomanry, I also received the most hearty and generous assurances of devoted attachment and support, telling me not to fear any consequences to them, for Lord Fitzhardinge dare not turn them *all* out of their farms, and that they were unanimous in their feelings of good will to me.

Notwithstanding these and many such assurances of my popularity, I hesitated to trust myself to a contested election, without a sixpence that I could spare to pay my way; and I also did not think it generous on my part to embroil the tenantry with their landlords—Lord Fitzhardinge and Lord Ducie—in a contest, unless I felt sure that there was every chance of my being successful. I very well knew that Lord Ducie, from an old grudge of which he treasured a silly remembrance, would be too happy to show his ill-feeling, so I had good grounds for hesitation.

When we were younger men, Lord Ducie, then Henry Moreton, prided himself on doing strong

things. As he always kept up the appearance of being rough and ready, with very red and gloveless hands, and I always made myself very smart, deeming that white hands were not unmanly, we therein differed, and on that subject, as the saying is, he was always "chaffing" me. On one fine day he had come down with his father to Cranford to pay my mother a visit, and Henry Moreton and my brother Henry, with the present Lord Berkeley, and myself, were sitting on a bench on the lawn in front of the vestibule. The old lord and my mother were in conversation in the breakfast-room.

Henry Moreton began teazing me as usual about the effeminacy, as he called it, of my appearance, so at last I taunted him with the ungainliness of his, and asked him what there was personally manly he could do that I could not do better?

He referred to skill with the boxing-gloves, adding a proposition I at once with much pleasure accepted. Seeing, I suppose, that my brothers as well as myself had no objection to that appeal between us, he changed, and suggested that we should wrestle for a fall. This too I as readily accepted, though wrestling was never my forte, so we proceeded to a spot a little out of sight of the breakfast-room windows, took off our coats, and laid hands on.

It was a very easy affair, and ended by my antagonist's falling heavily on his back, and bounding in that prostrate condition out beyond the cover that concealed us, when his father came out of the breakfast-room window, which opened a little above the ground,

my mother vainly endeavouring to restrain him by the tails of his coat, to forbid his son attempting any further trial. Henry Moreton never forgave this.

My proposing him at Gloucester to represent the county, before the passing of the Reform Bill, the constituency accepting him at my hands, and my at once turning over my second votes to his brother, the late Augustus Moreton, on a more recent occasion, and, in fact, bringing him in as my colleague in the Western Division, did not remove his early animosity, and through his life I never received a kindness at his hands.

At last the following laconic epistle from a dear old friend of mine who kept an inn in Thornbury, determined me to throw myself on the county :—

"MR. GRANTLEY.—Dear Sir, come down among us, we only want you as our leader; the pot's boiling over, and we can win."

My reply was almost as brief. It promised that at a given hour on a certain day I would, mounted on my well known white charger, Beacon, present myself to my friends at the inn at Alistonship, and ride through the Division of the county.

My horse having preceded me, I came *viâ* Bristol, and on arriving at the inn was greeted by an immense assemblage of people with a band and banners. It was a curious sight to a reflective mind, for I cannot call to my recollection that there was a large proprietor present, though there were a vast number of

their tenants, and thousands of labouring men, women, and children—the latter lining the banks on either side the road all the way into Thornbury.

When we had formed into procession, there was a shout from the immense throng to me for colours.

"Colours I have none," I cried; "I can't afford to buy them; but I need none better than those of our Vale. The oak sprig, then, to your hats and breasts."

No sooner said than done, there was a general rush at the hedges and boughs of the oak trees, and in a short time, like "the wood of Dunsinane," a forest moved in the direction of the town and castle of Thornbury, my dear old horse occasioning much laughter among my adherents, by pulling off the hats within his reach, in snatching at the leaves they bore.

Immense arches of flowers and every imaginable design spanned the road at the entrance of the town, and decked the houses, and I found myself anything but alone and unfriended, for it was as if a whole county had gathered together to give me hearty welcome.

At the Crown Inn in Thornbury I met some of my supporters. Mr. Hatcher of this place consented to be chairman of a central committee, Mr. Goold presided over the districts in the Forest of Dean, and my followers set to work to secure my return in earnest.

From this time I continued my ride through the Division, making no personal canvass, but haranguing the people whenever they wished to hear me, and telling them "that the battle lay not so much between me and Lord Fitzhardinge's nominee—who I

found was to be my cousin Mr. Grenville Berkeley—as between them, the constituency, in fact, and a dominating Lord Lieutenant, and I came forward as their liberator from unconstitutional dictation."

As this is the first time I have alluded to my cousin, I must pause to refer to a few previous incidents, before he took on himself, at Lord Fitzhardinge's desire, to attempt to wrest the seat from me. I was naturally desirous of knowing who my antagonist—under such terms as the nominee of Mrs. Barker—was to be, and for a long time his individuality was carefully concealed, though rumours in London put it about that it was to be Mr. Grenville Berkeley. Having lived on the greatest terms of friendship with him all his life, and having the most affectionate regard for his eldest brother, General Sir George Berkeley, and his three sisters, I resolved to clear up the matter.

I therefore wrote to him informing him that "I had heard the rumour, but would not believe it without his confirmation." His reply was, that he "was not at liberty to say,"—an answer so miserably evasive that I considered it confirmatory of the report. I then addressed him again, telling him before he did so ungenerous a thing against his cousin, he had better consult those who could give him better advice, for he would only win the name of a nominee, and in fact be the nominee of Mrs. Barker, the woman who was at the bottom of it all, and very likely get signally defeated.

To this he replied, that the woman I alluded to was a Mrs. Harris, that in fact there was no such

person as a Mrs. Barker; but further than that gratuitous fiction, he gave me no intelligence whatever.

When they thought they had matured matters for his appearance, and trumped up an imaginary list of names for an address, he came into the county; and there was published, by way of overpowering odds, such a committee of names pledged to his return, as seemed to my local friends to be incomprehensible. It was afterwards discovered that many of these had been set down without the permission of their owners. My committee list, if I remember rightly, was never published; and my solicitor, who took in hand the arrangement of affairs in the immediate vicinity of Bristol—a Mr. H. Wait Hall—proved himself for the time most zealous and capable.

The Bristol election having closed on Friday the 30th of July in the return of Mr. Henry Berkeley, who I believe had received very little support on that occasion from Lord Fitzhardinge, on Saturday the 31st an announcement appeared from my friends which at once attracted public attention. Indeed, so pleased was one gentleman with it, in no way connected with the county, that he at his own expense ordered eight hundred placards, or copies of the advertisement, to be printed and circulated. The address to the electors thus published and sent out by my committee, contained the following somewhat strong passage :—

"Whether the gentry, clergy, and independent electors of the county shall be permitted to have any voice in the election of their representatives, or shall relinquish their legitimate rights to the arbitrary

dictation and personal resentment of one whose interference is prohibited by law, leagued with broad-brimmed impudence in the modest garb of Quakerism, and urged onwards in the crusade against the independence of the constituency by a factious clique of foreign emissaries, introduced into the county under the preposterous disguise of a 'Liberal Association,' is really and in truth the whole point at issue."

This document concluded with an allusion to the "wonderful success of my ride through the Western Division," and called on the people there to rally around me at the poll on the Friday and Saturday following.

Of course much election squibbery took place between my friends and the supporters of Mr. Grenville Berkeley, who lost no opportunity of trying to fix some fault on me. Among the names I was called by them was that of a "Jesuit," because they had found out that I had permitted Mrs. Berkeley to educate my youngest son Edward in her own faith. Besides this, they accused me of being, on the ground of my acts of kindness to her, too much inclined to Popery. When I consented that Mrs. Berkeley should so educate my youngest son, I did not even know that she was a Jesuit, though I did that she was a Roman Catholic, and I confess that, had I known of the Jesuits as much as I do now, not even the urgent entreaties then made to me should have won my compliance.

In reference to this topic, in my speech on the following day, at the nomination, I said:—

"My friends, it is necessary for me, because I had

a letter put into my hand this morning, to revert to the shameful assertion that I am a Popish candidate. They have tempted me to lay an unsparing lash on the shoulders of every man who stated that falsehood as a fact. (Cheers.) I ask you, and I am sure you will give an injured man a hearing so long as he is plain and simple in his speech—I ask you, whether or not, considering I have been married (for that is my fault) for twenty-two years, it was not rather late, and after I had represented you for so long a period, for Lord Fitzhardinge and his creatures to charge me with having left Protestantism for Popery? (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Gentlemen, I *did* marry a Catholic; and were my time to come over again I would make the same choice to-morrow. (Loud cheers.) I am charged, too, in black and white, with having taken and accompanied Mrs. Berkeley to her chapel. I have taken her to her chapel in Wardour Castle, and I will do so again. (Loud cheers.)"

When in riding through the Division I dismounted and entered the White Hart Inn, at Dursley, to address the people from the windows, no one ascended the staircase with me—they all waited to hear me in the street; so, in search of the best window, by mistake I entered the worst room, and found it in possession of Mr. Joyner Ellis, crouching, to be out of sight, on the floor, his nose resting on the window-sill, book in hand, taking down the names of Lord Fitzhardinge's tenantry, and of any other persons whose freedom of conscience he thought he could find means to fetter.

I shall never forget the miserable, downcast, hopeless look with which he met my gaze, and the cringing attitude he assumed. My first idea was to drop him out of the window—not a high one—and to hand him over to the tender mercies of those below; but the recollection of the many years he had faithfully served me stood him in good stead, so with a contemptuous motion with my hand I shut him up in his coveted privacy, and did not notice him in my speech.

A report having got abroad that so hostile was the feeling against me at Coleford, in the Forest of Dean, "that I dared not show there," of course, having an hour or two to spare, at Coleford I presented myself. On entering the town I found my inn deserted, nor could I discover any of my supporters who had my interests in charge, nor whither they had gone. As soon as my presence was known, a crowd collected round me, who, with vociferous shouts that they "were not afraid," laid hold of me and dragged me from house to house of the absentees. Presently I met my committee at the inn known as mine, and a considerable crowd having collected, I went on the balcony to address them. Here I saw that there were symptoms of an approaching fight. No hearing was permitted me. Several personal conflicts took place with fists, in which my men had the best of it. Suddenly, as I was standing in front of the balcony, my friends behind me, a shower of heavy stones was directed against us from the street; and my companions immediately turned to escape by the window into the room, keeping me for a few seconds as a sort of target

for the missiles, for they blocked up the window in their haste to retreat. On seeing this I turned to look at my assailants, and to do my best to ward off any stones. One only would have hurt me, but I parried it with the fore-arm; and then the window being free, I also retreated.

In the street there was a charge made by the hired bludgeon-men from Ross of Lord Fitzhardinge, numbering more than fifty, each armed with a cudgel heavily loaded at one end with lead. This I ascertained by the capture of some of their weapons. They knocked my people down like ninepins, for the latter had no sticks; indeed, I saw one scoundrel in his drunken fury strike on the head and fell a girl. In short, such an outrage I never beheld before.

My supporters forgot to rally round me, so that at last my assailants had it pretty nearly all their own way, and set to work with a will to demolish the house of my committee. I could not have believed that a house could have been so beaten in by anything but artillery as this was in a very short time. The iron framework of the balcony was demolished, the glasses and the sashes of the windows all driven in, huge stones came rolling in from the upper rooms down the stairs, and at last, with a crash, the entrance door tumbled in with some of the rioters upon it, but who very quickly scrambled up again and joined their companions, in what they seemed to think a safer place.

I looked round at my garrison, and found it re-

duced to three men, one of the Goolds, and, I think two others, one of whom, if I recollect rightly, had been in the police. We seized upon such weapons as the place afforded; I know I got a poker, and took up a position on the narrow stairs. There was a poor girl from Berkeley in the house, too, whose only apprehension seemed to be for my safety. Thus we continued at bay for some time.

It then reached my ears from without, that our assailants intended to keep me blocked up till dark—a thing not in the least in accordance with my intentions, for I had settled to eat an agreeable dinner with my friends at Dean Hall. When we found that the outsiders had abandoned the idea of coming into my house; I retired to the garden, the wall of which abutted on a back lane, and asked one of my companions if, in the event of my jumping down into the back lane, he would accompany me, and lead me a short cut across the forest to Mr. Pyrke's.

On his replying in the affirmative, a slight diversion was made in my favour by a partial sortie of my men from a house in which they had taken refuge, under cover of which I descended from the wall. I was recognised by some of the ruffians, who called out for assistance, though they stood as ten to one. I and my guide walked on, and without molestation gained the hospitable roof of Dean Hall.

In my way thither, however, I neglected not to call at some friendly collieries, and explained how the town of Coleford had been treated, which very much excited the men's indignation. They were so eager to assist

me, that I could not help giving them a promise to return and put myself at their head. The following morning, by six o'clock, Mr. Goold and other supporters were in my bedroom. They had come to dissuade me from leading their colliers to Coleford, for, they said; if we did go, and beat the bludgeon-men, and thus apparently take violent possession of the town and hustings, it would be charged against me that my majority there on this, the last day of the election, had been obtained through intimidation. At their earnest desire, therefore, I forbore to keep my appointment, on condition that Mr. Goold should explain to the colliers the reason.

The men, true to their word, turned out, and marched on Coleford to drive out the strangers, but in their advance were met by some neighbouring magistrates, all supporters of Lord Fitzhardinge, who had made themselves conveniently scarce while I was being assaulted, but who now came forward to save my assailants from punishment. A parley was called, and the *in*-justices pledged themselves to go to Coleford and send away these armed strangers. At the stipulated time, the colliers then marched in, and found that the enemy had vanished.

One of the causes of those fellows having been brought from Ross and its vicinity was, when Mr. Grenville Berkeley came, in one of Lord Fitzhardinge's carriages with four posthorses to canvass the town, the foresters got forcible possession of boys and team, and, taking the horses out, harnessed as many of their coal-carrying asses to the vehicle to convey the candidate on his

road home. The donkeys were put-to, rather black postillions were on the point of starting them, when some of my local supporters interceded, and induced the people to permit the candidate to go as he came. He was also collared and nearly pulled out of his carriage at Dursley by a working man; in short, perhaps no ambitious time-server ever went through a greater number of indignities than did, on this occasion, Mr. Grenville Berkeley.

I shall never forget the calm, still, hot summer's night of the Saturday when the election had concluded and the numbers were being summed up. I was staying with my good, kind old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bromedge, near Stone, in the Vale of Berkeley, and within hearing, too, of the Berkeley church bells.

We knew that about this time we might expect to hear the news, and were all listening for an indication, from some church or other, of the sound of rejoicing bells. Though we had heard nothing, Mrs. Bromedge's maidservant presently rushed from the lawn into the house, and exclaimed; "The Berkeley bells!" We knew that they would ring only on my defeat. On hearing this we all hurried out, but no Berkeley bells could be heard. All at once in the midnight air a signal bell sounded in the steeple at Stone, then the same all round us, and then, as if simultaneously, far and near, there came a chime of joyful triumph, and all knew that I had won.

CHAPTER VII.

CHELTENHAM.

Dr. Jenner—Cheltenham in his day—Colonel Berkeley the king of the place—Society there—The Berkeley hounds—Colonel Berkeley keeping order—Lord Ducie and strong language—Punishing a parson—An Irishman doing the thing handsome—Improvements—Colonel Hamerton—The riding school—The young ladies leave it to follow my greyhounds—Tremendous sensation—A general elopement—Coming home—The Rev. Mr. Close and his curse—Selling presentation slippers—Colonel Berkeley horsewhipping Mr. Judge—Heavy damages—Deer hunting in the neighbourhood—Curious idea of sport—Adventurers—A Roman ghost—Mrs. Barker at Cheltenham—Popular indignation—Lord Fitzhardinge desires me to take up his quarrel—I decline—Misunderstanding of Colonel Hamerton.

My first recollection of this once most agreeable spa arose from hearing the renowned Dr. Jenner speak of it while in the society of my father and mother at Berkeley Castle. Dr. Jenner's house was on one side of the old town churchyard, and the high palings of the grove on the banks of the Castle moat were on the other. His garden and our grove almost met at their respective corners abutting on the graveyard, where it opens out by a stile on an orchard called the Little Park, which was the scene of the destruction of "y^e^ game of red deere," when Queen Elizabeth and her favourite Leicester made their unconscionable raid

upon my ancestor's castle and domain, to which I have already alluded.

At that time Dr. Jenner used to pass many days at the then fast-thriving little town. When that celebrated physician first went there, Cheltenham consisted of but one street; and the bright little trout-stream, the Chelt, whence the town takes its name, meandered across the road, glittered in the sun, and haunted by the emerald-hued kingfisher, lost itself in bosky wilds. Kingfisher, trout, and glittering pebbly strand, alike are gone; the trout-stream has become a drain, and the rural sweetness has given place to the filth created by a large population.

From the village which it was in Dr. Jenner's time, it became the nice cleanly little town in my day.; and when I first knew it its society was select, and my brothers and myself knew everybody who was anybody there. Of course both Colonel Berkeley, the late and the present Lord Fitzhardinge, were much at Cheltenham long before I was introduced to its people. When I came there I found the former regarded almost as a local deity, whose word was law.; and his splendid establishment of hounds and horses, with which to hunt the Cotswold Hills, were looked on, as they deserved to be, as a godsend to the town, that gave a powerful impulse to mercantile interests of every description.

All dinner parties were fixed according to his convenience for acceptance; all balls were deemed a failure unless he came; and according

> "To the ample strides he took,
> The mountains nod, the forests shook;"

in short, in the popular sense he was the Colossus that bestrode that little world.

Young as I must have been at this period, I have a complete remembrance of how thoroughly I enjoyed the sweet patronage that was offered me as a scion of the mighty House; and how I delighted to see and hear the applause that waited on the appearance of my brothers, Colonel Berkeley and Augustus, when they played at the theatre.

My hunting at Cranford and my duty with the Guards would not let me then stay for any lengthened time; but in later years, having more leisure at my disposal, I frequented the place and entered into all its gaieties with the greatest zest.

The society, even in those days, was not all of the first class; it was such as usually assembled at spas or watering-places. There was a general or two, some colonels, a few clergymen, and captains without end; many of whom no more held that military or naval rank than they did that of bishops. Of course in this medley were many Irishmen; indeed, for adventurers from the Emerald Isle, Cheltenham was always famous.

When Colonel Berkeley first hunted those stone-wall fields and fine woods for their stout, wild, native foxes, a good scenting country as it was, he kept his hounds at Corselawn; but subsequently he built a kennel at, and resided in, Cheltenham, taking Berkeley Castle and the former town month about as the sojourn whence he derived his sport: his hounds beginning their cub-hunting there in September, and then going

to Berkeley in October, and so on alternately throughout the season.

Very few male acquaintances that I made in Cheltenham are known to me now; they are gone in one way or other. Perhaps my friend Jack Bush is the only one of them whom I still meet with in London.

As to ladies, who were then pretty girls, some of those married and what is called "settled in life," are yet in mind and manners as nice as they ever were; but alas!—

> "All things bright must fade;
> The brightest still the fleetest"—

they are not quite so good-looking.

Cheltenham in its best days, for social customs, was always fast; there was not anything slow about it—nothing humdrum, or over-sanctified. It was never strait-laced; on the contrary, there was plenty of liberty, much riding with fair equestrians to look at fine views from the Cotswolds over the town, a great deal of dancing with the same partner during one ball, or flirting, as it was called; and if a man was seen to be smitten with one sweet face in particular, whether the owner of it was "settled" or not, the leaders in society had the exceeding good taste always to ask him to meet the attraction at assemblies, dinners, concerts, or at balls. In short, Cheltenham was a very pleasant place, and had evidently selected Colonel Berkeley for its king.

In the hunting field the men, as in all other fields, required to be kept in order, and more particularly some of the wild, hard-riding Irishmen, who were very

apt to over ride hounds, or to jump a wall at a check when there was nothing else to do, or they wished to sell a "Mr. Hobbler," and thought every eye had time to admire their deeds. Colonel Berkeley, however, had a peculiar knack of his own of applying very wild names and rough epithets personally to such people, which had a wonderful effect in keeping them in order. His language, though extremely violent and abusive, however, was not a bit more severe than that of Assheton Smith, Lord Southampton, mine, or Lord Ducie's, or other masters of hounds I could name, for we found that to beseech a man with prayers of the most courteous character, never made him pull one additional ounce upon his rein, while a good, or rather bad, round oath with the word tinker or some such fanciful appellation at the end of it, brought him on his haunches without an instant's delay.

Colonel Berkeley, on meeting the late Lord Ducie, who was, I believe, in religion the only peer who was a Dissenter, for the first time after he had become a master of hounds, said, "Well, Moreton, I hear you are a greater blackguard out with your hounds, than I am!"

"No, I'm not," replied Ducie; "you beat me, for I never d——d a man's soul by the colour of his horse!"

The fact was that in his fanciful method of adjuration, Colonel Berkeley had addressed himself to an offender's "chestnut soul."

As a dissenter from the Established Church, Lord Ducie entertained very uncharitable feelings against the neighbouring clergy, and in one instance within

my knowledge, when the Parsonage was surrounded by his lands, he absolutely walled in, or rather walled out, a very pretty meadow view from the windows, with a dense belt of fir-trees, in order to punish the incumbent, who, in some way or other, had offended him.

There used to be, and there is now, among some men an idea that on any day on which they hunt with a pack of hounds, they ought not to leave the field without making the huntsman a present of money. Colonel Berkeley, when he was up at a check (he was never a hard rider) always hunted the hounds himself, so one day an Irishman in the Cheltenham field, being desirous of retiring, came up to him, holding forth a closed but outstretched hand, and accosted him in the middle of a cast with the words, "Colonel Berkeley, sir, I wish to go home."

"Very well, sir," replied my brother, "go."

The effort to hit off the fox again continuing, the Irishman reappeared, crossing my brother's path, one closed hand and arm still outstretched, making him look like a teapot on horseback.

"Sir," he said, "but, Colonel Berkeley, I *wish* to go home."

"Well, then, sir, d—n me! why don't you go?" cried my brother in a voice of thunder, turning away from his pertinacious and incomprehensible pursuer.

"But, sir—Colonel Berkeley, sir—I wish to do the thing handsome." So saying, his fingers opened, and he offered my brother half-a-crown.

"You must be a fool, sir, a d——d fool, sir!" Saying which, Colonel Berkeley turned abruptly away from

the retiring and astonished sportsman; the hounds now hit the scent, and with a terrific cheer my brother followed them.

Cheltenham, like Brighton, began very soon to stretch out its arms on the surrounding lanes, and to turn what used to be the pretty by-ways and paths, into streets and roads. The market was no longer held in the High Street, shops spread themselves in all directions, magnificent promenades and convenient places for drinking the waters arose, and from a little neat country, but rather hungry looking town, it became in size almost a city.

I remember one night, after a very hard day in the Broadway country, long after dark, coming on my hack, in company with Colonel Berkeley and Colonel Berrington to the summit of the hills, when we first commanded the view of the town after the substitution of gas for the dim lamps, that at such a distance used to resemble glow-worms, we pulled up to look at the unwonted brilliancy.

Soon afterwards schools and a large college were established, and more staid visitors arrived, not so much for the amusement afforded by the splendid establishment of hounds, or for lively society in the evening, as for the education of their sons. Then society became still more mixed, and soon assumed a totally different complexion altogether. A line was obliged to be drawn as to association with the visitors, and the town lost much of the charm that the knowledge of every family in it used to afford.

Still Cheltenham was to me a most agreeable place,

where, as I had the good luck to be friends with all who were the leaders in society—any fun I chose to follow or create was jovially and jocularly regarded, and what might perhaps have been blamed in others, in me was tolerated and even kindly assisted, from a reliance that nothing would be carried beyond the bounds of propriety and good breeding.

Many a happy hour have I enjoyed at the house of Colonel and Mrs. Hamerton, the former an Irishman and a gallant soldier wounded in the wars, and with both I lived on most intimate and friendly terms.

I remember at a very brilliant ball, where all the beauty of Cheltenham was assembled, and there was at that time an immense opportunity for admiration, after dancing every dance, quadrille, or waltz, a lot of us met together to consult how we should amuse ourselves on the next day. When I say a lot of us, it must be explained that there were only eight or nine young ladies and myself, for at that moment no one else entered into the consultation, or was permitted to know anything of the matter. The ladies told me that their custom was to ride in the riding-school after a ball, in the way of gentle and refreshing exercise on a night's dancing, and that we might all meet there.

I proposed that, instead of confining themselves to the walls and sawdust, they should all meet me at the school, and ride out with me to the breezy, health-giving Cotswold hills, where my greyhounds should be in attendance, and we would have a gallop after hares. My late very dear friend and companion in coursing, Mr. Lawrence, at his nice old mansion of

the Greeway, where I for so many years received from him, his mother and his sister, kindly attentions that never changed, had given me leave to course on his hills whenever I desired.

At first my proposal was received with hesitation from some of my more timid friends, as to whether they dared to accept it.

"What harm is there in it?" asked one, fearlessly; "we can only be scolded, and say we wont do it again. So let us all go."

This settled the matter. All promised to meet me at the riding-school, and I saw at once that they would not desert each other. Then I became a little anxious as to the responsibility I had undertaken with regard to their safety. Some of them had their own horses that they could manage beautifully; but others had to trust to hired ones from the school, and to these I at once turned my attention.

On the next morning I was up at an early hour, considering my exertions over-night. I went to the livery-stable-keeper and riding-master, and explaining that we were going to ride out, insisted on the young ladies being furnished with horses known to be safe and to have no vice; for I well knew the effect on those open hills of my shrill view at a hare with the greyhounds. The next thing that struck me was to enlist some agreeable gallant gentleman whom I could fully trust in the society of young ladies, who would be guilty of no vulgar assumption, while he assisted me in taking care of them. Such a man was very difficult to select from the strange conglomeration

of men at a spa like Cheltenham, and after mentally summing up the list of all I knew, there was but one whom I thought worthy of the distinction, and he was my gallant friend in the navy who afterwards so much distinguished himself in command of the "Modeste" in China—Captain Watson. A good dancer and popular among women, and in every sense of the word a gallant officer and gentleman, he was the very assistant I needed, so at once I secured his services.

On a fine wintry, yet mild day, we then in a large party sought the peculiarly bracing air of the Cotswold Hills. Well known as I was in Cheltenham, all the chairmen at the corners of the streets—those we were obliged to pass, for we proceeded on our way by the most private route—pulled off their hats; and I could not help thinking that, if I was asked for, there would be no difficulty in finding out which way I had gone.

We reached the hills in safety, and were very soon galloping after the greyhounds. During one of the courses, the beautiful long and golden back hair of a young lady, riding her own perfect mare, came down from under her hat, and like a cloud—silky, dishevelled, and ungovernable amidst the breezes—enveloped her face, her neck, and shoulders, to her waist, and she was obliged to halt her steed.

I was close by her side, and had my hand on her rein to hold her mare while she adjusted those very pretty locks; but on Watson coming up I resigned the charge to him, that I might take care of the rest,

who were on and galloping away together in the full enjoyment of the chase. It was a happy but a fatal hour for my gallant friend: the situation, and the struggle of those white hands to reconfine the rebellious and luxuriant curls, settled him. He went home a lover, and ended his freedom in a very happy state. Like Lord Dundreary, he got married and was "done for."

Our sport over, we assembled on the hillside, in our cooler moments now to reflect on the consequences that occasionally attend on the happiest moments stolen from the plodding hours. It was late, later than we had thought; dowagers would be up and stirring, late breakfasts would be over and dinners ordered, household affairs looked to, and even luncheon time gone by. Mammas, unoccupied, would be sure to ask where were their daughters; and tell-tale echo would be sure to answer, "Where?" Or, as Bonfoi declares it did in the *Model for a Wife*, when he cried "Not here," echo said "Somewhere else."

Then, in different parts of the town, arose a wailing cry among the elder women. For a time, when miss was missed in her own home, it was set down that she was at the house of her young friend. She was sent for—but was not there, nor had her young friend been heard of since she went forth in her habit for a ride. Servants ran against each other from the houses of their mistresses, each to ask for his young lady. But in vain—no tidings were to be obtained; and more than half-a-dozen mammas, each absorbed in thoughts of her own child, forgot all the rest of her

compeers, and settled in her own mind that every daughter had eloped with one and the same, in this case, immensely favoured individual—he being myself; for in the hasty inquiries made at the riding-school the answer to each servant was, "She has ridden out with Mr. Berkeley."

In such a place as Cheltenham, about the middle of the day, it was (and I daresay is) the custom of gossiping elderly ladies to pay each other a visit. Some, therefore, rushed off to inquire of the daughter of the house if she knew or suspected any flirtation in her friend; but in every house thus visited the daughter was missing, so no information could be gained. It seemed as if the beauty of the fashionable part of the town had suddenly migrated, like a flock of birds, for another climate.

While this was going on, we came in a body to the precincts of the town, and then consulted what we had better do. At this council it was resolved to enter the place as privately as possible, in order at least not to court observation, so that perhaps some of our fair friends might, by some chance or other, get home before they were asked after. There were three of the young ladies who could only reach their homes by going down by the Promenade road, in full view of every lounger. As they rode their own horses, they could not leave them, as most of the rest could, at the riding-school. These I took under my especial guardianship, while Watson cared for the rest.

When we turned down the straight and very public thoroughfare, and had reached the part then particu-

larly called the Promenade, innumerable eyes were turned upon us, for the whole affair, in the usual distorted fashion on such occasions, had been bruited abroad, and no one knew what to think. The first serious symptom, however, that occasioned one of us more alarm than the rest, was the sudden halting of a "dragon chair," as we contumeliously termed those creeping tubs that occupy the pavement for the transportation of our elders. On its occupant perceiving us—it had approached by an *échelon* movement towards the gutter, where it halted in a dead point—the parasol of the old lady within, held out as stiff as a pointer's stern when game is under his nose.

"Home!" she almost shrieked, with a terrific look at her daughter.

"Yes, mamma," the latter replied, as she kissed her pretty little hand to her mother; "we are going there."

"All's well that ends well!" I escorted each of the fugitives carefully to her home, leaving them with a grateful sense of the risk they had incurred, and an earnest hope that their little transgression would not be too seriously visited.

Our fair charges thus disposed of, later in the afternoon I sauntered out to the Promenade, and found society in a tumult of pleasurable excitement at my having been accused of running away with all the nicest girls in the place. Indeed, some of the latter were the most joyous of the throng, for they had been thoroughly forgiven at home, and instead of society blaming anybody, it was immensely amused by the whole proceeding.

After this, with full leave to do so, I used to take many of my fair friends to the hills for a gallop with my greyhounds, and in only one instance did any accident happen.

A very pretty girl from the Emerald Isle was out coursing with me and Watson on a horse she had been accustomed to mount in the riding-school, and which was not one of my selection. She herself preferred this animal because she had always found it quiet. On the hill, however, with space before him, and a new excitement, the instant the greyhounds were off, he set to kicking most viciously, and sent his fair rider over his head. She was on her feet in a moment, and unhurt, so we changed the saddle to Watson's horse, which was very quiet. He mounted the other, and in order to avenge the fall, set the animal's head against the hill, and rode him so long, so fast, and hard, that I had to call to him to stop.

General Sir Archibald and Lady MacLain, Count and Countess Metaxa, Major and Mrs. Olney, the Miss Blakeneys, were among the residents at Cheltenham at that time, and Mr. Fortescue; but there were so many hospitable houses, and so many kind friends there, that I have often looked back on those happy days, and wished that they could return. I remember, too, the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Close, the present Dean of Carlisle, and Colonel Berkeley's telling me that, on his introduction, the reverend gentleman thought proper to offer him his support in anything he desired. He added, "I neglected Mr.

Close's application, which I certainly would not have done if I had known as much of him as I do now."

Like the legend of "The little Jackdaw and the Abbot," Mr. Close then "cursed us sitting, he cursed us walking;" he cursed the theatre, and seemed willing it should take fire, but he did not make us "bald;" the playhouse was, however, burnt down, the tide of womankind set in with a run upon the new preacher, and his church was filled to overflowing.

Ladies said enthusiastically to their male visitors on Monday, "You should have *seen* Mr. Close in his pulpit yesterday; he looked so beautiful, and his action was *so* grand!"

"Seen!" I used to reply, "I hope you don't go to 'look' instead of to 'hear' him. *I* have seen Mr. Close, and think it would do him good to attend the theatre, if only to learn a better method of delivery. When he clasps his hands together, he looks as if he were squeezing a lemon into a punch-bowl, and not as if urging a plea to Heaven."

The Close sensation, however, went on: fifty pairs of slippers were worked for the parson, and presented to him, as if he had been a centipede; a house was built and furnished for him at the expense of the female members of his congregation, and close and closer grew the intimacy. He took the lead with a certain class of society, and kept it. A man in a red coat was looked on as a "scarlet abomination;" balls were forbidden; and, in short, Cheltenham no longer was a place for innocent amusement; the old *régime*

was condemned and doomed, and waltzers, quadrille dancers, and sweet ballad singers sent to the deuce.

It was then that the real love of the pastor or his doctrines was tested in the female bosom, by the following circumstance. A devout follower of the popular clergyman was one day walking in the High Street, her mind filled with the last sermon and favourite preacher, when in passing a shop window she saw some things that attracted her eye—among them a pair of slippers. There were several pairs of slippers there, but this one pair particularly excited her attention. Presently she entered the shop, and desired that they should be brought to her. They were at once placed in her hands, with, however, the depreciatory remark—

"You wont approve of these articles; they are some of the rubbishy things Mr. Close had given him, and sets no value upon, so he has sent them here for sale."

The man made a mistake. The lady apparently did approve of them, for she bought them. They had been worked by her exclusively for the feet of her reverend favourite, and she could not endure the idea of their being contemptuously discarded. She never went to Mr. Close's church again.

There was a man named Judge living at Cheltenham, the editor of some local paper, who had grossly and personally abused Colonel Berkeley to such an extent that the latter resolved to horsewhip him. Not being certain that he should know his person, he selected a gentleman then resident in or near Cheltenham, whom we all knew as Bob Hammond, to accompany him in the street and point him out, in order that

there might be no mistake. Now, good-natured creature as Bob Hammond was, he was a very bad stutterer, and not in the least the sort of friend I should have selected on such an occasion.

They went into the street to look for their antagonist some little time in vain, when suddenly Colonel Berkeley called Hammond's attention to an approaching figure. "This is Mr. Judge approaching us, is it not?" he demanded.

Bob, horribly nervous, and therefore still more nervously inarticulate, broke out with "Ca—ca—ca—ca—ca." While this species of unknown tongue continued, the suspected individual passed them by, reached his own door, and as he closed it, the stutterer burst forth the conclusion of his sentence, "Ca—ca—can't say; but—but—but—I—I—I think it is."

The reader will very easily imagine the angry man's dilemma at receiving such dubious information at so critical a moment. He had come out expressly to horsewhip the very man he had permitted to pass him uninterfered with on the public footway. He strode up to the door, and after a thundering rap, asked the maid or man, whichever it was, if Mr. Judge had not that moment come in, and where he was. The reply indicated his whereabout, so Colonel Berkeley entered his room, and horsewhipped him severely.

An action was brought for this assault; the provocation having been put in as justification, the gist of the matter all turned upon when and where the victim had been met and punished. Had it been a casual *rencontre* in the public street, the damages would have

been, if any, very small; but as the house of the man had been invaded, and the punishment inflicted apparently on his own hearth, the jury, having the national dream of Englishmen's castles in their own mind, if I remember rightly, lumped in in rather a heavy fashion.

When Colonel Berkeley took to politics instead of plays, it became his interest in every way to contribute to the amusements of the town, and therefore he listened to the representations made to him by the Cheltenham residents, that when he took his hounds away in the alternate months to hunt around Berkeley Castle, they were left without any hunting at all.

On hearing this he presented to the inhabitants both hounds and red deer, making my late brother Craven, who sat in the House of Commons, for Cheltenham, the Master of the Hunt.

Our magnificent stags and hinds, the descendants of those who gave me such sport at Cranford, soon led the Cheltenhamites such dances over the Cotswold stone walls as knocked up their horses, and put those of their huntsman and whipper-in *hors de combat* for many weeks. Colonel Berkeley, as I have said, found them deer and hounds, but they had to find horses and servants, as well as food for stable, deer, and kennel. My brother Craven after a time discovered that his presence at Cheltenham was incompatible with his other amusements, so he retired from the management of the stag-hounds, and gentlemen well known in the locality were elected to the post of honour in his place.

When he retired, things began to fail, and constant complaints were made to Colonel Berkeley that the deer would not run, so on my coming to hunt at the Castle, when we returned to Cheltenham he asked me to go over the subscription establishment there, and to investigate the cause of this failure of sport, so foreign to the nature of our splendid deer.

I forget the gentleman's name who had at that time the management of the Cheltenham stag-hounds, and the reception of the public money to keep the thing going. He was a banker in the place, but certainly no sportsman.

I paid the deer a visit of inspection in the places where they were confined, and looked them thoroughly over. There they stood, the same powerfully and speedily shaped creatures that I had ever known them to be; their bright, full eyes, smooth fronts, and clean, tucked up bodies attesting that both stags and hinds were of the right sort—such as used to lead me and the best riders in England, famous runs across the Vale of Harrow.

"They have afforded you no sport?" I asked of the master; "no sport within the last six weeks? When did the wild-looking 'Sor' or 'Sorel' go? or, as you will better understand me, that young stag? He looks as if he had done nothing for a long time."

"Oh," replied the banker, with much *naïveté* and truth, "I'm not going to let him out again; he has not been turned out for six weeks. He wont do; for he gave us on the last occasion a deal of trouble. He took the establishment straight away

into Worcestershire, and so knocked up all the horses, that for a time my men had nothing to ride. They could hardly reach home that night; and, in short, many of the hounds did not attain their kennel till next day."

"And those wild-looking young hinds," I added; "what do they do?"

"They are nearly as bad as the stag," replied the banker; "they take us clean away from home; there is oftentimes no getting back to dinner. They don't do; so I keep to that hind you see there, and turn her out each hunting-day. She is a good beast: she goes round and round; we got her from Herring, and she never goes far from Cheltenham, and even wants to get back again into her cart."

I confess that these admissions on the part of the Master of the Staghounds tickled my fancy immensely; so, on returning to Colonel Berkeley, I explained to him that I would rather bank with my worthy friend whom I had just examined, than hunt with him, for if he was half as vigilant over money not to let it go, as he was over our wild deer not to let them at large, there would be very few of his customers with their accounts overdrawn.

Of course in a town like Cheltenham there were many queer men. Some there were who only put on a red coat in order to go a little way out of town to splash their boots and then strut in them up and down the Promenade.

At the balls of the Master of the Ceremonies, too, there occasionally appeared very strange customers.

I remember on one occasion having pointed out to me a young man of large fortune, who had come to hunt at Cheltenham, as a "large catch for aspiring mammas desirous of establishing their daughters well." Poor dear darling daughters! how often are your hearts torn away from those whom you really love, and who are worth your best affections, to be cast at the heads of needy adventurers, who, though enjoying the reputation of riches, really have not a sixpence in the world!

This catch for the Cheltenham mammas, at the ball I refer to, saw himself pointed out to me by a lady trumpeting his riches. He knew himself to be the subject of her conversation, and he certainly knew me, though I was not aware of ever having seen him before. At once I discovered that the casual glance I bestowed on his appearance was most irksome to him, so I fixed my eyes on him again. The man did not know what to do. He could not let his hands alone, nor did he know where to put them. The fingers of each were constantly at work at the tight buttons of his tighter kid gloves, which, though strained to bursting everywhere else, were an inch too long at the fingers.

"That's no catch," I replied to the lady, still hold of my arm; "that man is not a gentleman, and *he knows* he has no business here, and *thinks* that I recognise him as having seen him in some other capacity elsewhere. Don't let your daughter dance with him on any pretext whatever."

She took my advice, and in a very short time the

bubble burst, and the billiard-marker and low tobacco-shop leg, as the Yankees say, "skedaddled."

At Cheltenham, as at many another spa and watering-place, the "A. D. C." of the inimitable author of Soapy Sponge and Jorrocks's Hunt, was frequently appearing in a much worse capacity than that of an "Acting Drainage Commissioner;" for a time as greedily sought and run after, but as speedily put down, or dropped like a hot coal.

At one time Colonel Berkeley lived at the Plough Hotel, but more frequently he hired some house, when he was hunting the country, or was at Cheltenham only for the purpose of acting at the theatre. I remember on one occasion at the Plough, when the dresses for a tragedy had come down, my brother Augustus was trying his on in his room, which opened into rather a dark passage, some doors distant from Colonel Berkeley's room. Dressed as a Roman, with helmet and shield, and a drawn sword in his hand, he suddenly opened his door, in the act of going to his brother's room, upon an old lady plodding calmly on to her own apartment. Out came the armed apparition in the midst of a flood of light full upon her terrified optics, and down she went in a swoon. Colonel Berkeley told me that the scene was perfectly ludicrous: the old lady lay kicking and screaming on the ground, with Churchill, his waiters and chambermaids, tapping at her hands, while over her prostrate form the assumed Roman leant on his naked sword, and asked what the deuce was the matter.

We held our own for a time against the curses of

Mr. Close; balls went on; we sang and danced and hunted in spite of him, and still to me Cheltenham remained a pleasant place, where, when my own occupations permitted, I loved to find myself. The King of Cheltenham, however, at last went very wrong. Not contented with bringing Mrs. Bunn to German Cottage, a place he had purchased for a residence, he now brought a most objectionable companion in the shape of the more notorious Mrs. Barker. For her he hired a lodging in an adjacent street, Mrs. Bunn being retained at German Cottage. The latter kept herself quietly out of sight, but the other flaunted in the High Street and Promenade, bedizened in finery, and in the shops talked to her daughter with a loud voice of the sport "our hounds were having."

This very naturally did not do. People were shocked at vice thus prominently pushing itself forward, and invitations to Colonel Berkeley began to decrease: in short it became obvious that the crown of popularity was falling from his head. It was a difficult thing though to upset him in the face of his hounds and vast outlay of money; but at last the final shake of his throne was given by himself in the following manner.

Mrs. Barker's position with Lord Coventry and Colonel Berkeley was notorious; nevertheless Mr. Barker himself appeared at Cheltenham as the guest of the latter, and in utter defiance of all decency came out on the Berkeley horses, attended by a groom in the Berkeley crimson livery and shield, laced cuffs and

collar. I was not out with the hounds that day; indeed I was away, but so exasperated were the gentlemen of the hunt, and among them my friend Major Hamerton, that there was a council of war to decide who should pull the little actor from his horse and duck him in a horsepond hard by the place of meeting. Violence, however, being overruled, the hunt proceeded. As might have been expected, the quiet old hunter who had been selected to carry this objectionable and incompetent rider tumbled him off, and while he lay on his back, came jumping and squealing and frisking among his well-known companions in the crowd.

Not a hand would stir to catch the rein; even cuts with the lash of the whip, not hard ones, but enough to set the astonished old horse off again, were administered; and amidst the sneers of the field and mirth at his fall, the little man in his thoroughly new attire of red coat and boots, now besmeared with the white mud of the Cotswolds, had to stand up and become the laughing-stock of everybody; while the attendant groom, heartily hating and ashamed of his occupation, went to recover the horse whose hanging reins had been so universally shunned.

Mr. Barker went home, and it seems that the temper of the gentlemen of the hunt was made known to Colonel Berkeley,* for the former did not venture to make a second appearance in the field; had he shown his face there again, I am perfectly sure that either by

* I have adhered to the name "Colonel Berkeley" in order to prevent the confusion of subsequent titles to which he had been created.

water in a pond, or by united flagellation, he would have been summarily punished.

Nothing Mrs. Barker rejoiced in so much as any opportunity to sever her dupe from his old and once sincere friends. She knew, too, that in all probability I—the one of all she most intensely feared and hated—would be brought in some way into collision with her and with my brother, because, she was aware, I would only take up his side of any question when I could do so on proper grounds.

Soon after this event occurred, I came to Cheltenham. I had been for some time well aware of this woman's intention to sever all connexion between my brother and me, and through him between me and the political interests of the country. I was therefore on my guard, and prepared, as a sailor would say, for squalls, nor was one long in coming. Colonel Berkeley and myself dined at German Cottage. Suddenly, while we were sitting at our wine, he addressed me. At that moment I had not been made aware of the scene respecting Mr. Barker. "You have always stood by me in any quarrel, and made my friends or enemies yours. There has been a row here, and some of those we know have been behaving very ill to me. I want you to cut Hamerton dead if he comes up to you, and to turn your back on several others; I shall do the same."

I had a very sincere regard for Hamerton as well as for his kind and good-tempered wife; this request therefore startled me, and I at once demanded to know what had happened. He evaded telling me, and turned

the conversation. He knew that I would not comply with his request if fully made acquainted with its cause. Hamerton had given him offence, and on seeing that I insisted on an explanation, and would give no blind promise, he came to the conclusion that at last he had got into a quarrel in which he would receive no sort of backing at my hands.

On the following day I discovered that my brother Craven, who then represented Cheltenham, to curry favour with Mrs. Barker, had been widening the difference between Colonel Berkeley and Major Hamerton and our old friends, as much as it was in his power to do. I resolved to make a strong effort to bring my brother to a better state of mind before I took any step whatever; but in passing down the street I saw Hamerton approaching, and purposely avoided him in the hope of escaping his observation and preventing some talebearer going to Colonel Berkeley and telling him I was still friendly with his enemies. Unfortunately Hamerton recognised me, and considered that I had purposely cut him.

I subsequently had an interview with Colonel Berkeley and argued the whole case with him, when I discovered that the influence of his mistress far exceeded that of his brother; so I frankly told him that not being able to take his view of the case and to commit myself in an act towards gentlemen I could not defend, I should endeavour to escape the embarrassing position in which it had placed me by leaving Cheltenham on the following day.

Before I went I ascertained that Hamerton had

taken my avoidance of him in great dudgeon. This annoyed me deeply, so I at once wrote, assuring him that I did not mean to cut him, and expressing my sorrow that he should have taken offence at that which I never intended him to see, nor did I mean to display such an intention.

No language, I added, could be too strong in which to express my feelings, and I begged to assure him of my continuous desire that the friendly understanding in which we had so long lived should not be altered in the least.

His reply to this was one I did not expect. It was that we had better remain as we were; so I never spoke to him again.

Disgusted with the whole state of things, and at the fallen condition of my brother, I then left Cheltenham, and from that time to this have never entered that once-loved town, save to pass through it, or on mere matters of temporary business.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INDEPENDENT MEMBER.

Announcing the state of the Poll—I am served with a notice to declare my qualification—Discreditable proceeding—My triumph—Lord Fitzhardinge's bludgeon-men—Outrages committed by them—Forced voting—Bearding the lion in his den—Henry Ayris's view halloa—Old English manners—My speech—Shabby conduct of Lord Fitzhardinge—He commands me to give up my command of the Yeomanry—The men stand by me—The Duke of Beaufort is persuaded to act against me—I break my sword—Petition against my return—The Committee decide that I was duly elected—I write to Lord Fitzhardinge—Mr. Brotherton and Sir William Hayter—Petition to remove the Lord Lieutenant—The Duke of Norfolk—My motion for an eight-shilling duty—Influence of Lord Fitzhardinge—I retire from public life.

It was on Monday the 9th of August that the High Sheriff came to the hustings at Dursley to announce the state of the poll. Hale and myself were present, but my opponent was not. Perhaps it was well for him that he had decamped, or he might have received further violence at the hands of the exasperated people. Mr. John Burragh, the under-sheriff, was nearly two hours adding up the numbers. According to a newspaper report, during the time he was so occupied, the immense concourse of people amused themselves with all sorts of jokes at the expense of Mrs. Barker,

Mr. Grenville Berkeley, and Lord Fitzhardinge. On the announcement of the numbers they stood thus:—

Mr. Hale	4240
Mr. Grantley Berkeley	2744
Mr. Grenville Berkeley	2123

thus giving me a majority of 621 over the nominee, Hale being at the head of the poll—a position I took care to give him, because I knew that, until we made him safe, I should have no cordial co-operation from that party which for about fifteen years I had successfully kept in check.

While announcing the election of Mr. Hale and myself, the High Sheriff begged of the people to maintain good order, and not commit any such flagrant outrages as he was sorry to have heard had been committed at Coleford.

Before he concluded his brief address, some one touched my elbow; when, on looking round, I beheld a mean-looking fellow, from whom I received a paper which I immediately handed to the High Sheriff, begging that he would explain the meaning of it to me and to my friends.

In reply he informed us, that it was a demand from the electors of the division requiring the Hon. Grantley Berkeley to make a declaration of his qualification within twenty-four hours from the delivery of the notice.

Here was an act more disgraceful to the clique at the Castle than any they had before committed. At the end of a contest carried on by the constituency, not by me, against the tyranny of their lord-lieutenant

and his mistress, with the limited funds they subscribed and triumphantly used against the immense lavish expenditure that had been employed to coerce them, my right to the representation was denied. The qualification through which I had sat for the county for fifteen years was disputed by the very man who had gained peerages by the influence it had enabled me to acquire; now, however, when it served his purpose, and in the particular light in which he stood to me as trustee to my marriage settlements, he endeavoured to show that I no longer possessed it.

After the triumph we had achieved, and the subsequent rejoicing throughout the whole of the Western Division of Gloucestershire was at its height, I well knew that every moment of my time, not only for the following "twenty-four hours," but for the week, was disposed of; so, after watching the little attorney who had served me with the paper go from the hustings through the crowd with his hat well knocked over his eyes, struggling to push it up from the snub of a nose that acted very much like a button to keep it down, I repaired to the nearest magistrate, and to the best of my ability made a statement of my qualification—not an easy thing to do, when the minutiæ of how and whence it arose had to be particularly described. That done, according to the promise I had given to the people, I returned to the hustings, and applied the lash with an unsparing lip to the discreditable proceedings of my opponents.

The exasperation of the people at this last attempt at coercion and insult, after that in which all English-

men delight in—a fair combat honourably won—knew no bounds.

After accompanying Mr. Hale in a triumphant procession through Dursley, where the bouquets of flowers showered on us from every window delighted my charger, and made him go through all sorts of pranks, but were far less gratifying to my colleague, who got many a buffet from sweet things not intended for him, I proceeded alone, at the head of a cavalcade chiefly of horsemen and carriages, to my own dear old town of Berkeley.

The people under the walls of the Castle regarded this as some set-off for their having been coerced to vote against me. All those on foot with me at Dursley, as well as those who had come there, contented with their day's display, remained where they were; therefore my cavalcade, in marching from Dursley to Berkeley, about three miles, was one rather of vehicles, of women and children, and horsemen—not in the least available as infantry for hostilities. The procession proceeded quietly till we reached a beer-shop close to the bridge of the Berkeley railway station, on the Bristol and Gloucester line, where in and about the beer-shop, and within the railed-off enclosures by the bridge, I saw a large gang of fellows notoriously belonging to Lord Fitzhardinge's hired bludgeon-men, from the forest side of the Severn. They had been at Dursley at the declaration of the poll, but had they then have ventured on any display of brute force, my supporters would have given a good account of them. The present opportunity, however,

with the position they had taken up on either side the road, with large heaps of unbroken stones at hand, was too favourable a one to be lost.

As I came by at the head of the column there was a dead silence in regard to me, and more than one of the men quietly lifted his hand to his cap when he caught my eye. I rather reined in my horse, looking them hard in the face as I passed, and they permitted me to go on unmolested; but when the middle and rear of the procession got up to them, they put in such a volley of stones as knocked Mr. Barber off his horse, and struck a great many people, cutting open the head of one woman in a cart, and striking others.

The noise of the onset reached me, and a riderless horse came galloping by; so, halting the procession, I returned to the scene of conflict, and found some of my equestrians dismounted, a gallant young friend of mine at their head, Mr. Thurston; and he and they were returning, not stone for stone—for in fighting-men, and from the incumbrances of horses, on foot we were greatly outnumbered—but they returned the fire. I ordered them to desist and retire, and for a moment was in hopes that the ruffians would come forth from what might be termed their intrenchments on the railway, and be induced to get into the road, where my cavalry would have very easily ridden them down. They knew better, however, and could not be induced to pursue; so having extricated the rear, I took the lead again, and approached the scene around the Castle.

I had been present at the polling-booth at Berkeley on the first day of the election, and so terrified were my friends at what they called "bearding the lion in his den," none of them liked to go there, and I very well knew if I was not there to see the voters had fair play, I should be put to some loss. While there, I had to remove a large board stuck up in front of the place where the votes were taken, telling the people to vote for Grenville Berkeley. I could not help noticing the sorrowful glances of old tenants and servants, when they replied to the question "For whom do you come to vote?" "Grenville Berkeley." I had seen the old butler, William Reynolds, who had known me from the earliest hours of childhood, and who had married my kind nurse, give a plumper against me, and then burst into tears. I had then given him my arm, and walked with him through the silent and respectful crowd, to his own house door, for he was at that time retired from service. There I received from him the assurance that so much pain had the vote he had just been forced to give, occasioned him, that if it pleased God to spare his life for another election, and I needed it, he would give me a plumper in spite of anybody, to wipe out the error he had committed. He lived to fulfil his promise.

So taking all these things into consideration, I thought my heart had been steeled against all old and fond remembrances.

At the entrance of the town I was met by its entire population. The men were kindly laughing spec-

tators at their doors, taking no part in the procession, for they felt they dared not do so, but all their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, and children, thronged out to join me, carrying oak boughs, and shouting all sorts of congratulations.

We promenaded the town; my supporters asked if they might lead on up to the outer lodge of the Castle; so, still smarting under the attack that had just been made upon my friends, I replied, "Certainly, and give three cheers at the gate itself."

This was the first time in the whole course of my life that I had ever ascended *that* well-known hill under any other feeling than that of veneration and affection, and I could not help the tears rolling down my face as I heard the roar of voices; for, standing still, all the men joined in it, cheering for me, and execrating the conduct of an elder who, apart from his attempted and ill-advised oppressions, still stood to me in the light of a brother.

It was here, as we halted close to the entrance of the churchyard, that Harry Ayris, the present Lord Fitzhardinge's huntsman, suddenly appeared from behind the tombstone of a predecessor in the field, and hat in hand, gave the view holloa I had so often delighted in, and a cheer for me; this, knowing as his hearers did that perhaps his place depended on the act, electrified them all. It was reported to his master by some spy, but Harry was too good a huntsman and too necessary a servant to be dismissed; so after a jobation, he maintained, and maintains still, his place at the head of those splendid hounds.

Our triumphs for the day being over, I proceeded to my quiet little house at Stone, with my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bromedge, and prepared for the receptions I was to receive at Bristol, Gloucester, Wotton-under-Edge, and other places. My reception at the town of Thornbury was thus alluded to in the *Bristol Times*:—

"On Friday last the ancient town of Thornbury was a scene of old English manners worthy of the times of Sir Roger de Coverley, and such as few other places in the kingdom could in these degenerate days have exhibited. At break of morn the rural population for ten miles round was directing its course to Thornbury. Rich and poor, old and young, were all engaged in the common occupation of preparing for a jollification. For this the reaper laid by his sickle, the blacksmith left his forge, the village inn was deserted, the country shop was closed, the labourer of the field trudged o'er the common, and by a simultaneous movement all ranks and classes pressed towards Thornbury. The day was magnificent, for the rain of the previous night had laid the dust and cooled the air, and now the sun shone forth in all its splendour, and a pleasant breeze gave life and animation to the landscape. The town of Thornbury presented a most brilliant appearance; all business was suspended, every shop was closed, every foot of ground was covered with a population on the tip-toe of expectation, from every house banners waved in all the colours of the rainbow, and not a window could be found without its 'blushing beauties.'

"Precisely at eleven o'clock, Mr. Berkeley, mounted on his splendid white charger, Beacon, entered the town, attended by at least 10,000 friends on foot, for so indeed they all were, with a cavalcade of some hundreds of sturdy yeomen bringing up the rear. 'Twas a glorious sight! No language can express the incessant bursts of exultation which greeted the future Earl of Berkeley, as he moved laughingly and joyously down the dense mass which welcomed his arrival. After making the circuit of the town, the honourable member alighted at the Crown inn, from the balcony of which he addressed the multitude, and then introduced the two petitions that had been suggested, the one from the inhabitants and freeholders of the county, and the other from the mothers and daughters of the constituency, 'praying that her Majesty the Queen would be graciously pleased to remove Lord Fitzhardinge from the office of Lord-Lieutenant,' the allusion to the petitions being received with thunders of applause.

"At one o'clock tables were laid throughout the public street, and dinners provided gratuitously for about fifteen hundred poor and aged persons. After the usual toasts, the one of the day was given, 'The glorious majority of 625,' the assembly rising and hailing the toast with hearty and reiterated cheers. The whole concluded with dancing on a lawn fitted up for the occasion, and nothing could exceed the hilarity and good humour evinced throughout."

It was in this procession that I found my horse going under me in a very curious way, his head very

erect, his ears thrown back, and his haunches tucked in as if they were in some way or other unusually interfered with. There was an old man and two girls clinging to his long mane, to support themselves against the pressure from the crowd, and at last from his action as well as from applause and laughter at something that was taking place behind me, I looked round to ascertain the cause. There were eight of the smartest country girls in the Vale, two-and-two, and to keep their places next me, the two foremost had twisted their hands in Beacon's tail, while the other six held on to theirs and each others' dresses in order not to be separated.

To show what the constituency had to fight against, I quote from the report of my speech when triumphantly received at Dursley.

"The spontaneous agency and free will of the people had defeated the schemes of three powerful peers and triumphed over their dictation. (Loud cheers.) He said three peers, for it was no use to deny that the Duke of Beaufort did not direct his tenantry to vote against him, for he (Mr. Berkeley) had *seen the order that had been given*, and therefore he knew he did. (Hear, and shame! shame!) As to Lord Ducie, he dared no more tell him that he did not exercise his power in coercing his tenantry than he dared attempt to fly. (Hear, hear.) As to the Lord-Lieutenant, they all knew what he had done. (Too well; shame!) He desired his brother Augustus Berkeley, whom he had not asked to his Castle for fourteen years, to vote for his nominee, and

attempted to intimidate Henry Berkeley, the member for Bristol, to do the same, but with his (Mr. Grantley Berkeley's) full consent, his brother Henry remained neutral in order to please his Bristol friends, who were afraid if he offended the Castle they should get no more funds thence for future contests. At Coleford, where the cowardly outrage was committed, as well as in Newnham, port, sherry, cider, and beer were so profusely handed about in cans, that he (Mr. Berkeley) had seen not only men but children lying by the wayside in the gutters in a state of drunken helplessness. (Yes, yes, we know it; shame!)"

In my entry into Coleford, in my address to the people, I see that I was also thus reported to have spoken :—"He (Mr. Berkeley) now stood before them, free of dictation, and free he was determined to continue. The defeated nominee, Mr. Grenville Berkeley, made so certain of winning, that to his, Mr. Berkeley's certain knowledge, he had written to the Government a month before the election, asking for a secretaryship as the future member for West Gloucestershire. (Roars of laughter.) A pretty specimen of independence!"

A triumphant entry into Gloucester concluded the rejoicing on my return to Parliament in the year 1847.

Now, up to that year, from the time that I came forward at his request in 1831-32, Lord Fitzhardinge had put my name down to all subscription lists and clubs that he pleased; he asked my permission to do so under the promise that for every expense so incurred he would be answerable. I also at his request commanded his squadron of Yeomanry on the same

understanding. For some time, however, and evidently with the design of crushing me, he had left accounts in arrear, all standing in my name, while at the same time the receipts for past payments were in his hands.

Soon after he had ordered me to give up the representation of the Division, he desired me to quit the Yeomanry, again giving out that it was my personal unpopularity that necessitated my retirement. That falsehood having been sufficiently exposed, I refused to obey, every man of the squadron swearing to stand by me, their captain. The Lord-Lieutenant once more found himself in an awkward fix, but acting under the most disreputable petticoat government, he *ventured* to send his agent, Mr. Joyner Ellis, to the non-commissioned officers of the squadron, some of whom were his principal tenants, with a sort of round-robin, to which he thus desired them to put their names, stating in writing that they wished to retire from the Troop because they did not like me, their commanding officer, I had become so overbearing and unpopular, or words to that effect. Mr. Ellis called some of the non-commissioned officers together, set this document before them, and *ordered them* to attach their names; when Sergeant Jones, of Willis's Elm, as spokesman for himself and his comrades, held out his right arm and said, "There, Mr. Ellis, I'd sooner chop that off than set my name to such a lie."

This attempt, therefore, failed; still, prompted by that revengeful woman, he went on, and caused the same agent to let his tenants know that those who retained their service under me would inevitably lose

their farms. This menace brought me and my men together. I was far from desirous that they should act to their own disadvantage, but they were ready to dare everything rather than fail me in my need. We came to a resolution that all who feared to lose their farms should resign with my leave, but not until they had procured a friend to fill their saddles, while the more opulent tenants, who did not care for threats, were to continue to serve. After the election had terminated, I informed them that I should decline to serve in the Yeomanry any longer, and suggested that we might retire together. This arrangement was carried out to the full.

Lord Fitzhardinge felt himself foiled, for my drills were attended by my usual number of men, and he saw that, unless by some still more desperate move, he could not prevent the usual muster under me for permament duty in Stokes Croft, at Bristol. On this he went to the colonel of the regiment, the Duke of Beaufort, and found some means of coercing him. What they were I can only guess at; but the upshot of it was that, after close communication with Lord Fitzhardinge, I received an order from the Duke to pay up years of arrears of my mess bills and troop expenses, all of which Lord Fitzhardinge had undertaken to pay, and of which I had previously known nothing, and that unless I immediately did so, I was not to attend the muster of the regiment.

These were hard lines to me. I did not know that anything was owing on my account, and upon inquiry I found that there was an arrear of a considerable

sum. My finances had so rapidly diminished, that, like "Walter, surnamed the Pennyless," in the Crusades, I knew myself to be a good general, and to have a large following, but I had not of my own a "stiver to pay my troops." A friend started up, a Mr. Clayton, who offered to advance me some money on a note of hand. He did so, and paying the arrears thus purposely left to assist in my ruin, I laughed in the face of Duke and Lord-Lieutenant, and marched to Bristol with my squadron for the muster of the regiment.

My way to the parade lay through Thornbury, and the town turned out to welcome the squadron as it passed; to the compliment so conveyed, of course I carried swords, and placing themselves by my side at the head of the squadron, Mr. Townsend, the Vicar of Thornbury, and his two daughters, one of them since married to a son of Lord Lyveden, formerly Mr. Vernon Smith, rode with me some miles on my way. Along the fourteen miles of road, and at Bristol, a welcome to the "Berkeley squadron" was hung out from many a window, and I was considerably amused at seeing my commander, the to me hostile Duke, studying their devices as they waved above his head.

As soon as the duty was over, I broke my sword, when I, for the last time, dismissed my men, across the pommel of my saddle, much to my old charger's astonishment, and told them that I would never again serve under any man who had lent himself, as the Duke had done, to acts of undeserved oppression.

Thus ended my Yeomanry service.

In February, 1848, the following members of the House of Commons were nominated to inquire into the merits of the Petition, which assailed my qualification to sit as Member for the Division of a County. They were as follow:—

Mr. Granger. Mr. R. G. Thorneley.
Mr. Aglionby. Sir J. Walsh.
Mr. Cumming Bruce.

Mr. Granger was selected for the Chairman.

Cumming Bruce not being in attendance to answer to his name when the Committee was called over, on a motion from Fox Maule he was taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms. He was afterwards discharged on payment of the usual fees.

On the 15th of February, when the Committee met for business, Mr. Sergeant Wrangham, Mr. Sergeant Kinglake, and Mr. Mereweather appeared for the petitioners, with Mr. F. Jarman as agent. To defend me I had Mr. Crowder, Q.C., Mr. Cooke, and Mr. Westoby. Mr. Wait Hall was my agent.

It had been my original intention to appear and defend my position, accompanied solely by Mrs. Berkeley, as we felt ourselves perfectly capable of stating the true state of my income, and by this proceeding to avoid the heavy costs to which I should be otherwise put. On making our intention known, a flood of remonstrances poured in upon me from the constituency, earnestly entreating that as they had returned me at their sole cost, I would not at the eleventh hour risk the chance of making all their

exertions vain, by opposing solely, in my own person, the great talent that had been arrayed against me.

In addition to this my private solicitors, Messrs. Simpson and Dimond, strongly urged their employment in the case, and the engaging of the best counsel; for they argued that unless I did so, some legal quibble or advantage would be pressed, through which my seat might be ultimately lost. To both of these requests I urged want of means, but this was again met by an offer from some of my constituents to head and set on foot a subscription to defray the expenses contingent on the Committee, while my solicitor tacitly acquiesced in waiting for the payment of his exertions, very well knowing that if a subscription was not set on foot I could only reimburse him on some sudden accession of fortune. For myself, my own faith in the straightforward judgment of those appointed by the House to try the case, the justice of my own claim to possess the qualification, and the wide-spread knowledge of the persecution that Lord Fitzhardinge was prosecuting against me, made me fearless as to the result.

It was the promise joined to the urgent entreaty from the constituency that at last made me put the defence into legal hands, and as I have set it forth, so the Committee commenced its labours. The promise from the constituency of subscribing for my defence *was never fulfilled;* I therefore deeply regret that I had not persisted in my original intention of relying simply on my unaided powers.

A person named John Ayre having proved the

service of the summons on me, admitted, in cross-examination by Mr. Crowder, that he was applied to by a Mr. Francis Jarman to "get up" the demand, and was paid for doing so, and also for his journey to Dursley. A letter was here put into the witness's hands, and he admitted that it was in his handwriting. The letter was as follows:—

"I have no doubt but that the qualification will be contested. The party at the bottom of it is very rich, and not very young. This you may confidently rely upon."

Mr. Clarke, then solicitor to the Ordnance, but formerly legally employed in my interest, then produced my marriage settlements, attempting to use them against me, stating that he did so by direction of Lord Fitzhardinge, who was, under those settlements, my trustee. The production of those papers under such auspices was immediately objected to by my counsel, and the settlements under these circumstances were indignantly ordered out of court by the Committee.

Mr. Crowder concluded his reply to the speeches of the learned Sergeants Wrangham and Kinglake with the following words:—"Every one well knew that Mr. Grantley Berkeley had ample means on which to qualify as a county member. He had also considerable property in the West Indies, but, not having included it in the declaration made by him in the House of Commons, the Committee were precluded from taking it into account."

The Committee having deliberated for a few minutes

with closed doors, the chairman, Mr. Granger, then announced that I *was* duly elected to represent the Western Division of Gloucestershire.

It is with sensations of the deepest gratitude that I quote the following statement from one of the newspapers:—

"The announcement of the decision of the Committee was received with loud cheers from every part of the House, and strangers as well as friends and men of all parties crowded round Mr. Berkeley offering him their congratulations."

The *Bristol Journal* alluded to the affair as follows:—

"Lord Fitzhardinge's last shot has recoiled upon himself like a charmed bullet, in the shape of costs. It is all over now, however. In other words, all the manœuvres of Lord Fitzhardinge to injure his brother have turned out vain and insufficient. His brother has foiled him in every attempt. We cannot see how Lord Fitzhardinge can follow Mr. Grantley Berkeley any further. He has followed him through every act and transaction of his life. Laundress [in allusion to Mrs. Latham, Lord Fitzhardinge's housekeeper], creditor, police magistrate, parliamentary agent, have been set on to worry him in turn, but Mr. Grantley Berkeley has escaped their fangs."

Such was the termination of this most disgraceful and unconstitutional attempt to tyrannize over me and destroy the freedom of election. There also appeared the following announcement:—

"It has been estimated that to Lord Fitzhardinge

the cost of his abortive attempt to force his cousin Grenville Berkeley down the throat of the men of West Gloucester, and to wrong the brother to whose mental capacities and extreme good-nature he owed his titles, was over thirty thousand pounds. The outlay to which the people were put in their resistance to the three peers—Fitzhardinge, Ducie, and Beaufort—and in support of their favourite candidate, was from seventeen to eighteen hundred pounds."

Upon the termination of this struggle I wrote to Lord Fitzhardinge, set forth his conduct in plain but not in angry or revengeful terms, and asked him if, now that his utmost had been done, he did not think it would be better to abstain from all future enmity, and for the remainder of his life to live at least on peaceful terms with me? I again told him that when he took one step towards a better state of feeling, or in kindness, I would take a hundred, for that I was ever ready to forgive.

To this he replied in the worst possible frame of mind; so, having made this brotherly suggestion to him, I took no steps to check the petitions against him for his removal from the Lord-Lieutenancy; indeed, the fact of my having made those peaceful overtures procured for me several remonstrating and even angry letters from some of my constituents, asking me if I was going back to the Castle?

Two petitions were therefore presented in the House of Commons by the late Mr. Wakley, for an inquiry into the conduct of the Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Gloucester, and his undue interference at the late

election. A Committee was consequently appointed, the members to serve on which were not individually selected, but they consisted nearly of the whole House, the attendance being entirely voluntary. This at once led me to know that the struggle would be a hopeless one, for the Whig Government, whose interests Lord Fitzhardinge had promoted on condition of his being made a peer, and by whose favour he had become the Lord-Lieutenant, were resolved to support him, let the charges be ever so grave, and a persistence in them hostile to the freedom of conscience and constitutional exercise of the franchise.

The members to act for the Government were selected from the Liberal ranks, and these were artfully induced to look in on the Committee, and to vote in defence of the Lord-Lieutenant: among them the late Mr. Brotherton. Whenever there was a thin House, and a disagreeable motion coming on that the Whig Government wished to get rid of by a side-wind, Brotherton was always appointed to watch and to count out the House. This I have seen him doing. I have been asked by him not to enter the House, and I have observed him, when he had made the House safe for counting out, go in himself and resume his seat, to have himself reported as having nothing to do with there being "no House," and as one of those *invariably at his post for business.*

Mr. Hayter, the present Sir William, made himself most officious in thwarting this petition. On one occasion, curiously enough, he forgot himself, and addressed me personally at the Committee table, as

to my great error in defending the rights of the petitioners, and assailing the character of my brother. I begged him not to trouble himself as to my conduct, promising that when I wished for his advice—a thing very unlikely to happen—I would ask for it.

The Lord-Advocate of the day attended constantly, and got a very sharp rap on the knuckles from the member for Tewkesbury for his special pleading in favour of the Lord-Lieutenant.

I discovered also that in some way or other means had been found in the country to choke off Mr. Goold, and that on the services of the agent to the petitioners, Mr. Wait Hall, I could no longer depend, for that there was a combination—how obtained of course I knew not—to save the Lord-Lieutenant from being made an example of, and the petitions were therefore strangled in committee.

I had done my duty, however, by the large numbers who had signed them, but against such power in the House and out of the House, backed by unscrupulous means, all that I could do was of no avail, and there the affair ended.

It was now that the disturbed and stormy sea of opinion, surging this way and that, unsettled men's minds as to the effects of free trade, and struck the agriculturists with an universal panic. They were to be ruined by it, it was said, for the advantage solely of the manufacturing classes.

I often voted with O'Connell and the late Duke of Norfolk, with whom I was on terms of the most friendly intimacy, and always took care to support the

Dissenters whenever the freedom of conscience was assailed. I resolved now to bring forward a measure praying of Lord John Russell and the Government that if they were not in a position to extend their measure of free trade, so as to repeal the malt tax, and other burthens which decidedly pressed heavily on the farmer, then in that case they would give us an eight-shilling duty until such time as they were.

The Opposition decided to support me, while the Government resolved to refuse the eight shilling duty, or to give any sort of pledge as to the future repeal of any other tax. I brought the measure forward, the House divided, and I was beaten, and the motion (distorted and perverted to serve the purposes of Lord Fitzhardinge and Colonel Kingscote, who was desirous of bringing his son in), was handed about among the lower class of voters in the county, and hired itinerants were sent around with placards describing me as one "desirous of depriving the people of their bread," and of "having deserted the popular interest which had given me my seat in Parliament."

The Dissolution came; Mr. Goold, who possessed great influence in the Forest, attached himself to the late Colonel Kingscote as if he had been the friend of his life, and heart and hand joined in the designs of Lord Fitzhardinge and Colonel Kingscote, and did his best once more to return to the peers the very dominion over the franchise of the county he had worked so hard under me to upset. It was in vain that I warned the leading Liberals, or rather their followers, for few of the magistrates who had been put into the

Commission of the Peace by Lord Fitzhardinge, and who were accustomed to shoot, hunt, and dine at the Castle, were ever actively with me even in the former election, though when I was returned they could not rule the people, nor prevent their wives and daughters canvassing for me.

It was in vain therefore for me to argue against this state of things. The most domineering influences and any amount of money were brought to bear against me, the truth was belied, the people deceived, and I saw that I should have to fall before the storm. There was now no popular cry to raise the thews and sinews of the country in my favour. I had no money to squander, and if I had I would not so have used it; my constituents were deserting themselves more than they were deserting me, and they were madly resolved to lose the only man who had rescued them from the dominion of the peers, and once again to yield themselves and their rights willing captives to Badminton, Kingscote, and the now receding influence of the Castle of Berkeley.

The Election came; I contested the Division on means that I found for myself, supported by the Conservatives, who promised me their second votes, and by a large party who remained faithful to me and who saw no shadow of a departure from principle in the choice I had offered to Lord John Russell, viz., an extension of free trade or an eight-shilling duty until he could extend and more widely carry out the measure."

It was at the hustings at Dursley that the late

Colonel Kingscote displayed his impious banner, cursing me, in the words of Scripture, "for taking away the people's bread"—a thing I had neither done nor contemplated. After the first day's poll it was evident to me that I could not beat the present Colonel Kingscote, who is member for the Division, so seeing that by continuing the contest I could only endanger the seat of Mr. Hale, rather than risk the loss of the Conservative member, whose party had heartily and liberally supported me, I withdrew, and retired into private life.

Thus ended my political career in the Commons, and it is no small satisfaction to me since, to have received the deepest assurances of regret from many of my former constituency, at the mistaken part they were cajoled to play, and which severed our connexion.

As Thornbury had been the first town in my county to give me a splendid reception when I came to defeat Lord Fitzhardinge's nominee, so it was the last to afford me a most gracious leave-taking, for at Thornbury I was invited to a dinner in marquees by my former constituents, where ladies as well as gentlemen attended, and my friends in the Western Division presented me with a splendid piece of plate, representing a stag being pulled down by gaze hounds, in frosted silver, with a vase for flowers, and candelabra, manufactured by Hunt and Roskell.

CHAPTER IX.

SUPERNATURAL MANIFESTATIONS.

The spiritual world—My vision of a lady unhappily married—The young lady and her goldfinch—A lover from a former world—The promise—Appearance of the bird announcing the death of its mistress—Mediums—Alleged spiritual manifestations—My want of confidence in spirit-rapping—A discovery in ghosts—Conclusive argument against their existence—Spirit-rapping and Puseyism.

One or two incidents that happened in the course of my life, appear to have something to do with what of late years has been called the spiritual world; at any rate they cannot be accounted for. The mortar in the old castle wall at Berkeley giving way, and the heavy hatchment over the gateway falling so as nearly to crush Sir Samuel Wathen, the enemy of my father, as related in a previous chapter, though very extraordinary, might easily be explained, but not so the vision of a woman which appeared to my brother, Lord Berkeley, and myself, at midnight, in the kitchen at Cranford House.

One of the strangest of these seemingly ghostly visitations that happened to me, however, arose from a dream I had, and which, at the time it happened, I described in a poem. It is this kind of apparent visitation to the waking soul that leads one on

to some sort of supernatural belief, more than anything else.

I had been asleep some time when there appeared to come to my bedside a lady whom I had known very well, and she seemed to speak to me on a particular occurrence. She did not look upon me as she had done of late years, after her marriage, with melancholy eyes, and a handsome face pallid with regret, evidently suffering in mind and body, but she came, or seemed to come in the freshness of her early youth; her eyes lustrously bright indeed, but softly and sweetly expressive, as if denoting a heart at rest, or if not quite at rest, enjoying the calm confidence of first affection, and anticipating a pleasurable world. She was in a white muslin dress, precisely like that I had seen her wear, and with a gold tiara on her forehead, which became her complexion, dark eyes and hair, very well.

What she said to me matters to others very little; in my sleep, however, I thought that after hearing from her lips what she declared she had come to tell, I informed her "that she was but a vision created by sleep, sent to mock me with sweet and bitter recollections, and that in the morning I should set it all down to distempered imagination." She was not angry with me, but smiled, as in her happiest days; then holding up her hand, as if to draw my attention, she sat down on the foot of my bed, leaned on her arm, and regarding me with a look of peculiar intelligence, pointed to the place where she had rested. She disappeared as I awoke and sat up in bed.

The figure and the dream on the instant made an impression on me, and so simultaneously did she fade away as I started up, that I instantly left my bed, lit a candle at the lamp close at hand, and in two steps, closely examined the place upon the bed where the phantom had seemed to rest. There was a double indentation there, as if a weight had sunk on the bed in one place, and in the other as evident a mark as any hand could have made when supporting a leaning form.

As with the light in my hand I stood in amazement over the spot, I distinctly saw the hollows that were there rise gradually up and fill out, so that in a moment, and as I looked upon them, the bed became on its surface as smooth as before.

On another occasion I was aware of a goldfinch that had a very pretty mistress, and its affection for her was as extraordinary as that a tame cormorant I once possessed, had for me; the two dear pets were certainly somewhat dissimilar in form, appetite, and feather. She had taught her bird to feed from her lip, and to sit on her hand and sing to her. Indeed, while she was in the room, the constant singing and twittering of her little friend filled the place, to some extent interfering with the conversation.

Attached to all living pets of the kind as I was, I loved this one, not only for the sake of its mistress, but for itself, and it repaid me by letting me hear from the lips he loved and fed from, that I was the only man to whom he had ever paid the least attention. The lady and myself used to talk much on my favourite theme, the transmigration of souls, and I called her bird

a lover from a former world. She combated this idea, and asserted that she had only won him in this, and therefore would insist that the conquest was of the present day, and all her own.

She had the power of winning unquestionably, and on this point we were perfectly agreed, but after the goldfinch and myself had had time to like each other, the mamma of my fair friend was seized with a sudden inclination to go abroad.

Before the hour of starting I visited the house to take a sad farewell. The young lady, the bird, and myself were once more left together. It was not for me to utter a syllable that should lead to grief; on the contrary, my duty was to cheer and strengthen her, and if possible to win her from thoughts I well knew would be of a sorrowing description. Smiles and silent tears in turn, however, succeeded each other in her sorrowful face, when at last she bade me adieu in the following words:—

"I take your view now of my little favourite; it perhaps has had a previous life, hereafter it shall be my 'soul.' If anything happens to me it shall fly to you to tell you I am gone, and then return to sing above my grave."

We parted at length in sorrow, and herself and her bird were certainly absent for nearly two years before I heard of them again. On a hard winter's day, as I sat writing in my study, there came a sudden blow upon the glass of my window, and I thought I caught a glimpse of a large bird, like a sparrow-hawk, gliding swiftly by.

Snatching up my loaded gun, which I always kept close at hand, I threw up the window to look for the hawk, but not seeing anything of the kind, my eyes fell on the ground, and there, motionless, with its lovely wings outstretched, I beheld a male goldfinch apparently dead.

On picking the bird up, life was extinct. This I attributed to the pursuit of a hawk, as I had known an instance or two before, where small birds had killed themselves against glass in trying to escape. The promise my beautiful young friend had made to me, when I first possessed myself of the fallen bird, never entered my head. A great deal had happened since she left England, and I had had much to think of; and when this goldfinch came against my window I was writing, and in no mood for romantic or melancholy reflection, though I had not ceased to love her from whom I had so sorrowfully parted.

Not very long after this, the news of her early death reached me, through the letter of a mutual friend, and by the most strange coincidence I discovered that it had occurred on the afternoon of the day, I cannot say the exact hour, on which *the goldfinch killed itself* against my window.

If, then, the unconfirmed supposition of spiritual communication with the world has anything in it, here there is something for the disciples of the doctrine to lay hold of: for supposing for a moment that the bird *was* a link in the chain of transformation and transmigration, it came back to me and strictly fulfilled its mission; it announced to me her death, and its spirit

returned to sing a requiem over the grave of its beloved mistress.

It is, then, true, that most mysterious signs occasionally appear, tending to strengthen the belief in the existence of some sort of preternatural agency. I remember that we ridiculed the extensive application of steam to travel, and said "we should like to see the day when posthorses, and the inns we had slept in from infancy; and whose landlords, chambermaids, and waiters were as well known to us as our own servants, should no longer minister to our comforts." That day has come, however, and now we wonder that any disbelief of the result of steam should have existed in the minds of sensible people. The fact of an omnipotent hand and the marvellous effects of science, should render us willing to believe in events that we consider out of the course of ordinary experience.

Some intimate and most sincere and dear friends of mine, whose sincerity I cannot doubt, firmly believe in communications with the spiritual world, and confess themselves mediums through which the dead may converse with the living. In this case I am perfectly convinced that there exists not an atom of dissimulation, nor of pretence; yet, for all that, the evidence they are able to afford of supernatural agency does not satisfy my mind, at least as yet, as regards the great and astonishing interest they advocate; but in this life of progress and astounding disclosures, no one can foretell the end.

To suppose that the souls of our parents, brothers, or sisters, could only be induced to communicate in a

dark room, or through the medium of a table, knocking phantom knuckles, which could not knock, and, after all, by the utterance of a few almost unintelligible words, or at times ill-spelt syllables, leaving the seeker as much in the dark as the absence of candles had already left him, is introducing us to a method of communication against which my mind revolts.

I am deeply read in ghost stories, and well versed in the traditions and legends of the old castles and mansions in the United Kingdom. I have, as I have previously described, in the course of my life, met with things I could not account for, and I am certainly not altogether ignorant, nor am I obtuse or unready to receive extraordinary impressions; yet, with my ears fully open to suggestion, my temper romantically inclined to mystery, and therefore, to some extent prone to be imposed on, I am not yet a believer in spiritual communications.

Ricketty tables, wainscots, unintelligible knocks, pocket-handkerchiefs tossed in the air, scratching pencils, and pressure of the hand under a table in a darkened room, afford no proofs to my mind of supernatural communication, nor do I think that respectable ghosts would select as their "mediums" the individuals who so call themselves. Still, as the supreme Giver of light is omnipotent, all things are in His hands, His ways are inscrutable, and that which He wills to be good can, if it is His will, be done.

The entire assumption appears to me to be of such a vague character, and, as it exists at present, is of such

very little or probable utility to mankind, that I am loth to believe in it. There may be attraction in the novelty of the idea, and there may be consolation. There is nothing absolutely wicked in it, but no reflecting mind will accept it till its utility is shown, and it is able to stand the test of philosophical investigation.

It should be borne in mind that the spirit-rappings are merely the revival of an old superstition—the famous Cock Lane Ghost made the same noise, and the human origin of that was notorious. But sound is a physical effect produceable only by material agency; spiritual things are necessarily immaterial, and cannot produce a noise of any kind.

A few months ago a letter appeared in one of the leading journals, announcing, with a vast flourish of trumpets, "a discovery respecting ghosts," and calling George Cruickshank sharply to task for having recently put forward the said discovery as his own—that clever humourist having published some designs with this title. There seemed every prospect of there being a quarrel between the two discoverers—both maintaining their claim to the distinction with equal vehemence; when, lo! an announcement appeared in the same journal that the alleged discovery had been made five-and-twenty years before, expressing exactly the ideas the rival claimants had put forward as their own. The passage was given, the name of the work, and the date of its publication. It occurred in an imaginative work, and the author quoted title and page. Nothing

more was advanced by either of the pretenders in support of their claims.

The argument is—ghosts have always appeared clothed, but as garments do not possess souls like their wearer, they can never be immaterial, and as material fabrics could not be supported by spiritual frames, a clothed ghost is a decent improbability; moreover, as a ghost in the nude was never seen or heard of, we have a right to suppose that it is as impossible as the other. The believer in ghosts may answer this if he can. The same argument will apply as effectually to what are called spiritual manifestations. Scratchings, rappings, the feelings of a hand under the table, and table-turnings, are all material effects evidently of human contrivance; and the person under whose auspices they are produced—"the medium"—generally makes a very good living out of the dead, with the aid of machinery. Very sensitive and highly imaginative people are the most certain dupes of such appearances. A little reflection ought to convince them that these are puerile expedients unworthy the employment of creatures that are "all soul."

The old magicians and sorcerers were in the habit of producing effects much more worthy the title of supernatural; even the modern conjuror's delusions are a hundred times more intellectual, and a Chinese or an Indian juggler is capable of achievements in the wonderful that, in comparison, throw the best arranged *séance* into ridicule.

Nevertheless such is the fascination which the super-

natural possesses for highly sensitive organizations, that the most accomplished men and women—many belonging to the higher rank—rush to these exhibitions, and surrender their convictions to what they see and hear. The well-remembered delusion of Perkins and the metallic tractors, ought to have put them on their guard.

I suppose, however, that these pretended spiritual manifestations will find favour as long as they are in fashion. They are quite as nearly allied to the supernatural as Puseyism is to Apostolical Christianity: indeed, I feel inclined to believe that the former is the more trustworthy of the two.

CHAPTER X.

LORD FITZHARDINGE'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Serious illness of Lord Fitzhardinge—Colonel Kingscote—He affects a desire that I should be reconciled to Lord Fitzhardinge—My reply to his overtures—Proceedings at the hustings—A reconciliation prevented from interested motives—A Methodist parson attends to give spiritual consolation, and covers his chapel with black on his patron's decease—Colonel Kingscote makes improper use of a communication marked "private"—I am invited to the funeral—Travel with Lord Berkeley—My reception at the Castle—The family party—Unseemly discussion—I quit the Castle.

SERIOUS indisposition attacked Lord Fitzhardinge, and for some period before his death he appeared conscious of his approaching dissolution. His neighbour, Colonel Kingscote, who had been my brother officer (junior to me) in the Coldstream Guards, from which regiment he had changed into the Life Guards, visited him during his illness, professing, as of late years he had done, the greatest zeal in religion. By way of further show of excellent intentions, he affected the greatest desire to make the sick man and myself, friends. In his overtures to me on this topic, he met with but one, and that a very effective reply—a repetition of a previous promise "that for one step showing a return to kindness on Lord Fitzhardinge's part I would take a hundred; moreover, that I was at any moment

ready to come to his bedside, and assure him of my forgiveness and forgetfulness of all the injuries he had endeavoured to heap upon me, without his doing more than express his wish that I should thus come to see him."

I very soon saw that Kingscote was not sincere; on the contrary, that he entertained a dread of a reconciliation, as being opposed to the interests of the person he was most desirous of serving; for a death-bed repentance was likely to precede restitution of money and estates. In spite of his holy aspirations and Christian lectures, my distrust gained ground, not only as regarded his proceedings between me and the dying man, but also as between me and his successor. In my possession I still retain evidence in writing that confirmed this.

In order that the true state of my mind might really reach the death-bed, while I intrusted Colonel Kingscote with a message such as I have described, I wrote privately by post directly to Lord Fitzhardinge, at a time when he was still supposed to receive and read his own letters, assuring him of my readiness at a moment's notice, and without any explanation, to come to him and take him by the hand. No notice was taken of my letter, whether it reached its destination or not, and as I very well knew would be the case, nothing ever came of Colonel Kingscote's professions.

At the next election, when Hale retired and the present Colonel Kingscote received Mr. Rolt as his colleague, I attended on the hustings at the request

of my friends, and addressed the people, as I suppose agreeably to all, for my address met with a cordial reception. Indeed, there were loud assurances from the crowd that they would have me next time. Murmurs crept about on the hustings that now was the fitting time to make me friends with Lord Fitzhardinge, whose precarious state was well known. Colonel Kingscote heard them, and as he was the only person admitted to the sick room, he saw that he must come out in some apparent Christian act. He conferred on the hustings with my nephew, the present Colonel Francis Berkeley, and they together publicly requested me not to leave the county until the latter had been to the sick bed, and tried to heal the difference.

Knowing very well that this was only for display, I replied—"It so happens that I am going to the town of Berkeley to see my old friends and servants, William and Mary Reynolds, and should be there perhaps for an hour; so, if Colonel Francis Berkeley had anything to communicate, he would find me in the town under the walls of the Castle for a short time." I paid my visit to my faithful old friends, but nothing came of my nephew's supposed mission.

The truth was, that *all* the people in the Castle, except poor Mrs. Bunn, were set against any communication between me and the sick man; and Mrs. Barker, who was in the Castle with them, dreaded my presence as much as anybody, as his remorse for bad actions committed at her suggestion might have stopped the ample allowance she well knew he had

settled upon her at his death. What man, then, with two ideas, knowing the constitutional avarice of one of the parties and the cupidity of the other, could be weak enough to suppose that at the eleventh hour they would admit the only person on earth who, were but a spark of the old feeling to revive, might have upset their long-devised machinations?

Thus matters stood; Lord Fitzhardinge attended on his death-bed by a Dissenting minister from Cheltenham, a Mr. Morton Brown, for whom his lordship's carriage-and-four was sent each day to convey him one mile from the railway station. I have been told that the Dissenter from Cheltenham thought proper to apologize to the orthodox Vicar of Berkeley, Mr. Seyton Kerr, for thus intruding into his parish.

"Sir," was the reply, "in one respect your presence relieved me from a very grave responsibility as well as difficulty, for I should certainly have hesitated, under the circumstances by which the patient is surrounded, to have administered the sacrament."

In short, the administration of so holy a rite would have been impossible, unless he was assured of repentance by the dismissal of the two women with whom Lord Fitzhardinge had been living in open adultery. The clerical conscience of Dissent, however, swallowed every difficulty; and the unrepentant sufferer, with the associates of his iniquity about him, received all the outward consolations of religion.

To add to this mockery, Mr. Brown had his chapel at Cheltenham hung with black, and ad-

dressed to his congregation a studied eulogium on the deceased.

During the latter part of the illness of Lord Fitzhardinge several letters had passed between me and Colonel Kingscote, all of which, particularly from me to him, were marked "private." Now it is held between soldiers and gentlemen that that word is a talisman which precludes publicity, provided the contents of the letters are honest and aboveboard. While Colonel Kingscote and Mr. Morton Brown were in their correspondence exhorting me to forgive and forget, I thought it a good opportunity for a friend, such as the Colonel professed to be, to advise a full repentance and restitution. In my communications, so marked "private," I told Colonel Kingscote that the present Earl of Berkeley "*had been cheated and cajoled*" into doing things of the import of which he was ignorant. I asked for nothing for myself, but that reparation should be made to the Earl of Berkeley during his life. When Heaven chose to take him from the world I might perhaps be in a position to assert my rights, and to obtain a restitution too long delayed. Colonel Kingscote most improperly communicated my confidential letters to the present Lord Fitzhardinge, which of course continued and increased the feud, instead of healing it; for I had clearly expressed my intention, whenever a favourable opportunity occurred, of maintaining the rights of myself and sons, and setting aside the arrangement by which an attempt had been made to keep me out of my inheritance.

It was not long before I received a kindly-worded letter from Admiral and Lady Charlotte Berkeley, afterwards Lord and Lady Fitzhardinge, inviting me to the Castle for the funeral.

That they did not expect me at the Castle, however, was very soon made clear to me, for on my arrival Admiral Berkeley but ill concealed his chagrin, and Lady Charlotte absolutely turned her back on me and cut me dead. She never spoke to me on the day of my visit nor on the next morning.

My first impulse on receiving this rude reception was at once to turn about and quit the Castle, but on second thoughts a suspicion arose in my mind that there was some scheme in contemplation to my prejudice; I therefore resolved to stay and see it developed.

Lord Berkeley and myself had met in the train on the Great Western line, and we came to the Castle together. On our journey I had put some questions to him, in regard to his intentions and recollections of what he did when he came of age. His replies to me were precisely the same as ever, and we closed our conversation on the matter by my addressing to him the following words:—

"Then, my dear Moreton, if by any chance at the present meeting for the funeral, they should attempt to get you to sign anything, the full purport of which you do not know, at once refuse, for though I am not aware of any further design, it is impossible to be too much upon your guard."

"All right," he replied, "you need not be afraid, I don't think they will."

At dinner that night at the Castle, besides the family and some of its connexions, there were Colonel Kingscote, Mr. Morton Brown, and Mr. Boodle, the agent to the property.

On the following morning, while I was dressing, my nephew, Charles Berkeley, came into my room with a message to me from his father. It was to the effect that, "immediately after breakfast he hoped I would join him and the rest of the members of the family only, in the drawing-room, as before the funeral he had a few words in private to address to us all."

I replied, "Certainly."

I then hurried down to breakfast. On entering the room to which I had been invited, to my surprise I saw seated in this *family party*, Colonel Kingscote, the dissenting parson, and Mr. Boodle, the law agent to the estates.

As soon as we were all assembled, Lord Fitzhardinge commenced, in a very excited and angry tone of voice, rather common to him when saying a few words, even in the House of Commons, and asserted that he had called the family together because he wished to put a question to the Earl of Berkeley.

"Moreton," he continued, "some person (looking at me) has been making anonymous attacks in the public papers, and I have to put to you this question—Were you ever cajoled or cheated in anything you have done as regards the peerage?"

"No," replied Moreton.

"Wait one moment," I exclaimed; "let the question be fairly put. Moreton, answer me this; have you ever done anything to your knowledge in regard to cutting off an entail? Have you ever done anything that you thought would interfere with the future prospects of me or of my sons? Have you ever had a copy or the copies of any deeds you have been supposed to execute? Do you know where any such copies are now, and have you at any time had your own legal adviser to direct you in such serious matters?"

The Earl of Berkeley replied, "Never."

On this I turned to the assembly, and asked them if they were satisfied, or what more they wanted?

Lord Fitzhardinge hastily left the room.

A babel of voices then arose from Messrs. Augustus and Henry Berkeley, Colonel Kingscote, and Mr. Boodle; they eagerly put questions to Lord Berkeley, to try to distract him from what he had said. On silence being restored, I thought it time to end the part I had been forced to take in this scene.

"I repudiate with the utmost scorn," I said, "the charge implied by Lord Fitzhardinge, as to my ever having attacked him or anybody else anonymously in the public papers." I then expressed my indignation on finding that words used by me in confidence to an assumed friend, Colonel Kingscote, should have been quoted on the present occasion to provoke discord when peace was a solemn obligation; and then and there announced my intention of not entering the church in such company.

I arose and left the room, followed by Colonel Kingscote, entreating me to stay, and begging me to attend the service; "for," he said, "if I did not do so it would occasion much scandal amongst the tenantry and throughout the county."

"Then let the scandal fall on those who have so disgracefully conducted themselves," I replied; "I will not be seen to enter a church in such society."

He then threw his arms round my shoulders to hold me back, and appeared to cry with his entreaties; but I shook him off, and left him at the door of the little vestibule by the breakfast-room without another word.

I then found myself among the old tenantry in the inner court-yard, every one of whom was a sincerely attached friend. Their quick eyes at once saw that something was the matter, and a whisper passed, "Are you not going to attend the funeral?"

"I cannot do so," I replied, "under the circumstances which have arisen."

To Colonel Kingscote I then wrote in very plain terms, conveying my opinion of the part he had taken in the affair; and the first time I met him after this transaction in the street at Dursley I turned my back on him.

"What! wont you speak?" he exclaimed.

To which I made no reply; and on a subsequent occasion I cut him again in London.

After the funeral, there appeared in one of the local newspapers an announcement of my having refused to attend the funeral, and some very false remarks as to

the cause of my absence. This necessitated as public a reply from me, in which I fairly narrated the circumstances as they occurred, and explained the reasons that had governed my conduct.

There appeared during the Election of 1847 the following lines :—

"The day may come when some more righteous Earl
The people's banner will again unfurl,
And wisely aid the multitude to gain
Those rights o'er which no peer on earth should reign."

Whether that day comes to me or not, lies in the Almighty hand; but if it should come, the banner at the Castle, on "Thorpe's Tower," shall again fling its lions to the air, instead of showing a miserable representation of the Union Jack as at present, and none of the high attributes its blazonry symbolizes shall be lowered while in my keeping. The building has a place in history as the oldest-inhabited castle in the world; it excites my profound veneration, and binds me to its time-honoured walls with the pleasant associations of childhood and earliest affection, to me stronger than any rivets of iron.

CHAPTER XI.

SPORT IN THE NEW FOREST.

Evidence of a Creator—Canine intelligence—Tracing the carcase of a stolen deer—End of poor Tramp—Education of dogs—Lady Shelley's Italian greyhound—Attachment of birds—Perils of a sportsman—The slaughtered doe and her fawn—Snow in the forest—A deer among the forest ponies—The fatal shot arrested, and the lost fawn discovered.

If we look at the wonderful arrangement of seasons by that inscrutable Power to whom we owe the blessings as well as the marvels they produce, and observe how the habits of each beast and bird harmonize with the growth of vegetation necessary to shield their young or give them nutritious food, we shall find ample evidence of the existence of a God. As the deer prepare to drop their fawns in June, the fern springs up in May, as it were spontaneously to receive and to conceal them. As the young nettles rise, the pheasants lay their eggs; and later, as the wheat grows high and the grass in the hedges greener, there the partridge incubates in safety. In the trees and shrubs the same fitness prevails. The thick verdure of the quickset hedge shields those pretty blue eggs of the hedge-sparrow; the song birds seek the umbrageous thicket, particularly the fir, which now puts out the young ascending cones, when, if perpetually

dry, the air takes up the prolific dust to the female cones above—if wet, then the rain conveys it to those below.

Of all animals, the dog is unrivalled in his attributes. My deer "gaze" hound, Smoker, after one interview, knew and attached himself to any lady whom he had seen in his master's presence. He singled her out from all other women; and the joy of the dog on meeting her was so remarkable that other people sometimes inconveniently observed it. Grumbo, the first dog of my own I ever had, if I went away from and returned to Cranford in the night, when he was shut up in his kennel, where he could have known nothing of my arrival, either by eye, ear, or nose, was certain to have become aware of it in the morning; and before I had had my breakfast, he might be seen seated against a corner of the stable wall, where he could command a view of either gate. I could take him to a potato ground and tell him to keep the pheasants out of the field to prevent their scratching up the crop, and there he would remain all night to be ready for daybreak. While thus occupied, I used to bring the faithful old dog his dinner in a brown-paper bag.

An old black retriever of mine called Tramp, in his long and useful life, had never been entered at any scent but that of wounded game or fowl, nevertheless, when two thieves stole the venison of a doe killed by me in the Royal Forest, where I had left the carcase lying on the heather till a woodsman, who had gone for his cart, could fetch it away, on my returning

to the place the following extraordinary scene was enacted. The body of the deer was gone, and had been gone some time, it might be three quarters of an hour. There was the pool of coagulated blood where I had bled her, and there was the mark of her body dragged away into some gorse close by, but there all further trace of blood or impression of any kind disappeared.

Angry at the loss, I called on my deer dog "Thor" to help me, for he could run a deer by nose as well as at gaze. He understood my appeal only as to where the deer had been, not as to whither she had gone, and putting his nose to the cold blood, he looked up in my face without affording me further intelligence. In vain I told him to go on and seek; he simply repeated the action to the blood, and would or could do nothing more. All this time I never thought of old Tramp, but he was quietly studying the exact nature of my dilemma, and at last made it out. Stepping to the front, then, between me and Thor, with an expression in face and action I had never seen in him before, he gazed up intently into my eyes to see if I understood him and would let him follow out the plan he entertained of giving his assistance. There was no mistaking what he meant, so I readily replied to his look with, "My good old dog, go on!"

How curiously, diligently, yet at first how carefully, he set to work, not as if hunting game in his usual lashing style, but at a cautious trot, with nose to the ground, and his bushy stern hanging down as if he had no natural pleasure in the scent, or was too much

absorbed to show it in the task he had undertaken. He went on a few yards, then once more looked curiously and smilingly back on me. Feeling perfectly assured that he was right, I repeated, "Good dog, go on!" and on he went.

Before he had gone thirty yards, however, he came to the spot where two of the men whom I had despatched to points which would command the low grounds had proceeded different ways, and for a moment Tramp came to a check, while I gazed for a further indication of his truthful knowledge, in silence. Each of these men—and one was a stranger to him—was more or less stained with the blood of the doe. Having tried their lines, Tramp would follow neither, but taking up a course I knew nothing of, he again looked at me to see if I observed him, and off he went at a long trot, nose to the ground and stern down, more like the pace of a mad dog than one at any useful occupation.

And on we went in procession, Tramp first, myself next, and Thor and three terriers I had brought out for rabbits, at my heels. Over dry heath and across wet bogs, the peculiar moss of which sunk and rose to the tread, retaining no impression, so that to track whatever it was that I was pursuing, was impossible.

At last we came to the railway between Brockenhurst and Ringwood, on the Ringwood side of Holmsly, and there, at the wire fence of it, Tramp came to his first check. Again he looked at me; I only said "Good dog!" so down went his nose, but this time rather doubtfully, and he turned along the side of the rail

without going on to the line, towards where there were three platelayers at work. I followed, but before he had reached them half way he again checked, as if in doubt, turned back, and regained the spot at which he had first come upon the railway. Here he tried the bank of the ditch, crept through the wires, looked back at me, and nose to the ground, went over the line and through the wires on the other side, from beneath which he jumped over a rather deep and wet ditch, and there in the heath came to a check again.

I scrambled after him, when to my immense delight I beheld in the soft sand, by the side of the rails, and between the rails, the impressions left by the feet of two men who had preceded me. On one Tramp had trodden, so exact was he to the line he followed. That footstep was a shorter if a broader one than mine, and yet I saw when I trod next it, that the man, by the depth of the impression in the sand, was either a heavier man than myself, or carried a considerable weight on his back.

Gathering all this as I passed, I got through the other wire fence, to join the dog still at check on the heather; but as I jumped the ditch, over which he had gone, I observed, down in its muddy depths, the same tracks of two men that I had just seen upon the line; so I called to Tramp, and imparted my discovery. On he went again for some distance down the ditch, and then out of the ditch into the heather, and on up the heathery hill into a thick furze brake.

By this time I was considerably blown, carrying the extra weight of a double-barrelled shot gun, a rifle, and

the ammunition for each on either shoulder, and Tramp had entered the high furze some way in advance of me. However, as I was toiling up the hill, not well pleased at losing sight of him at a time perhaps when he might need the backing of his master's arm, I saw the dear old dog reappear, but in very strange guise. Out he came to the edge of the gorse, not dubious, depressed, or painstaking, with stern down, as when I lost sight of him, but with antics the most joyful, leaping up and lashing his fine wavy stern, with a triumphant expression in his eyes, and panting from excess of pleasure.

On ascertaining that I remarked his antics, he plunged into the gorse again and was lost to view, while, breathless with anxiety and exertion, I hurried on, not knowing very well what to think, and yet half suspicious of the result. Before I reached the gorse Tramp came out again, went through a look and leap or two of joy, and seeing that I was close at hand, plunged into the gorse again.

Guided by the shaking of the furze above his back, I followed at some distance, till at a little open space I found my glorious dog lying panting and triumphant on the body of the rescued doe; when by his side I laid down and caressed him with the grateful affection he had so well deserved.

A short pause to catch my breath, and then I stood up to view the ground beyond, to see if the thieves could be overtaken. A glance at the situation of affairs at once showed me that such an attempt would be vain, for I was close on the huts, a village as it is called, of Burley, and all I could hope to do was to

run the men to ground in some cottage, which if the door was locked I should have no right to force, nor if I did could I identify any one.

I therefore went to the edge of the gorse on the highest side, and by putting my hat on the top of my rifle, attracted the attention of my man on a distant hill, and bringing him to me, put him in possession of the deer. At liberty then to follow out my inclinations, I returned to the line of rail and got upon it, taking my then illegal course down between the rails directly for the three plate-layers, who were at work, and to whom old Tramp had shown a disposition to go. Narrowly watching their conduct as I came on them, hand over hand, I soon saw that the unwonted apparition of a gentleman and a lot of dogs on the line, when a passing train might be expected, was not enough to make one of them even look at me; so on I went, more convinced than ever that they were "in it." Indeed no men could have carried a deer across the line without coming under their observation. Having come up to them, I touched each man on the shoulder, and told them they must consider themselves as arrested by me, for having aided or abetted the escape of men stealing one of her Majesty's deer. Their alarm was evident. Of course they pleaded ignorance, so I left them with an assurance that they should all three be taken up.

Having spent the rest of the day after game, I left off early in order to commune with a sharp policeman, and the constable received directions from me to repair to the three plate-layers, and by way of experiment

to charge them boldly with being concerned in the theft.

It answered perfectly: the men, to screen themselves, volunteered to give their evidence, and on their testimony the two notoriously bad characters were convicted and sent to prison for two months.

The thing that brought old Tramp to the check in first coming down to the railway, was then disclosed. The culprits had put down the doe by the side of the rail, while they went all the way to the plate-layers to tell them that if they would keep the secret, they would purchase their silence by a gift of some of the venison. This offer was then and there embraced. Tramp had been to some extent misled by this manœuvre, but he had not gone half the distance before he made out that, though the men had gone, the deer was no longer with them; so he at once returned to where they had put her down, and where they had again lifted her; and hence the triumphant sequel.

Poor, dear, sensible, yet sullen-tempered old Tramp! Age, that never-failing foe to man and dog, was coming then upon him at the period of this event, and some time after this it came, and smote him in ear and eye; yet he could not bear that I should shoot in the forest without him, although he was little capable of giving me much assistance. It pleased him, however, to go, and so I let him have his will. One day I had been over some very severe ground in Whitley-ridge Walk, and in the high gorse the old dog got lost. It was useless to whistle, so I lingered some

time after I had done shooting, in the hope that by his nose he would find me; but he failed to do so. The next day word was sent me by a railway porter that Tramp was found upon the line, his poor old head severed from his body, and that the men on that line, knowing whose dog he was, had buried him in the heath close by where he was found. It was a quick death, which, though it caused me much sorrow, I feel forced to admit prevented, perhaps, a lengthened time of more miserable decay.

I shall pass on to the touching affection and wonderful capacity of my constant in-door companion, and public running and prize-winning fawn-coloured greyhound Brenda.

It is an extreme error to suppose that one species of dog is more sagacious than another. That greyhounds, pugs, or bulldogs, little black spaniels or mimic black-and-tan terriers, have less mind than some of the others, for the real fact is that each dog possesses a mental capacity precisely like each man, and its development depends on habit and education.

I have had dogs of every kind that would retrieve, from the deer greyhound to the greyhound setter, bull and mastiff, and the terrier, and have seen that the finest noses, when the dog has been taught to use that gift, have really been innately possessed by them all. At this moment one of the prettiest little Italian greyhounds I ever saw, by name Linda, in the possession of Lady Shelley (Sir Percy B. Shelley), at Boscombe, is one of the best rabbit hunters to the gun I ever shot to. Her nose is so curiously intelligent,

that, availing herself with the greatest quickness of the wind, she will ascertain if a considerable patch of gorse or heather contains a rabbit; and if she goes not in to put the rabbit out, you may rely upon it that there is not one there.

Of this I am certain, that a dog is the most delightful four-footed companion in the world, and the most useful as a guard, or as an aid to sport, when properly educated; but with improper or foolish associates he can be made the greatest nuisance in creation.

When I was a Master of Hounds, of course I had many opportunities for remarking their sagacity individually, and I have still my wise and faithful companion, guard, and retriever, Brutus, as well as two brace of my Irish red breed of setters. Two of these dogs, Brutus and old Chance, crossed the Atlantic, and were with me in the Far West.

As to birds, their capabilities of affection too depend on how they are used and educated; and I have had a cormorant devotedly attached to me, also a little fawn-coloured dove, a goldfinch, and a bullfinch. Much of this devotion in birds depends on individual association: and to attach a bird to you in any considerable degree, great care must be taken to keep it alone, and not give it a chance to exert its instincts in a more natural bias. With all petted animals it is the same, from the deer down to the domesticated mouse.

A thorough sportsman, and the owner of hounds and dogs, should be studious as well as active, and an acute observer of nature; or else he cannot bring forth

the best uses of the creatures under his command, nor can he be very successful in killing the birds and beasts of his chase. He is often thrown among the most beautiful scenery in the most delightful weather, and he has to regard nature in her wildest, her roughest, and most terrible form—trees in a hurricane crashing around him in their fall; the forked lightning seeming to run down the barrel of his gun; waves apparently rising for his destruction; or the savage and infuriated beast of the largest class at bay. The life of a sportsman is not one of ease and unalloyed enjoyment; his heart ought to be influenced by feelings of pity for all unnecessary suffering unintentionally caused by him; and this assertion may be illustrated by the narration of a circumstance which happened to me in the New Forest.

It was on a day in October, when that splendid month was in all its varied colour and beauty, the tinted leaves ready to fall, that with my dogs and shot-gun, my retriever and one beater, I was trying for game in Holmsly inclosure. The bracing air strengthened each limb, made my heart light and my spirits glad; and I could have whistled or sung as I went had not my occupation demanded the strictest silence.

The young fir-trees among which I at the moment found myself, were thick and high, and in some places massed with gorse run up tall beneath them in search of light and air; I had no thought of deer, for they had grown very scarce on that side the Forest, though my bloodhounds Druid and Saxon were still every

week in use in other places, when suddenly my beater called out, "A deer!" and I heard that peculiar, unmistakable bound, when the four feet of a deer strike the earth together, coming directly towards me. She passed me in a thinner spot, and within twenty yards, when at the glimpse I got, thinking that she was dry and had no fawn, I fired with my powerful John Manton eleven-gauge gun, directly at the jugular or the throat; and though she passed on, I imagined that I had hit her. Under this impression, and not desiring that a good doe should linger and die uselessly in concealment, I ordered my man to return home to Beacon Lodge, and bring out the young bloodhound Saxon, who had not been fed early that day, as Druid had been, on account of his being wanted on the morrow; and while he was gone I continued my beat for game for some time, and then put up my dogs at the woodman's lodge.

The walk must have taken my servant over two hours, perhaps nearly three; but when he arrived, I at once cast Saxon off on the spot where I had lost sight of what I deemed the wounded doe. It was not a good scenting day in cover, the ground and underwood was filled with gossamer-webs, and the young hound commenced his work under much difficulty, and could carry on only at a very slow pace. He, however, at last worked up to the doe after a wide ring, and roused her again within a few hundred yards of where I had shot at her. I saw her bound away, and then had some doubt if I really had done her any harm; however, I was not near enough to ascertain her

condition, but followed with a resolution for the death.

We had then a wide ring, through the open parts of the Forest and through covers of holly, and away into the plantations and manor of Sir George Gervis; and being perfectly well aware of the usual run of the deer in her return to the Royal Forest after making that point in the private manor, I posted myself and awaited the result. As I expected, Saxon's heavy, short tongue, very unlike the prolonged and mellow one of Old Druid, told me, in the rarefied, sound-bearing air of that autumnal day, that he was returning towards me. On came the increasing sound, and presently the doe came in sight. She jumped on the top of the high heathery bank that fenced the plantation from the Forest, and stood at gaze to see if there was anything on the plain. Her momentary pause brought the hound nearer than she was aware of, for on his tongue being doubled close behind her, she sprang into the open plain, and sped away for the Holmsly inclosure, where I had found her. She was nearly, or quite, or perhaps a little over a hundred yards from me, if I remember that extraordinary shot correctly; but the green cartridge of Eley and the double "B.'s" or triple "A.'s"—I forget which—never exploded, and killed her while she was at full speed, like a ball.

On going up to bleed her and blood my young hound, to my great regret I ascertained that up to that day she had been suckling a fawn. That one so young, its mother having been killed, should be able to live in the wild, bleak forest, I thought impossible;

so I issued orders for Druid to be ready on the following morning to go with me to draw the inclosure where I had found this doe, for there I felt certain she had left her young one.

By about eleven on the following day I took Druid to the spot where Saxon had roused the doe on the previous afternoon. No sooner did he reach it than, after a wave or two of his stern, and a toss back of his sweeping and always drooping ears, he flung his prolonged and soft note high into the clear air, and commenced slowly and coldly to carry on the scent.

The line was very cold, and foot by foot, bush by bush, over the same rugged roots, and through the same tangled briars, by the same trees and over the same gorse that Saxon threaded the day before, old Druid went; and all so curiously exact, that when I remembered the work of one hound, it bewildered me, and almost induced to the conclusion that, for all the lapse of time, Druid was running the line of the doe that I had already killed. There was no help for it, if he was, there was no stopping him, nor the possibility of catching him up if he knew that he was right; for while fresh and under the influence of his knowledge he was always furiously savage on any interference, and my plan with him had been to keep up and cultivate our full reliance on each other. I therefore followed Druid, wondering at, yet watching his every movement, and kept my eye on likely spots in damp places, to see the slot of the animal he was running.

Through the wood we went, the exact line of the previous day, when, in jumping the crumbling bank,

out of the cover into the open forest, on kneeling down more narrowly to inspect the ground, there was Saxon's toe-nail marks, the slot of the doe he had followed, and the recent toe-nail marks of old Druid, close to and side by side with Saxon's foot and that of the doe's; but not an indication of any other deer. I said to my man, "Wonderful though it is, I think Druid is running the stale line of yesterday; but time only will show."

On we went, still coldly and slow, over the open heath, through the Holly Woods, and then down to a capacious swamp, when I knew the wet ground must be a book for me to read which would clear up the extraordinary proceeding. At the exact spot where Saxon had gone in, Druid entered upon the swamp, and when I came to the edge of it I had no need to go on my knees for information, for the earth was black, was softened with water, yet firm as clay for modelling, and there at once I saw, close together, the slot of the doe and the pads of Saxon, each going at full speed, as proved by the method of indention; Druid's pads impressed with less violence because he was proceeding at a slower pace.

Presently I beheld a sort of second impression on the slot of the old doe—the foot of a little fawn that had been walking or trotting now here now there, but always on or about the line of the dead mother which it was trying to find. In one instance its little slot was impressed within the spread toes and on the ball of one of Saxon's feet, so that the horror of its quest must have been all the time increased; and puzzled by

the fact that the same mysterious gift which enabled it to trace the scent of its mother, gave to its perception the fact that with the loved foot there was another in pursuit; the smell carried with it a taint that told of terror and death—nevertheless, the famished, trembling little fawn embraced all these horrors in its love and longings, and went on.

Over the swamp we went, up into other Holly Woods, and then over the open plain, step by step as on the previous day, and also into Sir George Gervis's manor and plantation. Seeing now how the matter stood, I cut across the plain to the spot whereon I had killed the doe, and waited, dissatisfied with myself for the pain I had occasioned, but still resolved to end the misery of what I deemed to be a starving and a dying creature. I knew the exact spot where the mother had died, for there on the grass, between the patches of heath, still could well be traced the dark broad stain of the dried up pool of blood. I stood and listened, and could hear old Druid's softened and prolonged note go on and turn as Saxon's shorter one had done. Nearer and nearer came on that death-knell to hundreds of deer, till at last the tanned face showed itself, and springing to the summit of the bank of the plantation as Saxon had done, old Druid flung his tongue and leaped into the open heather.

On he came right up to me, and checked upon the dark stain of blood. Round it he tried, now here and now there, now close around it, now in a widened sweep. But the earth gave no intelligence, and back he came to the blood; he paused, with his curious nose

to earth, and again flung his tongue to assure himself and me that up to that one little spot, he had been perfectly correct. Away and in sweeps again, in wider circles to give himself the grace of fresher ground, but not a trace would serve him, so back once more to the blood he returned to reassure himself he could not have been wrong.

While he was again making his cast, though I knew that the ground was very dry—too dry for the ordinary force of the foot of a fawn to make an impression—I kneeled down to the spot exactly on which Druid had each time assured himself that he was right, and there on the short grass, and between its roots, dug into the hard earth with the little sharp toes of the fore legs, I detected the convulsive and agonized start with which the fawn had halted on coming thus suddenly on the dreadful tale the earth disclosed—the blood of its murdered mother.

From my readers I do not attempt to disguise the sorrowful regrets this caused me, or the picture of heart-felt innocent woe that it conjured up as created by me in the full eyes and graceful little face of the prettiest of all young or tender things—the fawn of the fallow doe. Through every difficulty and apprehended danger from the strange scent of her mother's pursuer and enemy, and over scenes where she had never been before, the tiny creature, by that mysterious property in animal nature, scent, had overcome every impediment; and to obtain what? a sudden contact with the parent's blood; and those who, like myself, are conversant with the sensation produced by

fresh blood on animals, will be able to imagine the effect.

On ascertaining the cruel fact, I laid down my gun, and at once called to the still persevering and reluctant Druid to "come in." He never deemed any deer lost, or the run over till its death, so several times he swept past me, in the hope of a hit on the line again to take him on in spite of me; this, however, he did not obtain, so finding that he had tried every inch of ground and that he himself was puzzled, with lowered crest and a dissatisfied growl, on the repetition of my order to desist, he walked sullenly up to me, and delivered his mighty neck to the couples.

How am I to explain this sudden loss of all scent, and failure of that never-before-baffled bloodhound to account for his hunted deer? Had the terrible surprise and shock to the system of the fawn for a time stopped each exudation or exhalation from the frightened animal? or had she at once retraced every step she had made, and gone back to the spot where she had first become aware that her mother had deserted her? I do not think that this was the case, and for three reasons: in the first place Druid was prepared for and perfectly competent to work out such an event; in the second, when at the swamp I must have remarked the return slot of the fawn; and in the third, it was more likely that the fawn, as she had come so far, should continue to haunt the terrible scene of the loss of all she loved in her little world.

So hurt, so annoyed was I with this incident, that I would not return next day again to seek the fawn,

and tried to console myself with the idea that perhaps the poor little orphan I had made would surmount the hardships thus brought upon her, and yet live to forget her sorrow, and become a graceful and a happy doe.

Much later in the winter after this melancholy chase, the sky assumed a leaden hue, a very heavy fall of snow came down, the forest was white all over, drifted snow filled the ditches and hung on the gorse, and a very severe frost set in; so, for the time, all deer-hunting was over.

The severe weather had lasted some days, a week or more, when a forester (the father of my servant) came to me with the intelligence that on the snow, and on and around where the doe had died, there were reiterated impressions of the slot of a little fawn, as if always wandering about there. "I am sure," continued the man, "that it keeps to the spot where she lost her mother."

So astonishing and so touching was this to me, that I repaired to the place, and there, sure enough, found evidence of the fact that had been reported to me. Much of the tramplings of the fawn had been erased by the more frequent marks of rabbits, but there were plenty of little slots to prove to me that a shrunken, shivering, complaining, miserable little dappled thing, still through the weary night wandered in the cold, and uttered its continuous plaint for the loved one it had lost.

Ah! and how often must that little creature have been deceived by other sounds, its brain so anxious,

and its breast full of care! The whistle of the wild duck's wing, or its distant cry, was perhaps enough to raise the hope that she at last heard the longed-for approach of succour; the rustle of hare or rabbit, as they stood on their hinder legs to bite off the tenderest shoots of the gorse, the only food the state of the forest offered, sufficed to make the lone heart beat with deceitful expectation! Even the sighing of the wind across the silent snow-covered moors might have been construed into the coming of the doe, and the large sensitive ears been turned to learn whence those sounds proceeded. All was in vain. The frost continued, the snow for a time would not melt; nature as well as man were, or seemed to be, in combination against the helpless little creature; but at last a genial gust of soft, warm air swept landwards from the sea, the snow melted, the frost obeyed the thaw, and the forest once more looked up to heaven in its more genial green and russet hue. Druid and Saxon were still called on in more distant parts of the forest to destroy the few remaining portions of the nearly exterminated herds, but on the western side of the Southampton and Ringwood line not a deer was supposed to remain.

Time went on, the winter had died away, the swamps grew red with the awakening bloom of the sweet-scented bog-myrtle, the peewit or lapwing plied its deviating and wheeling wing over the wider heaths, making the lone wild merry with its peculiar cry; the whole snipe trumpeted high in air, birds began to sing, and all things rejoiced in the approach of summer.

Imperceptibly, yet colouring up with each successive sunbeam, the willows and the larch became of a lively green, the short grass around the "shade ponds" assumed an emerald hue, leaves burst forth everywhere, the ferns came up, broom and gorse were clothed in gold, and the wild forest put on its gayest garment everywhere, from swamp to heath, and from brake to woodland.

It was on a fine sunny time in the glowing hours of bright July, when the same forester came to me to tell me that he was sure he had seen a deer in Holmsly enclosure, feeding quietly among the forest ponies, mares and foals. He added, that he thought it was a buck, but of that he was not sure, as he came quickly away in order to give no alarm. He added, that he was sure he was right, for the woodmen had seen it too, and always with the horses.

On hearing this, and having a day to spare, though neither of my hounds were fit, on account of engagements nearer Lyndhurst, I took my rifle, and on a glorious afternoon drove my white pony, Dingle, in her little carriage to the woodman's cottage at Holmsly. Having put her up, the old John Manton single rifle in hand, I strolled quietly down the centre ride in the wood, and carefully surveyed the long vistas of others which diverged from it; for the quiet, restful hour had come, when in the cooler shade left by the declining sun, all wild creatures, from the rabbit to the deer, were coming forth to feed.

I had crept cautiously about for some time, had sat by the little murmuring shallow rills of water

where the minnows played, and whence I could command the more grassy opening of glades, but had seen no deer of any kind; at last I sat down on the stump of a tree very near the spot where Saxon had roused the doe, as already described. Around me in and about the detached thickets, grazing on the grass, was a herd of ponies, and among them many mares with foals. The very spot had a shade of melancholy for me, for I thought of the chase of Saxon and of Druid, the death of the doe, and the sufferings of the starved fawn. All at once there was a commotion among the foals, they began to play in that pretty way they often will do around their dams; and their playful canterings amused me, their slightly dappled coats glancing here and there where the bushes opened, reminding me of deer. Presently it struck me that they did not so much play with each other, as with something else that seemed to attract their attention, for when they halted in their gambols, each foal always stared, not at another, but at something which as yet I had not seen.

"Why, what is that?" I suddenly thought to myself, as I caught a glimpse of a form less than and not so dark as a foal, with a brighter and more dappled coat, that bounded about and led the dance of foals. Wondering, I stared in the direction as steadily as the circling swarm of flies around my head would let me, for it looked very like a deer!

The pretty, graceful, gamboling things were once more still; an old mare neighed to recal her truant

foal, and standing near her to a certainty there was a deer; for though it was screened by foals and some intervening bushes, its haunches were visible, and the constant and never-to-be-mistaken twinkling single as it moved from side to side to drive away the teazing flies.

I then thought but of the news that had been brought me—that it was a buck. Whatever it was, it was within fifty yards of the rifle; and doe or buck, pricket, sor or sorel, my orders from the Crown were that every one should be destroyed. The wind—what little there was—came from the deer to me, so as to that matter I was safe; but the spot on which I crouched was not favourable either for a good sight of the animal where it then stood, nor for ascertaining that the range of the ball was divested of danger to other things. I therefore, with a slow and even cautious movement, so as not by any jerk of limb to attract attention, gently glided behind some brambles, and then on hand and knee to a spot that commanded not only the deer, but the position of every other living thing. Through the brambles which screened me I then knew that I had the deer broadside on, and free to the course of the ball. Rising gently to a steadier position on my knee, the rifle at full cock and to my shoulder, I brought it to the level, the sight upon the deer, its direction an inch behind the elbow, an inch above the brisket, and therefore directly on the heart. Apparently the little doe saw, or thought that she detected some motion made by me, for she turned her pretty face and full lustrous eyes out of

the whisking line of the old grey mare's tail, immediately behind which she stood, and stared towards me, but still under no alarm.

I looked her over, that dappled, graceful thing; and then I saw the fawn, the orphan fawn of the doe which Saxon had hunted down, that had escaped from Druid, and that had occasioned me so much remorse. Not a gaunt and famished miserable creature crawling through the snow, but a sleek little deer in her pretty summer coat, grown up to maturity, and if by circumstances strangely attached to her novel playmates, as none of her kind was there, still happy among them and at play with them, oblivious of all former sorrow, and in the full enjoyment of the bounteous summer! I looked at that graceful little thing, not with any view to harming her. The rifle was lowered from its aim; I could not kill her; on the contrary, could she have understood me, I would have craved her pardon for the misery my hand had once created, and in penitence have kissed her sweet and graceful face.

The sight to me was a pleasant one. The fawn that I thought had been starved to a painful death had weathered the storms of winter without harm! Recompensed for the distance I had come by the sight I had seen, and happier than I could have been made by the blood of the best buck that ever trod a forest, I lowered myself beneath the brambly screen, and crept away as noiselessly as I could.

CHAPTER XII.

YACHTING AND SMUGGLING.

Lord Fitzhardinge blackballed by the Royal Yacht Club—Goes into opposition—My yachting—Arrangements for Lord Fitzhardinge's comfort at sea—New way of securing a good ham—The *Imogene*—Amateur old salts—A dreadful secret—Captain Claxton and his fair neighbours—A delicate embarrassment—An awkward recognition—The Alarm, and Mr. Weld of Lulworth Castle—Her fittings and comforts—Death of Mr. William Baring—The cunning magpies outwitted by Colonel Standen of the Guards—The contraband trade—Reformed smugglers—Rafting tubs—A smuggling dodge—Caught in a fog—Sir George Rose administering justice—A hopeful son—Clever run—Lobster pots—Caught in the act.

I KNOW no more pleasant places than Cowes or Ryde; indeed the Isle of Wight is singularly full of picturesque scenery, and often affords the most agreeable society.

In the yachting days of the late Lord Fitzhardinge I saw a great deal of it, because he hired a vessel for my command, and liked me to sail in his company. From his having been black-balled in the Royal Yacht Squadron, I imagined that he was fond of going to the vicinity of the Club House, to flaunt the sails of his fine cutter, the *Imogene*, before the windows, and to give cups himself to be sailed for, independent of that coterie.

In a Poole-built cutter, the *Teaser*, I won one of

these cups, owners steering, beating Milner Gibson, one of the most accomplished yachtsmen afloat, Captain Claxton, R.N., and several others.

Nothing could ever induce our Commodore to go further out to sea than a passage to Weymouth, Swanage, or Poole; and he never once slept on board. Should he go out of sight of land (which he never did), or to any considerable distance from it, a steam-tug had orders to keep near him in case of his being becalmed. His carriage with four posters was also in readiness, and a servant, armed with a long telescope, had directions to watch his movements from the shore, whensoever he could be watched, and to hasten to meet him at any port to which he might be obliged to steer if threatened by nasty weather.

This was all very luxurious, for I am one of those who would ever prefer a bed on shore to a berth at sea. At sea, however, there was no chance of short-comings in Lord Fitzhardinge's company; for his captain, Captain Chapman, had an unlimited order to keep the kitchen and the lockers well supplied with fresh meat, cured meats, tea, fish, and condiments of every description, while my lord's own wine-merchant looked to the fullest-going—afloat—bins of port, sherry, brandy, and champagne.

My late brother-in-law, Maxse, who was as good a judge of eating as any man in the world, while staying at the Royal Yacht Club-House, met with as delicious a ham as ever he had the good fortune to taste. On inquiry as to whence it came, he was directed to the shop of a tradesman at Cowes whose name at this

moment I forget. He was about to repair there, when his informant called him back, saying—

"Oh, if you go there, you will get a ham, no doubt; but unless you are prepared with the *countersign* you will not be supplied with meat anything like so good as the one you have tasted."

"What, then, is the countersign?" demanded my brother-in-law.

"It is this," replied his friend: "when you enter the shop and ask for a ham, add the words impressively, 'from under the counter.'"

Maxse did so, adding the countersign just as the tradesman was preparing to take one from the window.

"Ah, sir," he said, turning at once to the customer with a smile, "I see you know. I had seven left, and Captain Chapman has just taken them all away to the *Imogene*."

Considering that the *Imogene* never went out of sight of land, I wonder what the captain did with such a supply. It is very easy to imagine.

In those days a commander dressing his yards and putting all ship-shape, used to amuse me, as did the conversation of some of the owners of yachts when describing the dangers they had passed at sea, to a female audience. In one instance, in the moment of peril during a storm tremendously described, the owner of a yacht said "I rushed and seized the helm to inspire my people with confidence." Some one who appeared to know him better than he knew himself added, *sotto voce*, "Had he done so they'd all have jumped overboard."

On another occasion the owner of a yacht, while talking to a lady, accounted for his rather thin, worn face, and pallid features, by imparting to her the dreadful secret on which his life depended. "He had," he said, "received in action with a king's ship a wound which had never healed to that hour. You may imagine," he added, "the peril in which my imparting this secret to you places me, for the action terminated in my taking the king's ship, and sending her and every soul that had escaped my fire, to the bottom."

Just as in earlier days, when peers and gentlemen imitated stage-coachmen, dressed and spoke as they did, and talked of parcels and of public-houses, having caught up all the slang of the road, so have I seen yachtsmen assume to be thorough-going sea-dogs and old salts—even smugglers or pirates—just to suit the prevailing whim, or pretended heroism of the hour.

One of the most amusing scenes in which I ever participated, was that which took place when Captain Claxton, R.N., had been sent on by Lord Fitzhardinge to bespeak a lodging for me and for himself at Cowes, as the place was likely to be full. He arrived there late at night, and on repairing to a large upholsterer's shop hired two rooms, and in the one he had selected for himself went to bed.

It chanced that his window and mine opened down to their respective floors, and into a little quadrangular court, in which there were two other windows—one immediately opposite and on the same level as his

own, and it being a hot night, both had been left wide open.

When day had broken in a flood of light, Claxton awoke, and naturally looking straight *down* his own bed, out at his window immediately at its foot, there being no curtains, he saw across the court, right into the opposite room and *up* another bed, at the pillowed end, bolt upright, and staring at him in bewildered astonishment, two very pretty girls, each of their nightcaps ornamented with pink ribbons. Apparently, before they were discovered, they had discerned only the upper portion of the face of their unexpected *vis-a-vis* surmounted by the old-fashioned, tasselled nightcap, of which they could make nothing; but when he rose bolt upright to look at them, the dreadful fact presented itself to their minds, and with a little shriek they fell back upon their pillow.

Wishing to see the pretty spectacle again, Claxton sank back on his couch, and remained quite quiet. After a little time he observed a cautious movement, a cautious raising of the pink ribbons; the two fair faces again rose gradually side by side, and each chin resting on a white arm, each pair of inquisitive eyes peered in the direction of the tasselled nightcap. Charmed with the return of the vision, Claxton rose again to obtain a better view of his interesting neighbours, illuminating his not very handsome features with what he intended for a winning smile, oblivious of the dreadfully suggestive ornament on his manly head. But before the manœuvre was completed, the little shriek again resounded, and the apparently

frightened girls buried their pretty little heads in the bolster.

The sailor still sat up, but the tassel of his malefactor's cap now failed in its attraction.

All at once the noses of the girls turned the one unto the other, and it was evident that the lips to which they belonged, were whispering. "Now, then," thought Claxton, "one of them must get out of bed to draw the curtain;" and the sailor became as rigid as a marine at "attention." "She moves!" he cried—and so she did. One of them, taking a turn like a diving duck, went head under the bedclothes, and at the end of her flowing drapery, a pair of white feet kicked, swimming-like, for a moment in the air. In the next, that little head, its ribboned cap knocked off and its pretty luxuriant tresses all down, thrust itself out at the foot of the bed, followed by an arm which quickly attained the window-curtain, and drew it rapidly down, by way of a screen from the intrusive admirer across the way. I arrived the next day and was told this story. On the following night the hero of it was in his room before I came to mine. On hearing me he threw up his window and telegraphed to me, by an extraordinary cry he was in the habit of adopting, to open mine. I did so, when, pointing to the opposite window, where a curtain was closely drawn, he said, "That is where I saw the girls."

Having told me this, he again indulged in a very funny cry, which always made me laugh.

Just as he had resumed silence, and as we were

about to withdraw our heads, up with a vengeance flew a window next to Claxton's, and out came a choleric face, with another tasselled cap tottering above it.

"You two," cried a choking voice; "you two, I tell you, you had better be off to bed, and not be disturbing and insulting females who have the misfortune to be anywhere near you. Be off to your beds, or you'll suffer for it!"

Captain Claxton withdrew the instant the window was flung up, and kept himself *perdu*. But as I had committed no offence, and was the last person to think of insulting females, I could not endure such an accusation, and threatened the person who made it to kick him round Cowes if I caught him next day.

"You will?" exclaimed the nightcapped head; "then here goes." Saying which, down went his window, and he disappeared.

The next day, Claxton and myself went to buy some bunting in a shop that was under the same roof as our lodging, and while I was being served across the counter, Claxton recognised the owner of the nightcapped head that had threatened us, in the very civil man with whom I was dealing.

"Be quick!" he cried; "if you don't I'll kick you round Cowes."

The man made no reply, but on seeing that he was recognised, looked considerably confused and annoyed, so I said something kind and civil to him to put him at his ease, made my purchases, and went away.

I have frequently sailed in the splendid cutter, *The Alarm*, when I first knew her, now altered into a

schooner, still the fastest-sailing craft of her size in the world, and had to admire the nautical tactics and renowned shipbuilding capacities of my kind old friend, the late Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle. There never was a finer specimen of our English gentleman and esquire than was afforded in him; no better sportsman and shot of the old school, no warmer-hearted friend, and no kinder soul to the distressed or poor. I have sailed with him, and I have shot with him, in *The Alarm*, and in the preserves of Lulworth, and have shared in many a happy hour under his hospitable roof.

The extraordinary number of cups won by him, which graced his sideboards and table, were costly evidences of his nautical success. When he had the model of *The Lulworth* on the stocks, though she never came up to *The Alarm*, I used to admire the knowledge he displayed in her lines and compartments, and the master's eye he kept over the proceedings of his working carpenter.

At one time Mr. Weld could take his part with his fine deep voice, as I remember it, in a glee, when amateur glee-singing was much more in vogue than it is now; in short, in all things he was an accomplished gentleman, and one whose loss was deeply deplored by every one who knew him.

I have always entertained a very strong opinion that he was neither well nor handsomely used by his brother yachtsmen in the Royal Club, and on more than one occasion I expressed that opinion in conversation and in print when Weld was still among us.

I ever thought that, instead of doing many things that certainly were neither wise nor handsome in trying to cut *The Alarm* out of the various sailing matches, the real duty of the Club would have been to emulate instead of punish the knowledge, enterprise, and expense, which enabled him to launch a vessel that in her powers at sea, in smooth or in rough water, was capable of beating all competitors. They should have built up to him, not have been "down" upon him because he had achieved perfection.

If the Yacht Club be a nursery for seamen, and acts as a spur to the improvement of shipbuilding, as I believe it ought to do, surely every advantage should be given and none taken of the man who does his best to promote the same objects. Build and beat him if you can; but don't, to use a nautical expression, "crimp" him out of the profits to which he is so signally entitled.

At one time it was said of *The Alarm*, that her owner had sacrificed *all* comfort a'tween decks for the sake of speed. This was not so. I have sat down to as good a luncheon in *The Alarm*, and was as much at my ease as in any other vessel. Her furniture was as ample and the fittings as luxurious as could be desired.

While speaking of Lulworth Castle, I remember the time when it was rented by Mr. William Baring, and it was in the cove at Lulworth where he met with his still somewhat mysterious death—a death by drowning; but how the boat came to be capsized by the friend or otherwise who was with him, to the death

of both, has never yet, to my mind, been fully explained. My friend the late Colonel Standen used to be there; and I have heard, while staying at Lulworth, the following story:—

There were very frequently to be seen a pair of magpies hopping about within a certain distance of the Castle windows, but never within shot. Never would these wary vermin permit a pedestrian to come within the range of a shot-gun; and while they thus escaped, they continued to commit havoc among the eggs and young of game. Mr. Baring had often wished their destruction, and offered bets that no one with a gun could compass it.

One morning before breakfast, so the story runs, Standen was looking out of the window, when he saw an old woman in a red cloak coming to the Castle, and the two magpies let her pass within thirty yards of them. Possessed of this knowledge, when the guests were all seated at breakfast, Standen induced a conversation respecting the wariness of these birds; the result was an offer from Baring of a considerable sum that neither Standen nor anyone else could shoot them.

"Done!" said my gallant friend of the Guards, "I'll take you;" so the bet being made, he announced that his first trial should take place on the following morning.

When the time came, Standen, dressed in female apparel with a red cloak, went to the Park gate at the early hour when he knew that several old women were in the habit of coming for broken victuals, and with his double gun beneath his cloak, got into their wake

and plodded slowly along. There were the two magpies as usual, hopping about, with their heads peering cunningly from side to side, and their diamond black eyes turning askance upon the red cloaks, as much as to say, "I know you—all is safe." It was not safe, however, for one, apparently an old, woman in a red cloak paused as she came close upon the birds, and Standen shot one magpie on the ground, and the other as it attempted flight.

When Baring came down to breakfast he found the two vermin laid out to receive him, and Standen very hungry from his walk before breakfast, the winning claimant of a heavy wager.

Between twenty and thirty years ago, the contraband trade from the sea on the coast of Hampshire was still rife, and as my amusements on the ocean, as well as my employment in maintaining the preservation of game on shore upon the cliffs above Christchurch bay, put me in a position night and day to observe what was going on, of course I came to know some of those men who were not always governed by the laws of Excise.

Smugglers were of two classes, that were very wide apart. The first and best were sailors, men who knew every nook, rock, and shoal of the coast, and how to handle a very small craft, in at times an ugly sea; who could swim like Newfoundland dogs, navigate a vessel to the coast of France, and who would not hesitate to pitch an unwelcome intruder overboard, merely flinging after him an oar or empty tub to float him to the shore. Many of them made excellent

captains for yachts, when a thoroughly good working officer was required.

Hooper, now head-keeper at Sir Ivor Guest's, was one of them; he commanded and had charge of Sir Richard Sykes's yacht, and a thousand pounds in money at times used to pass through his hands. He always went to sea with me in any little yacht I had, and I can remember going with him in one from Beacon Lodge to meet the late Lord Fitzhardinge in the *Imogene* at Poole.

We were proceeding through the "Swash," a reach of shoal water, previous to entering Poole harbour, but quite deep enough for the draught of my vessel, and it was as well known to Hooper as the high road to a coachman.

My intention of coming the shortest way was regarded by Lord Fitzhardinge as dangerous, and he sent Mr. Augustus Berkeley in a yacht to fire a musket-ball across my bows to stop me. He did not fire, and so avoided a childish experiment that might have had a good deal more danger in it than the "Swash" then afforded. I have since been told that the Swash is filling up fast, and that if it goes on as it has been doing for some time, it will be a complete sandy reef.

The inferior class of smugglers were the 'long-shore men, who never went to sea. They were composed of every idle ruffian, local fisherman, and poacher or thief that could be collected together; and their occupation consisted in running the tubs or bales from the boats to the carts, and so getting them "up the country."

On a dark night on one occasion, a lugger ran into Christchurch bay, and rafted her tubs—that is, tied them together in a raft. Upon this Hooper and another man were put with a tow rope, and a long line, which at a certain time the former was to swim with to shore.

They had made the watchman in the Preventive Service safe for a brief period before the break of day, so any delay was to be avoided. The moment the lugger stood off to sea, Hooper taking the end of the long light line which was attached to the tow rope, in his teeth, let himself softly into the water, striking out confidently for the land. They had, however, made a wrong calculation of the distance, and a considerable space intervened before he could gain a footing; he was therefore pulled up like a fish by the too short line, and he could not get any further. There was nothing else left for him to do but swim back to the raft to his companion with the intelligence, and consult what plan they had better adopt. As he swam back he buoyed himself up with the hope that perhaps the line had got entangled and they might pay it out better.

This hope was vain, there was no more line, and in a short time day broke, the Preventive man they had made safe was relieved, and from the tubs Hooper saw that he was discovered. Up went the signal for the boat, and Hooper and his mate gave themselves up for as good as taken. One chance of escape yet remained open to them, and that was to swim ashore unperceived.

With this object in view, Hooper desired his companion to stand up conspicuously for a few minutes, then to lie down for a similar time, and then to rise again. Each of them did this to induce the Preventive man to become used to their disappearance. The first time they disappeared he swept the sea each way with his glass, under the impression that they had taken to the water and were swimming off, but after seeing them again on the tubs, he gave up that idea; and becoming less wary, when they disappeared for the last time he still kept his glass upon the raft expecting them to rise again. They both swam to shore, and thus escaped, though all the tubs were taken.

On a dark, foggy November night, a small lugger came in laden with tubs, making right for the harbour's mouth. No doubt she intended to bring up in the harbour tide-way, but in the pitchy darkness she went hard and fast aground on the shingly bank that then existed immediately opposite Sandhills, then the house of Sir George Rose. The astonishment of the Preventive station may be conceived, when, in the morning on the fog lifting a little, there they saw, hard and fast, at their very windows, within their power, a suspicious craft, with two Frenchmen in her, neither of whom could or would speak a word of English. Of course there were no tubs aboard, but several came up to the shore and into the harbour with the coming tide, leaving no doubt as to the errand of the prisoners.

On another occasion I was immensely amused by the fact that, on a dark night, the smugglers landed

and ran their tubs close to the windows of the late Sir George Rose, who professed himself to be an active justice of the peace, and got safe away with them across his lawn. In the latter years of his life, the sole pleasure of Sir George seemed to be derived from what he deemed the administration of justice.

The greatest favour you could do him was to apply for a summons against some delinquent, and have the hearing fixed to take place before him at Sandhills, when he provided himself with a lawyer. This was previous to the appointment of the petty sessions.

Sir George invariably took the greatest care to prolong the hearing to its utmost possible limit, for to him it was the amusement of his life; and though dreadfully bored with it when I had to take any offenders before him, still I often found it very difficult to maintain my gravity.

I am quite certain that some of the old women witnesses were aware of the "beak's" disgust at any profane or bad language, and they used to rap it out with such emphasis as to make him shudder to his shoes.

"Don't, sir," he used to say to his attorney taking the evidence, "put down those disgusting expressions; put *dash* to her horrible words. Now, my good woman, go on."

Once a man named Clark was cited for cruelly beating his own son, the latter being about the worst character of his age in that very bad vicinity. The magistrate addressed the boy thus, when about to administer the oath—

"You're a little wretch—you know you are."

"Ees, Sir Garge."

"A very bad boy."

"Ees, Sir Garge."

"And your father, too—a horrid reprobate."

"Ees, Sir Garge."

"He's your parent, nevertheless; and the evidence you are about to give may consign that parent to gaol."

"Ees, Sir Garge."

"You're a horrid little wretch, and you and your parent are as bad the one as the other."

"Ees, Sir Garge."

"Take that book in your right hand."

"Ees, Sir Garge."

"You know the nature of an oath?"

"Ees, Sir Garge." (I know he did in one sense of the word.)

"And you are aware that you stand in the presence of your Maker."

The boy looked hard at his father, and again replied in the affirmative.

"You young wretch, you know who made the earth, the sea, and all that in them is?" waving his hand towards the Isle of Wight, and the ocean across the bay, visible from the window.

"Ees, Sir Garge."

"Who made them?"

"Our godfathers and our godmothers."

Down went Sir George's hand with such a bang upon the table as upset the ink and made the papers dance, while he gazed at me with a face of dismay;

but I am afraid did not see in my countenance quite the expression he looked for.

Sir George contrived at last to administer the oath, and the father of the lad was sent to prison for doing the only justifiable act of his nefarious life. The boy was soon afterwards transported.

The neatest run I ever knew to be made by smugglers, was by the tubs being put out of a smuggling vessel and rafted immediately in the run into the harbour, so that the return tide would be sure to float them in, if properly given a steerage way to prevent them knocking against the sides of the quay on which stood the Preventive Station, with the look-out man there, within ten yards of the extremely narrow channel. Anything knocking against the wooden piles of the quay would be certain to attract his attention, and to insure the immediate seizure of the tubs. In their rear, therefore, with a cork jacket on to assist him, was a very good swimmer, sailor, and sea-goer—a stout, square-built little fellow, whom I knew very well; and he was to hold on with his hands, and make a rudder of his legs.

Everything succeeded. The sky and the water were blended in one pitchy darkness, when, though the smuggler on the surface of the sea could guide himself by the lights at the Preventive Station, and by the darker outline of the building against the dark sky, the look-out man, even if very wide awake, could distinguish nothing that was on the water beneath him. Thus my square-built friend, making no splash with his legs, guided the entire raft by the station, close under the nose of the Preventive man; and having

got the tubs into the harbour, ran them all the way to Southampton, when, unfortunately for him, an officer with a very fine nose peeping to leeward, scented the contents of the waggons, and seized the entire cargo just as it was almost safe at its destination.

The smugglers were now put to their wits' end to make a living. Apparently not to be done by all the look-outs in the world, their vessel came into the bay one night on a preconcerted plan, and finding an unusual lot of lobster-pots set off or just inside the Christchurch Reef—which reef I had induced the Trinity House to buoy—they affixed tubs to a certain number of them, and then made the best of their way to sea.

It is impossible to say how the suspicion arose, but smuggling secrets at times get bruited abroad like other secrets, and the Preventive men became aware that tubs had come near them in the bay, though they knew not exactly how or where.

A very sharp look-out was therefore kept from the bluff promontory of Christchurch head, and a strict watch established on all shore boats going out into, and coming back from, the bay. It chanced that a very cunning old sea-dog had the look-out one fine morning, whose glass suited his eye, at least on that particular occasion, most wonderfully; and he made out that in one of the lobster fishing-boats there was a glass as constantly directed on him.

"Oh, oh!" thought the veteran, "that's it, is it, my mates? I'll be down on you to-morrow!"

When the morrow came, a second Preventive-man

came up from the harbour to the head, a round-about way, and hid himself with his glass where he could command the fleet of presumed lobster-catchers. While thus concealed, the usual look-out man stood for a space confessed, his glass openly directed on the fleet, then apparently busy with their pots; and precisely as it was on the previous day, he saw that he was as closely watched with a glass from one of the boats.

"All right," he said, so that the man in ambush might hear him, and with a wink to himself for his own peculiar satisfaction, and a careless flourish of his telescope, he shut it up and proceeded ostentatiously down to the station.

No sooner had he done this, than slap together went the other telescope, and a boat in full view of the hidden Preventive-man, pulled up a lobster-pot and a tub attached to it, and deposited it in his boat. This act completed, and all the other pots having been hauled in, the boats began their homeward voyage.

Off on his hands and knees till he was out of sight, ran the coastguard, and coming down to the quay, he cried out to John Williams, now chief boatman at the station near Hellstone, in Cornwall—as brave a man and deserving a sailor as ever lived—"Stop Hooper and his boat; he's got a tub aboard!"

The wind was, unfortunately, fair, and the idle Hampshire coast fishermen would risk anything rather than be at a little additional trouble; so every boat but Hooper's, hoisted sail, while he alone plied the oar.

Now Williams when off duty, was constantly em-

ployed by the late Lord Stuart de Rothesay and myself, and knew that we were patrons of Hooper, with whom, having often associated, he was on friendly terms. He, however, though sorry for the offender, proceeded at once to do his duty.

The moment Hooper saw him push his boat off from the quay in his direction, he guessed he had some information that induced him to board. "Here, Williams," he cried, "come on; I've got a tub for you which I found at sea." The other said nothing till he had grappled the boat, and saw what it contained.

"It's a bad job, Hooper," he said, "for you."

"Why?" he replied, innocently, "I was bringing it to the station."

"So you was," rejoined his friend; "but it didn't look well for you to be the only boat as pulled, while all the rest made use of the fair wind. Was you afraid it should catch cold that you covered it up with your sail?"

The coastguardsman then took his friend and his tub in custody to the station, and the former was condemned to suffer for his contraband adventure. With great difficulty Lord Stuart de Rothesay and myself got him off, pledging ourselves for his good behaviour for the future.

Hooper then applied to me to teach him his duty as a gamekeeper, saying that on account of the pledge we had given, he would have nothing more to do with the sea, nor put himself to the risk of any temptation.

I taught him his duty, and found him on land as

honest, effective, and trustworthy, as he had been in yachts at sea. He gave perfect satisfaction to his first master, the late Sir Edward Butler, and from him he went to the father of Sir Ivor Guest, at Canford, his services descending from the father to the son, and continuing thus to the present day.

Hooper was one of the witnesses I called on for evidence before the Game Law Committee in the House of Commons, and there he was very highly complimented by one of its members, Mr. Etwall, who had acted as a magistrate near the manors the game of which Hooper, in his first place, assisted in preserving.

Smuggling is at a low ebb now, and I am quite sure that on the coast of Hampshire it has very nearly or totally disappeared.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Visit of the Viscount D'Anchald to Beacon Lodge—I show him "la sport"—Deer-hunting with a single hound—I accept an invitation to his château in France—See French sport—The wolf and wild boar—Visit to the Prairies—General Robbins at Castle Malwood—How Captain Powell's horse rose in value—Captain Paget of the Artillery—An ugly fall—The ruling passion—Marriages of convenience and irrational attachments—French and English girls compared—Women in America—An American audience—Results of my lecture on duelling at St. Joseph—My introduction to Heenan and opinion of him—Extraordinary hounds—Druid, Brutus, and Chance—Hunting friends—The Duke of Bedford and the Rev. Loraine Smith—Duke of Beaufort and Aunt Sally.

Monsieur le Vicomte D'Anchald paid me a visit at Beacon Lodge, having read the exploits of my famous bloodhound Druid in the New Forest, and been struck with the success and sport achieved by a single hound. I had no horse of my own fit to carry a Frenchman in the splendid habiliments of a *louptier*, dressed in honour of the English *chasse*, so I borrowed a very nice one for him of my late and much lamented friend Mr. Castleman, of Beech House, while I rode my extraordinary little pony, Blossom. We found a doe, and after a very good run, in which I tried to give D'Anchald every opportunity to use his gun for the *coup de grace*, as Druid deserved his deer at last I killed her myself;

and cutting off the single with my hunting-knife, I presented it to D'Anchald, to take as a trophy to France.

It took me nearly seven years, summer and winter, to reduce the royal deer in the New Forest, that last and most extensive and beautiful wild belonging to the Crown, and the sport I enjoyed in it, and the painful sights I saw when the ill-judged order was given out to clear off the does without reference to season or the fall of fawns, instead of simply destroying the fawns as they fell, and then killing the does, dry and in good condition, were beyond belief.

The sport in stalking and picking off the best bucks, and then the hunting of the meaner deer, and the agreeable parties made by the ladies in coming out at a given time to an appointed picturesque spot to lunch with me, and pic-nic under the greenwood tree, coupled with the tragic scenes just referred to, induced me to write a poem which I called "The Last of the New Forest Deer." In September 1856, I accepted D'Anchald's invitation to his château, and found the French sportsmen most courteous, kind, and hospitable to me, but as to hunting, and the use and true capabilities of hounds, they were three hundred years behind the men of Great Britain; nevertheless, so wedded to the national errors, and to thoroughly French institutions were they, that all the advice and examples I could give or set them, with horse, hound, and gun, were utterly disregarded. Their hunting establishments were the greatest farces I ever saw! The wolf, wild boar, roe deer, and fox, were the beasts of chase, and

they had not a pack of hounds able to catch any of them, unless assisted by the gun.

The wolf in the neighbourhood of Premmery is an immensely fine beast, and so is their splendid wild boar. The first is a cowardly creature, and in no way to be dreaded; but the old solitary wild boar, when he turns to bay, as he always does if he can, in the most tangled and intricate part of the forest, is as dangerous an animal to deal with as can be very well conceived. The crash through the bushes of his charge upon the sullenly baying hounds, the death yells of those he rips open, and the shrill shrieks of others expecting his tusks, as they endeavour to escape, try the nerves of the man making in upon him in that dark and tangled underwood.

The furious boar, when thus beset, well knows that man is the author of all the mischief. He therefore sets his hams against a tree, his small, neat, prick-ears laid back, to catch the approach of the thing he really hates and dreads, and his sensitive nostrils are ever on the alert to wind the huntsman's advance long before he can see him. It is a man, then, and it ever is a gallant gentleman, who thus makes in. No wealth of gold would tempt a blouse to risk a charge from an old boar at such close quarters. If the boar winds you, he will charge by his nose at once; and very likely you cannot see him for the thick grown underwood, till he is within a yard of your legs. A man must then have eye, hand, and foot at his command, or he is either seriously maimed or killed.

In a preceding chapter I have alluded to the

amusing Anglophobia of some of my French friends. After my visit to the French forests, I went to the prairies of the Far West, starting from Liverpool on the 20th of August, and was back in the first week in December. In that time I passed a month with my wagons in the desert, killed twenty bison, all old bulls but two—for sport I liked the largest and the savagest beasts—had some splendid wildfowl shooting, and gave two immensely well-attended public lectures at St. Louis and St. Joseph, returning home in time to warn England of the immediately impending civil war. In my lecture at St. Louis I announced the same thing to the Americans; but they combated and even laughed good-humouredly at my prophetic warning; and when I came home, the English Government would not give credit to the news I brought.

After my return from America I amused myself with the sports around my home at Beacon Lodge, accepting mounts in the forest with foxhounds or harriers, whenever they were offered to me. The last three mounts I had, deserve especial notice.

Druid had given us a very hard day's work one day, from the seat of my old and very dear friends, General and Mrs. Robbins, at Castle Malwood; my pony Blossom was tired, when, on seeing Captain Powell on a thoroughbred fractious little mare, overpulling him and fretting herself to death, I cheered him along and begged him to keep sight of my blood-hound, for that I "was done."

To my immense delight he most kindly offered me

his mare, assuring me that he would take gentle care of Blossom. No sooner said than done, stirrups altered, I listened to the well-intended advice of the forest keeper, Cooper, to leave my heavy double gun with him, but did not follow it, and was presently on the mare, gun and all, and going like bolt from bow after Druid, finding that *the mare could* fly. I shall never forget General Robbins's astonishment—he has since described it to me—when he saw the apparition of a well-appointed man, on a magnificently-going mare, twisting at speed in and out thickly-timbered and difficult ground, cheering on old Druid, in place of him whom he had last seen rather carrying his stout little pony than being carried by her, and holding his place in sore distress. He told me that he was on the point of calling out, "Who the devil are you?"

My hand and the pace alike suited the splendid little well-bred mare, and the sensation of easily flying, instead of waddling along in difficulty, to me was so agreeable, that had I been a rich man, with a fortune to leave to any one, for that mount I should mentally have made Captain Powell my heir.

The run came to an end, Druid drove his beaten deer into a large patch of gorse, and I killed her there. Captain Powell, if I remember rightly, had offered the mare for sale at thirty pounds, and I resolved to buy her. My discomfiture, then, may be easily conceived when, on the other side the gorse from where I was blooding Druid with the deer, I could hear that Captain Powell had come up with Blossom and joined General Robbins.

"Why, Powell," I heard the General say, "your mare has carried Berkeley as if she were just out of the *ménage:* he has been twisting her in and out the trees and over the rough ground at speed, going as light as if she did not pull a feather. That's a clever mare."

"Oh, my dear General," I longed to say, "please do not talk after that fashion; I shall never get the mare for thirty pounds." My fears were verified—her value had risen up to eighty. She was bought afterwards by an officer in the Artillery, who I was told was unable to ride her in any comfort, and what became of her afterwards I do not know.

The next mount I had was given me by my friend and most agreeable companion, Captain Paget, of the Artillery, then quartered at Christchurch, on an old chestnut horse of his that he hunted and drove in harness. I rode him with the hounds with which Mr. Lovell, of Hinchelsea, hunted deer, and was so well carried that people came to buy him; but when they saw the sensible old horse resting his—to look at—worn-out forelegs in the comfort of his stall, they shook their heads and declined the purchase.

My last mount was a horse lent me by Mr. Gore, on which to hunt deer with some hounds that had belonged to the officers of the Blues. Among the pack there was *one* as splendid an animal in industry, work, speed, and resolution, as ever I beheld. Had there been deer enough left for me to kill, my splendid old Druid then being dead, I would have selected that hound, in preference to all others, to have filled his

place. He hunted the deer and the rest of the hounds skirted in a slow canter after him, or so to speak, rode to him. In consequence of this we had to stop the key-note fifty times, to let the lagging accompaniment know in which direction to keep up their senseless clamour.

My horse was not to my liking. He was upright in the shoulders, weak in his legs, "stilty," and, in any difficulty, weak but rash. He always wished to carry his head very high when you gave him nothing to think of; and I have no doubt, on some occasions, and under bad hands, that he could pull a little and be hot. However, on this occasion I gave him enough to think of, and not any eagerness to throw away, for his powers of speed were kept on the stretch by my desire to see the one hound carry on.

For, I think, an hour and more, he carried me, not pleasantly, but very well—better, so his owner told me, than ever he had seen him go before; but at the end of that time, in coming down Pugpit to the enclosure close by, and on jumping over the ditch on to the bank into the cover—at a spot where I had ridden Blossom over fifty times—on the top of the bank his legs failed him, he came down on his head, and in a long struggle to save a fall, tumbled with me into a small blind deep drain, about a horse's length from the bank, and then fell heavily on his right side. Seeing an oak tree on that side close to the saddle, as well as to save my right leg, I cast myself to the left, and being desirous of retaining my horse, the rein not being over his head, its back action caused a struggle

between us, and in it he struck me a very heavy blow with his forefoot on the right side of the chest, just below the collar-bone, hitting me, as it is the custom to say of blows, "into the middle of next week."

He paralysed my right arm, struck me away from him, arose, and went after the hounds. Gore soon after passed me, and promised that one of his men should catch him and bring him back.

While I was standing in the hope of the return of my horse, a good deal shaken, and trying the use of my arm in different ways to ascertain the amount of damage, a gentleman, whose name I forget, and who either had been in or was in the Life Guards, rode up to me.

"Are you hurt?" he inquired; and offered me his horse in the kindest way, to ride back to where I had left my carriage. I assured him that nothing of much consequence had happened to me, but that I had come to grief in a small blind place. He rode his steady horse over the place, and as we were talking, I saw the face of a half-crown smiling up at me from among the withered fern where I had fallen. On this I felt in my right hand breast-pocket on which the force of the blow had struck me, and found all the change consisting of two or three half-crowns, some shillings, and sixpences, gone. Assisted by my kind friend, who dismounted for the purpose, we now raked the roots of the crushed fern, and I recovered all my change. The shock had knocked it all out of my pocket, through the interstices between the buttons on my buttoned-up

coat—a pretty good proof of the force of the concussion I had received.

My horse not being brought back after a time, I accepted a lift on his horse for a little way, and on coming near Stoney Cross, I walked on to lunch with my friend General Robbins.

Not being very well able to use my right arm, I told him of the accident while at luncheon.

"What have you done with Gore's horse?" he inquired.

"Nothing," I replied; "all I know is what he has done with me; he is in the Forest somewhere. I told his master what had happened, he did not send me back the horse, so after a time I came on here."

At the idea of my having left the horse to his fate, the General went into fits of laughter. The laughter was nothing new, for whenever together we are always in a vein of merriment.

The horse went as far as he could, so I afterwards learned, blundered blindly into a bog, and remained there till he was dug out. This fall was hurtful to my arm for some time; arnica, however, relieved me a good deal, though to this day the effects of the blow occasionally make me remember the blind place where the accident occurred.

The Christian who plays with Satan for his soul can scarcely be said to put a larger stake at venture than the lover who is both desperate and earnest. The one may be considered to play for eternal salvation or punishment—the other certainly for earthly

bliss or misery. In the first case, loss brings perdition; in the other, madness. There is less between the two than appears on the surface; it is indeed the prodigious difference as to the here and hereafter. Between human existence and eternity; but the actual wreck which humanity suffers, may be pronounced as equally complete. The good ship once driven on rocks, there is no salvage.

Love, however, is a game which has more than one aspect, and can be played after various methods—it is tragic, it is comic; it is sublime, it is ridiculous. It is now on a grand scale, as between Marc Antony and Cleopatra, or Paris and Helen; it is now on a very humble footing as engaged in by Giles and Susan, or Jeames and Mary Ann. Even regarded from a poetic point of view, it varies from one extreme to another, and at times descends to a mere gambling transaction or an encounter of wits. Tasso and Leonora being "far as the poles asunder" from Burns and his "Highland Mary," and there existing no sort of resemblance between the game as quarrelled over by Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and that thoughtlessly played out by Byron and La Guiccioli, or by Byron and a dozen loves assigned him in a publication entitled "Byron's Beauties," who, save Guiccioli, are almost entirely imaginary. The fact is, it is either reckless gambling as indulged in by Nelson and Lady Emma Hamilton, or a serious piece of hum-drum as entered into by Obadiah Stern and Rachel Prim—libertinism and Quakerism forming the Alpha and Omega of the amorous alphabet. If the world of love is not all

couleur de rose (would to Heaven that it were!) neither is it all drab; the maiden's blush however is the predominant hue, the neutral tint keeping very much in the background.

What would the world be without that refiner—woman's affection? and what would man's life be deprived of that sunbeam—the smile of the loved one? Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, the Capulets and the Montagues without Romeo and Juliet? the world without sun, moon, and stars, would not be darker or more flat, stale, and unprofitable than life without *the* love.

I have looked on, a contemplative and a keen observer, at events in progress in the fashionable world, and not only seen but been an actor in many of them, and of one thing I am certain—it is, that more marriages have turned out happily that were entered into without either heart being much interested in the affair, than when the two persons were over head and ears in love with each other, and brimful of the idea that for the gratification of their passion they could marry and very well lose the world. No man in that state of insanity ever inquires what are the essentials of domestic happiness, or reflects that when his excitement sobers down to reason, if the ideal he has set up for his own worship possess no other charms than the limbs and face afford, he discovers that he has brought on himself a drudgery of duty due from him to her for whom he has now ceased to care, from which he can neither fly nor be rid of till accident, ill-conduct, or death sets him once more free.

In going *viâ* Paris and by the Orleans railway to Nevers and the Château Sauvages, for my month in the French forests, and in Paris on my return, I had a brief opportunity of glancing at French men and women, and of the customs of that brilliant nation, France. That female loveliness is sufficiently manifest I must admit; nevertheless, even the novelty of attire, accomplished manner, and peculiar-piquancy of some Frenchwomen, in inviting favourable attention, and of relieving an admirer of any restraint, could never for a moment make me forget the charms of my own countrywomen.

Thus it is that in Paris, and indeed everywhere in France where the sex has not become rusticated, women inclined to communicate have a more immediate method of doing so with a previously unknown admirer, than their sisters have in England.

The difference I have observed in the fair of the two nations in permitting the acquaintance to be made without going through the usual formal introduction, may thus be illustrated:—On a pier by the ocean, where all who chanced to be on it are looking out upon the sea; if eyes have met that were resolved to meet almost in spite of their owners, or a mutual desire to know each other have been by a glance or two ascertained, the Frenchwoman would at once slightly single herself out from her party, supposing her to be accompanied by friends, and leaning over the pier, look at the blue waves beneath. The gentleman for whom this manœuvre has been made, knows that by exercising his right, too, to look at the sea in

the same spot, an opportunity to speak to her is offered him; and two or three words thus exchanged have been the commencement of a life of happiness.

This is not the plan usually pursued by the English girl under similar difficulties. Though she might kindly desire to make the new acquaintance of the owner of the eyes that she had seen had been watching her wherever she went, still she would never have the quickness, nor the resolution, nor the method *comme il faut* to let the lover knock down the barrier of society, and covertly make her acquaintance.

I do not mean to say that this is so in every instance, nor that I have not made some very agreeable acquaintances in England in this manner.

In America the women are, when very young, very pretty, but their good looks do not last anything like so long as among their fair contemporaries here. In general their complexion, too, is inferior. America also, in women as in men, is a nation of bad teeth; in my opinion originating in the inordinate use of tobacco by the smoking and chewing it so much.

It is possible by artificial means adopted by the sires in a long succession of years to create what becomes either a defect or improvement. Thus originally there were no lop-eared rabbits, until man chose to tie their ears down and enlarge them artificially. At first, and for some years, the operation was obliged to be repeated; now nature has adopted it, and transmits the peculiarity from parent to offspring.

Of course, when I say that America is a nation of bad teeth, I do not mean that there exist not many

exceptions. One of the most beautiful sets of teeth, and white as the finest ivory, was within the pretty lips of a lady in St. Louis, the wife of a most valued friend of mine. May they never know decay!

The manners of the *élite* of society in New York and in other large cities in America are excellent, and the ladies both good-looking and agreeable; but it is the custom of the country to allow extraordinary freedom as to *tête-à-têtes* with girls. No chaperones are required at balls, and the youth of both sexes may dance together all night if they select to do so.

One or two of the dodges that grew out of this state of things, greatly amused me. Good-looking girls or good dancers are in great request, and a code of little private signals to obedient admirers of whose dancing and agreeable qualities they approved more or less, could always be employed on an emergency. If they were asked to dance by a man they did not like, they said they were engaged; and then immediately and privately telegraphed to the more favoured swain, who at once came up, claimed their hand, and so helped them out of the difficulty. If the first telegram failed through the individual's present engagement, another would be dispatched in another direction with a happier effect.

At the ball to which I went in New York, I certainly saw ladies quite old enough, sedate-looking enough, and fat enough for chaperones; but they would have been very angry if you had deemed them to have been there for such a purpose. The American ladies, like the French, are more easy of access, and

quicker and more witty in the means of affording it, than the generality of English women; still in France and in America I saw nothing in method, manner, form, or face, that could obliterate the cherished recollections of my native land.

There is no such audience to lecture or speak to, as an American one. I found it a thousand times more easy to carry my hearers with me than I have done in England or in Scotland, and to elicit more continuous laughter and most fervent applause.

The Americans like a bold, straightforward address, in which you "whip" their faults, amusingly ridicule and point out to them their peculiarities, and praise any quality they may possess. At St. Joseph, upon the wild desert frontier, I delivered a lecture, taking as a part of my text that terribly-conducted duel to the death between the judge and the senator, whose persons were searched by their seconds for even the watch or a coin that might by mere accident turn the deadly course of a bullet. In doing so, I explained that all appeals to weapons, in the case of personal quarrels, ought to be ruled by the seconds, however convinced they might be of being in the right, with the view to avoid as much bloodshed as possible. That the code of chivalry and honour among those who alone could maintain it ought to be governed by a spirit of humanity, and not by a desire for murder; that when courage had been proved and blood drawn, however slight, the duty of each second was to avoid further risk to life, by acknowledging that sufficient satisfaction or atonement had been received or given,

and to make their principals friends, or at all events to remove them from the field.

You might have heard a pin drop, so profound was the silence that prevailed in a very large assemblage to this portion of my appeal; and on the next morning a deputation waited on me from the Young Men's Society—to which all the fighting young men of the place belonged—and put into my hand a paper signed by them, in which they pledged themselves to me, then and thereafter, in accordance with the way I had put the code of chivalry before them, never again to countenance a combat to the death, but to end the fight if possible when the demands of honour had been sufficiently satisfied.

The reception of that paper and that pledge from that fast-rising and frontier town, consequent on my address, gave me very great and heartfelt satisfaction.

From the society in the American hotels to that of the ball-room in New York, from the private dinner party to the entertainment given me by a literary club—to the company assembled at a tea-party in the border town of Canzas, where the hostess presided with a long clay pipe in her mouth—to a luncheon in the backwoods with a female seated on a stump in a crinoline and with a rifle in her lap, I may be said to have taken a tolerably comprehensive glance at Transatlantic life; and if you compare the Northern with the Southern people, taking them respectively *en masse*, there can be no sort of doubt as to where the greatest gentility lies, or to which nation—for they are essen-

tially and will be, two peoples—ought to be assigned a social preference.

I paid a visit to the editor of a paper in New York, who afterwards came to this country to witness the national fight between Sayers and Heenan. On entering the room I saw seated on a chair, a tall, broad-shouldered, powerfully-built, not bad-looking man, when, on following the editor into an outer room, the latter told me that he was the American prizefighter Heenan, come to him to enter into an agreement to go over to England to fight Tom Sayers. This of course interested me much; the editor presented Heenan to me without mentioning my name, and I entered into conversation with him, and was pleased with his manner and address.

At my request Heenan stood up and sparred with me, holding his left hand very low and very much extended, as represented in the pictures of him, and in a way quite at variance with Jackson's lessons to me, to keep my hands more at home. We had no gloves, and therefore did not hit, but had we worn them I am sure I could have reached Heenan's head, however much I might have caught it in return. It was on this view of Heenan that I wrote home to the *Field* newspaper, and expressed my opinion that, *barring accidents*, Tom Sayers would make the battle safe, or have the odds in his favour in half an hour, or words of similar effect. That he would have done so but for the accident to his best arm there can be now no sort of doubt, for it is proved by Heenan's subsequent defeat by King.

Though a splendid man, game, and a powerful wrestler, he is not a severe hitter. He himself told me his right hand was worth nothing to him, and we have since seen that his left flies, or in other words, becomes puffed, softened, or severely damaged by the force of his own blows. I saw neither battle, but I was sure of this as to his hands, by the early reappearance of Sayers, almost without a severe mark, so soon after the drawn battle. It was therefore on my knowledge of Heenan and the quick appearance of Sayers without any remains of severe punishment, that when asked for it by the Worcester men I gave my opinion that not only ought they to take all the odds offered on Heenan as against King, but on those odds not being to be had, they should back King at even. I added that I felt so sure about it that if I ever betted —which I never do—I would lay the odds on King, though I had never seen him. I knew no more of King than that he was big enough for Heenan, that he was a steady, game young man, and a very hard hitter. The result proved that I was right.

In the course of my hunting career I have had many of the most extraordinary hounds in my possession, whose steadiness and sagacity were almost beyond belief, certainly far beyond the knowledge of any superficial observer. Thus, among the foxhounds with which I hunted stags while I was at Cranford, were Blunder and Rallyman, and among those I had in Bedfordshire, Stamford and the renowned Harrogate, whose descendants, under my former servant, George Carter, benefited the kennels of the late Duke

of Grafton and the late Mr. Assheton Smith. The last of my hunting hounds was the bloodhound Druid, who unaided chased the wild New Forest deer, and became so famous as to bring over from France Monsieur le Vicomte d'Anchald, one of the louptiers or wolf-killers under the Crown, in order that he might see and learn to imitate, if he could, what could be done by a single hound, as I have already narrated.

Of all the animals of this species I ever knew, Druid possessed the most varied perfections. His method of availing himself of the wind when having to draw large woods alone, needed no suggestion from me; and the wonderful tenderness of his nose as well as knowledge in testing the twigs and leaves when the turf and grass would not serve him, for the passage by or browsing of a deer on the previous night, formed a perfect study.

His knowledge, too, by eye when the slôt of a deer was pointed out to him, and the way he would test the date of it, if the first application of his nose was of no avail, by tenderly disturbing the crust or edges of the mould around the slot with his paw, and then again putting down his nose, was perhaps the most curious piece of hound craft ever seen. From a single impression of the foot of a deer in a cart-rut, which served him in no way until he had thus disturbed the mould or dried mud with his paw, he has led me more than a mile up to the lair of the deer that had made it, and we have killed her.

So well did he understand what my man George Bromfield said, that we were obliged more than once

to change our phraseology, not to disturb his methodical and painstaking research for a deer on a very stale line. We knew by a peculiar but slight wave of his fine, long, lashing, tapering stern, and his extraordinary pauses of mental consideration, if he had come up to the whereabout of a deer in his lair, who perhaps being down wind of him, he could not rouse. If there was a furze, brake, or cover of any kind between us, and we called aloud, "Look out, there is a deer not far off!" this backing by us of his own suspicions would so excite him, as to get his head up and make him dash about looking for a find with his eyes instead of his nose, and it took some little time to calm him down again. We therefore left off those words, and adopted some less known notice.

In stoutness, nose, indefatigable industry, sagacity, and resolution, Druid had no equal, and I, as his grateful master and admiring huntsman, can safely affirm I ne'er shall look upon his like again. In temper he was irascible and uncertain, and to me alone did he acknowledge obedience; I was even obliged to be resolutely but kindly on my guard, when removing him from the body of a dead deer.

Poor dear old Druid! The succession of years of brilliant sport afforded by you, my faithful friend, in the royal New Forest will never be forgotten by me. I deeply regretted being obliged to leave your ashes in their little unpretending tomb beneath the old elms in the garden at Winkton, once our home, but now purchased over my head, and your grave in the possession of the stranger.

I heard dear Druid find his first deer in the New Forest, I cheered him after his work there, over the desert plains in the Far West, and I heard his weak, low, moaning, melancholy voice in the kennel at Winkton, when death, in April, 1860, claimed that indomitable spirit. At Beacon Lodge, and at Winkton, then, up to this date, lie *the last* of the dear companions of my leisure hours; the first are left at Cranford, and the others at Harrold, in Bedfordshire. Beneath the wall in a garden at Pavenham, in that county, there lie the bones of the mightiest gaze-hound and most beautiful dog of the sort ever known to me, the well-known Smoaker, whose full-length portrait has hung, and still will hang, on the walls of my dining-room, wherever that may be.

As I write this work, there still yet live to be my loved companions, and to delight my leisure hours, my favourite old red setter dog, Chance, and my black retriever, Brutus; these alone are left of those who crossed the Atlantic with me, and roamed the desert plains of the Far West. Chance is as gentle and perfect in the parlour as he is docile in the field, and Brutus knows all that a dog can know—in truth, a vast deal more than many a man. In parlour as in field, in water as on land, he is perfection.

From living with me so much he knows every look and sign, and, indeed, every word I say. He will watch over and protect the young game of all kinds on the lawn, and when anything goes wrong he has a peculiar bay for each circumstance. Thus in the desert, as I have said, his bark in the night could give

me at once to know whether it was a mule accidentally cast in her tether or picket rope, or the presence of an Indian savage that aroused him; and by the voice of Brutus I well knew for which event I was to prepare.

By gentleness, good temper and example—not by silly and unmeaning harshness—I have educated my various kinds of hounds and dogs to perfection, and found that the human character never developed itself more under the inculcations of tutor or governess than does that of the hound or dog upon the method and example afforded to his observance by the conduct of his huntsman or master.

> "Oh, the good dog! in life the firmest friend,
> The first to welcome, foremost to defend."

He should never be ill-treated; if caught red-handed in the wrong, one slight blow, given on the instant, should be the extent of punishment. There should be none of the old coupling up to gate or gate-post, and lengthened flogging. Under long castigation the pain and horror of its infliction banishes from the dog's mind, after the first blow, the recollection of the fault that had brought him into trouble, and therefore, while it sours his temper and inculcates hatred and distrust of man, it in no way tends to increase his intelligence; nor does it strengthen the artificial education within which, for the benefit of man, it is intended that he should exercise his many useful gifts.

As the late Assheton Smith has said that "there is not one horse in a hundred fit to be ridden hunting in a snaffle, and not one man in a thousand that could

safely be trusted to ride a horse in a curb," so there is not one huntsman, whipper-in, or dog-breaker in a hundred fit to be entrusted with a whip. Where one fault is flogged out of a dog, you may by indiscriminate and lengthened punishment flog fifty faults in; and therefore, as a parting word to my brother sportsmen, let me entreat them, for the sake of the dog, and indeed for the success of their own designs, to let their conduct to their canine friend and companion be for ever governed by good temper, kind consideration, forbearance, and humanity.

While I was at Harrold Hall, the late Duke of Bedford, then Lord Tavistock, resided at Oakley, very near me; he lived a retired life, and seldom saw any of his neighbours. The only person I met there was the Rev. Loraine Smith, who was, when in good humour, perhaps as pleasant a companion as a man could have, though if he chose it, or when in any way thwarted, he could make himself disagreeable—an easy proceeding generally when the temper inclines that way.

The first time that I met Loraine at Lord Tavistock's, the following scene occurred. The dinner was very good, the host and hostess extremely agreeable, and the waiting attentive, noiseless and quick, as it ever is when the work is done by girls. In this instance, at Oakley there were two, in fancy dresses, presided over by Palfreyman, a solemn butler.

We sat down, then, only four to dinner. When my lady had retired, and we were left to our wine, Tavistock very soon fell fast asleep. The moment that this became an accomplished fact, Loraine winked at me,

and rising cautiously, rang the bell. I looked on with considerable curiosity, stared unconsciously at the wink, and awaited what was to follow. Palfreyman came in very softly, and Loraine said, "A bottle of claret."

We had not anything like finished the one before us, so I exclaimed, "No more for me." Palfreyman, however, was in no surprise; he did not once cast his cellar-eye on the "non-marine" upon the table, but carefully withdrawing, as noiselessly as he had answered the summons of the bell, quickly returned with another jolly full bottle, and set it down on the table.

"Help yourself," cried Loraine, filling my glass at the same time to a bumper, and then doing the same by his own, he added, "and thank Heaven you've got me to look after you. If Tavistock suddenly wakes, no matter how short his sleep, and sees this empty bottle, which now I will transfer to the sideboard, he will think we have had enough, and instantly propose going to the other room; but if he sees we have a full one before us, he wont, and I shall have time to enjoy myself. What a chap you are to shut up over one bottle!"

It was just as he said; our host did wake, but seeing a bottle with wine in it, closed his eyes, and Loraine soon made another "marine."

At our hunt dinners, Loraine Smith was the after-dinner life of the party. In his pockets he carried a variety of wigs and caps to suit his vocal melodies, and when called on for a song, he stooped his head for

an instant beneath the table, and rose becapped or bewigged according to the character in which he selected to sing. In short, of all clergymen officiating in a large parish, he was the most amusing I ever met.

His rectory on the boarders of Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire, was very quaintly arranged, and so was his churchyard. He had all his garden implements scrupulously kept and painted blue with red handles. Within and over his entrance door was a written list to remind him of the things he ought to take with him when going out to shoot, and on his entrance-gate, where a house-dog was tied up, was written in large letters, "Beware the dog, he bites!"

From the cultivation of his garden, he transferred his labours to the burial-ground of his church, and the consternation of his parishioners may be imagined, when they discovered him in his shirt-sleeves and a red cap with a spade, pickaxe, and red-handled blue wheelbarrow, looking like the gravedigger in Hamlet, transplanting the tombstones as if they were shrubs, and ranging them in rows without any reference whatever to the graves to which they belonged. Of course a feeble remonstrance was made occasionally by a living relative—feeble, for the reverend operator on the tombs was well known; but all cavil was silenced by the following remark from the tall and actively engaged divine:—

"My house *is* in order, and so is everything about me; but the first thing that should be thought of, is to put the House of the Lord in order. Do you sup-

pose, my good friend, that I will let the churchyard tombstones straggle all over the land like a flock of geese? Not I."

The parishioner had no more to say, and when I saw the burying-ground, the work had been perfected—the tombstones stood in ranks like soldiers.

In my remembrance Loraine Smith was never first-rate over a country, though I was told that he had been; but his horses were always able to go, and his turn-out at the cover side was the neatest thing possible. He wore the best coloured and cleaned leather breeches and tops, while the patent black leather beneath might have been the envy of all the shoe-blacks in the world. Also long, drooping spurs, polished up to the rays of light, and gloves without a spot.

While I was staying on a visit to Loraine, we determined to ride over to see Stowe, the beautiful place of my cousin of Buckingham. It had been raining very hard over-night, and the country was full of mud and water, but we started on our hacks—Loraine as well and carefully got up in spotless boots and breeches as if he were going to meet a thousand people, Stowe being uninhabited at the time.

My friend, desirous of showing me how well he knew the country, took me a short cut from place to place, and we had a little jump to do now and then.

In our line, however, we at last came to a nasty blind place from out of a small field into a large rough grazing-ground in a wild part of the country. The reverend gentleman did not like the look of the place from the back of his hack, so he asked me to catch his

mare, and threw me the bridle. I missed the rein, and his hack went squeaking and kicking and tearing away over a desert.

There was nothing left for it then but to catch her the best way we could; having failed to do so on horseback, Loraine in his spotless boots and splendid purity of attire had to run through mud and water to assist me in the chase. All our efforts were in vain; not only would not the runaway steed be caught, but she actually lay down and rolled the beautifully kept saddle full of mud. Loraine's anger and disgust knew no bounds.

"I thought to see you," he cried, "step neatly up to my mare's rein, and catch it as if you were in a ball-room going to take a lady's hand, instead of which you were as clumsy as a countryman, or else you did it on purpose. Devil take you!"

At last in our distress we saw a labourer's cottage, whither Loraine at once repaired for a sieve and some corn; but the man had nothing of the kind, the nearest approach to what was needed being some French beans. These Loraine, much to my amusement, put into and rattled in his hat, and by the aid of the owner of the beans, we hemmed the mare into a corner, and caught her. At length we reached the mansion of the Duke of Buckingham.

After this *contretemps*, Loraine, whenever he could, used to try to tease me about not catching his mare, so I wrote some verses on his boots and got them by heart, their burthen being the pathetic fact of a poor twin country girl who had lost her beloved sister,

seeing her face resplendently reflected in Loraine's boot, by clasping his leg, occasioned such terror to his mare that she spilt her rider and galloped off to Stowe.

It was Loraine Smith who recommended George Carter to me as my first whipper-in, and who till lately hunted the hounds of Mr. Assheton Smith.

I remember the row which the present Duke of Beaufort got into through an assault committed by him under gross provocation, on a man who chose to ride in upon his harmless recreation of playing at "Aunt Sally." There is no reason why a gentleman should not play at any game in which he can see any fun, and to my certain knowledge the one to which I refer has been indulged in by peer and prelate. In this instance it was, however, turned into a joke against the duke, and as much was made of the thing to his grace's disadvantage, as possible. He was therefore rather sore on the matter, though in my opinion he had no need to be, for most gentlemen would have acted in a similar manner under the same circumstances. Whether they would have played at such a game on a public racecourse, is another thing.

There was a large dinner party at Badminton, so it was told to me, and there happened to have died in the village that day, or near about that time, a very old, ragged woman, whose name was the same as that of one of the guests at the table. In course of conversation the death of this well-known pauper was alluded to, when the duke jocularly addressed her namesake,

"I say ——, was that old lady any relation to you?"

"Yes," he promptly replied; "Aunt Sally!"

It was certainly a hit, and one that set everybody laughing; perhaps no one more loudly than the Duke of Beaufort himself.

CHAPTER XIV.

FISHING IN THE AVON.

Habits and instincts of fish—The salmon in the Avon—Absurdity of salmon ladders—Eels—Tench the physician of the river—The otter a choice feeder—Pike—Sight of fish—Lord Londonderry at Christchurch—Brother and sister—Lords Malmesbury and Canning—Chase of an otter.

Of the habits and instincts of fish I have been a very close observer. Perhaps on this more nonsense has been talked and more vain theories started, particularly in respect to salmon, than on any other subject.

As in the animal and vegetable kingdom, the same Almighty wisdom that provides sustenance for everything, attends to the interests of finny tribes. Man can only assist Nature—she will not be forced—and give facility and protection to her designs; he can of himself ordain nothing; but he may, by injudicious proceedings, spoil a great deal. The most valuable fish is the salmon. Though much has been done in the suppression of illegal gear, and creating facilities for salmon to ascend rivers, there have been more mistakes made in putting down impediments under the name of "ladders," when no artificial means of ascent were required, than could be

imagined by any naturalist conversant with the instincts of this particular fish. When man desires to assist a fish, the habits and instincts of the creature should be considered and consulted as closely as possible. Now, the instinct of a salmon is, and I have been conversant with them all my life, to ascend a river by its swiftest and most central bed. The salmon's desire is to get up the main stream to the swift, shallower, sandy, gravel breeding shoals, as free from weed and mud as possible, and open to the genial warmth of the sun; and it dreads being led away up some branch of the water that should end at last in stagnant pools, unfit for purposes of reproduction; and therefore he will not be induced to deviate on any account from the main course of the stream.

Salmon are very pertinacious as to this, in the selection even of a branch of the same river by which to ascend. Thus, on the Avon, and at a spot at the village of that name, where the river divides into two apparently similar branches, to meet and again unite a little higher up, up one of them the fish never go, but resolutely follow the other.

It is the same lower down, at Winkton: there is a branch there, below the larger weirs, up which the salmon never come, and there also they invariably adhere to what their instincts tell them is the best course for them to follow.

Up the main stream instinctively they will go, and so on up to the main flow of water through the hatches. Here they then meet with the racks put down for a certain number of days and nights in the week,

to stop the fish, and to give the proprietor of the fishery, tithe of the ascending salmon.

It is the nature of salmon in ascending a river, if they are stopped by any kind of impediment, to wait for what instinct tells them to expect, viz., a flush or "spate" of water, which will open out a passage for them. While fish, stopped by artificial racks, are thus waiting in natural expectation, it is not of the slightest use to stick on one side of the racks that artificial folly called a "salmon ladder." A ladder, with bars to ascend by, as if a salmon had legs, and needed to be given foothold! He has the power to glide straight up a rush of water, let the force be what it will, and however great its declension, provided that the flow is unbroken, and is not a high and perpendicular waterfall. A perpendicular waterfall he jumps at, a continuous rush of water when there is no absolute fall he can ascend as swiftly, and to look at, as straight as an arrow from a bow; and if you attempt to assist him *then*, when he needs it not, you thwart his instinct, and nature sends him back to some adjacent pool to wait there for a natural aid to carry off the obstruction that this instinct tells him will not long remain.

To put a ladder at the side of weirs, with a hole in the bottom bar of it, and where there is nothing like the volumed rush of water that is coming mid-stream through the weirs and racks, and to expect that a bold and powerful up-going fish will forget the dashing instincts of his nature and put on those of an amphibious rat, and creep in at a hole he knows

not whither, is about as great a piece of folly as a man can be guilty of; and yet the Commissioners, both of them, Messrs. Eden and Ffennell, have effectually barred the ascent of the Avon to salmon, save during the forty-two hours in the week, when the gates are drawn up by law, and a free run given. My experience has shown me that up these Avon ladders the salmon will not go, and that the adoption of them is not only at variance with the public interest, but directly contrary to the design and spirit or intention of the law.

When the Commissioners are asked for proof of the success of their plan, they refer you to the good they have done on a river, or on portions of other rivers to which salmon had never ascended on account of a natural obstacle, which effectually barred their progress, until a ladder was put down where this natural obstacle had from time immemorial existed.

Now there is a vast deal of difference between the two sites for a ladder, and there may also be some difference in the make of the ladder itself, its position, and the amount of water always rushing over it. To give an access to water where all access has been previously and naturally denied, is a boon of which fish *may* avail themselves.

Seasons have been specially ordained to keep certain creatures away from each other, when contact would be dangerous to propagation. Thus the salmon and the trout in their season seek the bare and shallow places of the river in which to deposit their ova, when all other predatory fish are lying far away in the

shelter of mud, weeds, roots, and deep pools of water. I believe that all fish more or less destroy the ova of others; I am sure, from direct observation, that eels do; therefore, at the time when the trout and salmon spawn, nature has provided that eels should lie dormant in the mud. Without having any predatory enemies, the salmon and trout spawn has a sufficiently hostile power arrayed against it in the storms, the floods, and heavy rains. As to the perch, the roach, the gudgeon, the dace, and the pike, their spawning-time comes on when every fish in the river is in motion, and many a local enemy at work. If this were not so, and if nature had not provided for a considerable destruction, the more worthless kinds of fish that I have named, would overrun the water, even to their own deterioration in size and value.

The snig and the eel I have proved beyond the possibility of doubt to be the same fish, their seasons alone causing their marked dissimilarity of colour. The perch feed much on the smaller pike, but the pike very seldom swallow a perch, not because of any fear of the angry, set-up, sharply-pointed fin upon his back —ordained by nature to collapse close as a fan, to facilitate descent head-foremost, if a larger fish designs to swallow him—but because the pike likes other fish better; just as a house-cat prefers a rabbit, leveret, or partridge to a biting, tough old house-rat. By obsolete old writers on natural history, the tench has been called the "physician of the river," under a vulgar impression that other fish cured themselves of disease by rubbing against him. The fact which led to this

error arose from people seeing the tench spawning on the surface-weeds in a hot sunny day, and rubbing the one against the other. There is, however, one remarkable thing in regard to this, when in a running river most excellent and delicate fish, and that is, in all the hundreds of stomachs I have examined of predatory fish, I never discovered in one a tench of any sort, whether little or big; nor have I known one bitten by a pike, either at large or when together in stews.

I have found in the bellies of pike, water-rats, mice, frogs, old and young moorhens, and a considerable portion of a tobacco-pipe, bowl and all, as well as a good-sized stone. I have seen them swallow young birds when fallen into and fluttering on the surface of the water, and I have a strong suspicion—but in this case only a suspicion—that in one instance a full-grown wood-pigeon which I had shot, and which fell upon the surface of a lake, was swallowed by a pike; for though my eyes were never off the bird save to load the gun, when I again looked up it had disappeared.

When all this rapacity is proved, it is very extraordinary that no instance should ever have come to my knowledge, of a tench being either bitten or swallowed by a pike; but such is the extent of my practical experience, and such is my well-founded belief in the fact, that for some unexplained reason or other the tench has no enemies in the element which he inhabits; and more than this, I never found the remains of a tench on the river-bank, where were what we denominate the "spoils" of an otter. An otter

is a very choice feeder; he likes the best of fish; he is fond of salmon and trout, pike, eels, and large roach and dace, and flounders; but if you offer him, even in a tame state, the coarser fish from the sea, he will starve rather than devour them.

In a stew-pond you may tame a fish to a certain extent, and even in a river I have fed a trout which came to lie in a favourite haunt, either by a large stone or a pile in the water, that protected him from too great a rush of the stream, and got him at last not to be scared by the motion of my arm, and to take a pellet of moistened bread which I flung to him. Fish I am convinced have no sense of smell and no power of hearing, although they may be seen to exhibit fear on a sudden noise, and to dart away. Fear, through feeling, in that case is occasioned to them by the concussion or vibration of sound upon the water; and a proof to the more casual observer that smell does not guide them in their choice of food is shown by the fact that they will seize an artificial bait that either smells of the distasteful paint or varnish, or has no smell at all; and also by the illustrative fact that any person may experimentalize upon from a bridge above shoals of roach or dace, that anything white, or white enough to attract attention, even a bit of hard mortar, may be dropped among them, and they will at once take it into their mouths, immediately rejecting it again, if they do not find it to be the sort of food they expected. If their nose had guided them, they would have saved themselves this trouble of taking it into their mouths.

Like the hare, the rabbit, and the rat, fish have no discrimination by eye in stationary objects. Thus, if a man stands perfectly still, and the wind does not blow from him to hare or rabbit, they will come on to within a few feet of his legs. The same with a fish as to eye and motion. If a man stands still on the bank, any fish that chances to come that way will approach him, and lie in the water at his foot. If he be in motion, they will at once recognise their enemy, and not come near. Should they have approached him while he was in a quiescent state, the moment he moves they will dart away. A cannon fired over lobster-pots at sea will kill the captured fish, and a blow on the ice immediately over a fish will at once stun him. With a ball from shot-gun or rifle I have killed, or rendered senseless, carp and pike, through concussion in the water, the ball never having touched the fish.

Among the scenes I witnessed on the Avon, the only river I believe in England where fresh salmon will rise to the fly, and there only up to a given point—in fact, in the lower royalty only—was one when I was fishing in company with the present Lord Londonderry, then Lord Castlereagh. It was late in the season, and not a fish would rise, when all of a sudden my noble friend had a rise of another kind, which put him up amazingly. At some distance from us a young man and a girl were in loud altercation, the girl refusing to do something, and the man insisting that she should do it. To enforce obedience he struck her several severe blows over the back with a stick.

On seeing this, Castlereagh shouted to him to desist, and setting off at full speed, jumped a wide ditch, threatening the offender all the time with vengeance.

Of course I followed such a praiseworthy example, and together we arrived at the scene of conflict.

The man ceased his blows when he saw us approach, and on our arrival, explained that his sister was on her road to very objectionable company, and he only wanted her to return to their mother's cottage. This altered the complexion of the case, and we advised her to comply, at the same time Castlereagh cautioned the brother never to lift his hand against a woman.

I fished on the river with Lords Malmesbury, Castlereagh, and Canning, who rented the lower royalty for some years, and during that time the stomach of each fish was examined, to ascertain the nature of its food. Every one was completely empty, except one, and that contained only the remains of some small saltwater fish.

A feeding, or as it would be called with trout, a taking salmon, does not exist, for examine them as frequently as you will, you will find nothing in the stomachs of the salmon; whereas, whenever any favourite food is on the water, the trout will absolutely gorge themselves, as may be seen during the full advent of the May fly.

I was looking at some snig-pots one morning in my fishery at Winkton, when there was a fresh in the river, and suddenly came upon a spot on the brink where a large otter had made his couch in the low meadow heavy mowing grass, to dry himself in the

morning sun. The couch was very fresh, and I knew it had been occupied but a short time before I found it. Not far from the spot I continued my visit to the fishery for snigs up a back ditch, accompanied by my two men, when suddenly I saw just ahead of the boat that something was moving away from us at the bottom, by the progressive shaking of the high rushes, and I at once observed the "chain," or bubbles, of an otter.

Turning to land, I cried out to one of my men to leap on shore, on one side, while I did so on the other, the one armed with a boathook, and the other with a hook for taking up wire traps.

My man of course obeyed, but said it was a rat; nevertheless, we got on each side the otter, leaving the other man in the boat immediately behind the object of chase. Unfortunately, the otter attempted to land on the side of my man, and he not understanding how to hit an amphibious creature of that sort, always delivered his blow in vain, either too soon or too late, with no other result than to cover himself with the spray of the water. Once only I saw that the "chain" veered to my side, when as I was rushing through the high grass to meet it, I struck my shin and knee against a post or landmark with great violence, and fell headlong to the ground.

Regaining my feet in a moment, with no more than a broken shin, I then saw the otter thrust his dark head and neck high out of water in mid-stream, his small beady black eyes in evident consideration of the country and as to the direction of the river. He was

just out of reach of both of us; had I had my gun I could have blown his head off; but not having it, as we say in otter hunting, to put and keep him down, I hurled a piece of clay at him, from the approach of which he dived, never showing himself again, and no doubt reaching the river.

Several otters were killed by trapping them, while I was at Winkton, and my keeper shot one soon after it was dark in the evening.

Lord Malmesbury and Lord Castlereagh were very good fishermen, Lord Tankerville first-rate. Lord Canning was excellent, but apt to lose his temper when under difficulties. He lost a thirty-six pound salmon in the Avon for want of patience. The fish ran up a side stream, and lay sulky; Canning would not wait; he "tucked" at the line, it broke, and the salmon beat him. On the Saturday following they caught this fish in a net with Canning's fly still sticking in his jaws.

CHAPTER XV.

VISITING THE HIGHLANDS.

Beacon Lodge, Christchurch—Lord Arundell of Wardour and his talent in mimicry—Mr. Doughty and his black servant Bogle—An awkward position—Ardmaddy—The late Marquis of Breadalbane—Inspection of farming stock—Feast of sugar-plums—Sea-fowl—My journey through the Breadalbane territory—The bride's request—My disappointment—Deer-stalking—Arrival at Taymouth Castle—Management of the extensive estate—Bisons and deer—Splendid trout—The German Prince—Prince and Princess Leiningen—Duc d'Aumale—The photographer surprised—Legend of the Golden-haired Mary—Death of Lord and Lady Breadalbane—Sad changes—Last resting-place of the Campbells.

After leaving Harrold Hall I had gone to Teffont Manor House, in Wiltshire, where I remained only two years, and then to Beacon Lodge, on the cliffs, commanding an extensive view across Christchurch Bay to the Needles. I had never seen this last place till I drove up to the door to live in it, for as I had to be very much at Berkeley Castle and in London, it was in my opinion but fair that Mrs. Berkeley should have a house entirely of her own selection; and thus it was that she preceded me to look for a residence in Hampshire.

At the time we came there, Lord Stuart De Rothesay was building his strange sort of castellated mansion, directing the operations from his steamer lodge, let

in to the cliff nearer to the little watering-place of Mudeford.

As the yearly tenant of Beacon Lodge, I remained for more than twenty years, and it was thence that I used to join the late Lord Fitzhardinge in his yachting excursions. While I was there, as already alluded to, I won a cup given by him, owners or proprietors steering their own yachts, no other interference with the helm being permitted—a success which pleased me very much.

During this time I used very frequently to go to my kind entertainer, then Mr. Doughty, the late Sir Edward Tichborne, at Upton, near Poole, and it was there that one or two most amusing scenes occurred during the visits to him of the late Lord Arundell and myself. Lord Arundell was a capital mimic, and he could imitate Doughty's voice so exactly, that no one unless looking at the two men could tell the one voice from the other. Both were lame, and each walked with a stick, so that it was impossible to tell which it was who came casting its shadow and its knockings before, and if either spoke, the one naturally or the other in imitation, Doughty's black servant, curiously enough named "Bogle," was perfectly certain to cry out "Yes, massa," and come tumbling in in haste, for his master's call admitted of no sort of delay.

There is, or there was, a gallery running round and over the hall, out of which the doors to the bedrooms go, Doughty's own room being on the ground-floor underneath it. Arundell and myself were up in this gallery one evening on our way to our rooms to dress

for dinner. We had stopped to talk, and were leaning over the balustrades of the gallery, when Bogle came into the hall from attending on his master. Making a sign to me to draw back out of sight, Arundell permitted the doomed negro to reach the further end of the hall, when, with a sort of ventriloquism resembling the voice of Doughty, he shouted, "Bogle!"

"Yes, massa," cried the black, pulling up in a hurry; and skipping back, he opened his astonished master's door and stood before him.

"Well?"

"You call, massa?"

"No."

Bogle hurried back towards his pantry. Before he reached it, however, the voice of his master seemed to ring again through the hall. Rushing back he a second time stood in his presence.

"You call, massa?"

Such a roaring "No!" was given him by way of response, as shook the very gallery on which we stood. It sent Bogle flying, but not out of reach of his tormentor.

"Bogle!" rang in the darkie's ears again. Dreading to disobey a master already worked up to a pitch of anger, a jump seemed to suffice to bring him again to the terrible door. A tumult of shouts and cries presently reached our ears, in the midst of which the door suddenly opened, and Bogle came flying from it across the hall, chased by the furious pitch-poling of a boot-jack close at his heels.

Arundell and myself then lay in the gallery in such

a state of irrepressible laughter that no other trick on the poor nigger could be played. He was permitted to consider himself the victim of witchcraft.

My friend Mr. Doughty, from having lost the complete command of one leg, used very frequently to get falls, at which he himself was very angry. Whenever such an accident did happen, the rule among us all was not to appear to see it, as any offer of assistance only tended to render him still more out of temper. If one of these falls chanced in the presence of anybody unused to his peculiarity, and he hastened to his assistance, all muscular effort by the fallen was employed to use his stick with an unsparing arm on the benevolent shins that had come within his reach, until they again retreated, when the stick was at once put to its ordinary uses.

On one occasion while I was out with my yacht, and the late Lord Arundell had gone to Wardour, Lady Arundell (the present dowager) and Mrs. Berkeley were staying alone with their host and hostess, when at night, on the usual ample tray of wine, brandy, whisky, and hot water, with their etceteras being brought in, Doughty got up to "do the civil," but making a sudden skip with the ungovernable leg, he lost his balance and went down. In his fall, in an endeavour to catch the table for support, he only caught the tray, so he went on his back on the carpet with hot and cold water, wine and spirits mingling in inexhaustible floods upon his breast, the tray turned upside down making him look like a fallen knight with his shield above him.

The ladies knew how he disliked the fact of its being admitted that he *had* fallen, so they proceeded to talk over his body of the weather, and "what a pleasant day it was." Bottles, jugs, sodden biscuits, broken glass and steaming spray, sugar-tongs and spoons all flying about as Doughty kicked and cuffed at them in fury, blaming them and not himself for losing their equilibrium, and proclaiming his whereabout.

It was long before he regained his feet, when with a "Shall we go to bed?" he advanced to the bell and rang such a peal, it seemed, from his instantaneous arrival, that Bogle had been affixed to the end of the wire.

It was just previous to my departure for the prairies in America, that I paid a visit to my kind-hearted noble friend, the late Lord Breadalbane, at his seat, Ardmaddy, situated on an arm of the sea among the Highland Isles. The pleasure of that visit, though years have since passed, is still strong in my remembrance, and I can readily recal to mind the deep calm bays of the land-locked ocean, the picturesque mountains in the distance, and the splendid yacht lying at anchor ready for any serviceable cruise.

On one of his islands immense improvements in cultivation had been made, and we walked round the farm and inspected the sheds for fattening beasts, as well as all the conveniences that money and a master mind could bring to the spot. Both in the farm and fishery I had reason to admire the increase of food created by a generous hand. Breadalbane told me that until he taught the men how to use the gear, the like

of those splendid lobsters I then saw, were never brought to land. But a few short years before, snipes, and flocks of wild fowl flew about heathery swamps, and fed where now grew crops of corn and turnips.

After inspecting herds and flocks, before we re-embarked on board our yacht, the warm-hearted Highland laird went to a little shop, in the window of which sundry small goods were exposed, and purchased a large brown-paper bag, containing, I should think, the entire supply of sugar-plums. With this he proceeded to an open space in front of the cottages, followed by all the unshod and scantily-clothed children, who I soon saw, anticipated the consequences of his lordship's visit. Trailing from the bag the sugar-plums along the ground, Breadalbane walked backwards, while a laughing, yelling, scrambling mob of red and white-haired urchins of both sexes, from the sprawling infant to the running lad, fought, tussled, and tumbled, in an endeavour to get a good share of the welcome gift. As I stood and contemplated this village scene of the laird at home, I longed for Landseer's pencil, to have noted for those strange to such proceedings the gratification, when state and pageantry were laid aside, that arises from making happy the children of the industrious poor.

After visiting the farm, we then landed on a much smaller island, covered with a species of coarse grass where the bare rock did not prohibit its growth. At the instant we set foot on the shore, myriads of the lesser tern arose, screamed and circled in the air above us, warning us away from the precincts of their

breeding places. The ground was thickly strewn with nests containing eggs and young in every state of projection and downy growth, while around the rocky strand, birds just able to swim cried to their parents to come back and shield them with the fostering wing.

Lord Breadalbane strictly preserved the fowl, and indeed all wild things, at Ardmaddy from disturbance, as far as he was concerned, or as regarded any unlicensed intruders: of course I suppose that his steward, or factor as the local resident is called, had plenty of wild fowl shooting during the winter.

We walked up to a splendid site for a house, overlooking an arm of the sea, where the proprietor certainly contemplated erecting one. As we returned, we came upon a mass of iron wire netting, lying in the long grass, left in that rolled-up but neglected state so long, that even brambles of considerable size had grown between the meshes, and curled themselves above and over all. We both paused over the netting thus left to spoil, and probably forgotten, when with that peculiar glance of his eye, which I subsequently observed was very well appreciated by all servitors and dependants, Breadalbane remarked to me, as he touched the wire with his foot, "Is not this enough to stir one's temper, Berkeley? for in this we see what happens in more important affairs."

The party at Ardmaddy was of course small; no other men were present but my noble host and myself, and so agreeable I found my stay, it was with a regretful heart, even with the stirring prospect of

crossing the Atlantic and a hunt in the Far West before me, that I prepared to bid adieu to that pleasant association.

"You must take the Black Mount and a stag or two in your way to Taymouth Castle," said my hospitable host, "inspect my bisons in their park, and kill some grouse; look at my house at the Black Mount, though I can't offer it to you, as I have no one but a housekeeper there, and I'll see that you are taken care of in the little inn. Old Robertson, my head forester, will have an eye to you; and perhaps on your arrival you may kill a salmon for your dinner. When you get to Taymouth you will represent me; my establishment is there, groom, coachman, carriages, horses and all; so stay as long as you can, and everybody will obey you."

It is utterly impossible to portray to those who did not know the Highland king, the extreme kindness of tone and peculiar heartiness in which these words were uttered.

Lord Breadalbane then told me the route I was to take, and when a public stage-coach would occasionally help me on a portion of my journey between his inns and posting-houses. About six o'clock of one of the most splendid summer mornings I ever beheld, I got into my carriage with a pair of horses, and saw that a mighty hamper was added to my own private luggage, in which the attentive footman assured me were packed some red deer venison, with lamb and wine enough to last me during my stay at the little inn.

It was a most picturesque journey at that sweet, fresh hour of the morning, the road often lying close along the margin of the slumbering arm of the sea. The hare and rabbit sprung from the road where they had been drying their fur and rolling in the dust just before the horses' heads, into the luxuriant ferns; a seal thrust up its wary head from the mirror-like surface of the water, and seemed to listen in wonder to my rattling wheels; while the purple-heathered mountains on either side, their caps of mist flung off for the first time in the last three weeks—so my driver assured me—with a fair blue sky for a background, gazed down into the glittering mirror the lochs afforded them, as if to contemplate their remarkable beauty.

By lochs and through woods my way continued. Each inn the Breadalbane Arms, each hill and dale, and loch, and distant mountain, "just my lord's," save when I came to one portion of the estate which my driver told me was "Just ta Black Prince's."

"The Black Prince's?" I repeated, my mind recurring to the history of bygone times; "but who is the laird in possession?"

"Oh, it's the Breadalbane's; it a' just my lord's, but he lets it to the Prince."

Thus my way continued, at times in a public stage-coach, but chiefly with a pair of post-horses, for not one of the latter was I permitted to pay, the reply to my demand for a charge invariably being, "Nae, sir, it's my lord's orders that we take naething fra ye. Ye'r to go free through his lordship's hulls."

Finding that such an order had been given, I offered a liberal gratuity, but not one of the drivers would receive a sixpence, persisting that "it was my lord's pleasure that they took nothing."

It was yet early in the afternoon when I arrived at the Black Mount, saw my luggage stowed away in the best room at the little inn, and ordered a late dinner to be selected from the amply-provided hamper. Then I strolled out to the lodge of the head forester, old Robertson, the best deer-stalker I ever saw in my life. He read the orders I put into his hand, and with an alacrity of manner perfectly charming, in a very short space of time had a salmon-rod and flies ready, when he at once led the way to the best cast of the river running from the lake, cheerily assuring me that "we'd just hae a salmon or twa for dinner."

It was a lovely reach of the river that we came to—a shallow rapid over a rocky bed, and then a sharp flow of deepening water, with circling and profound and black-looking pools on the further side. "A salmon or two for dinner!" certainly not with a line, I thought; with a shot-gun I might have killed one, for, instead of playing out of sight, beneath the surface, in a taking mood, the fish were all amphibious, and almost as much in the air as in the element in which they are supposed always to live. They were dancing in the breathless air, their full length out of water.

Old Robertson shook his head and I shook mine; but to shake the rod or whip the water was utterly in

vain, so having persisted for some time, I returned to mine inn to dinner.

On the following morning, as I was starting for a stag, the innkeeper told me that a young gentleman and his bride had come to his inn late over night, and that if they could be made comfortable there, contemplated staying with him for the purpose of a few days' salmon-fishing. They did not, however, like their room, which had a disagreeable look-out. As the bride would have to sit at home during a considerable part of the day, if I did not object, she would much prefer my room and window to the one that had been provided for her.

I was about to reply, but Robertson, who was standing by, and seemed astonished at the audacity of the request, exclaimed, "Give up the room! don't you know it is my lord's orders that this gentleman is to have the best of everything. I am surprised that you should dare to think of it!"

What else the head forester was about to add I do not know, but having a poetic idea in my mind engendered by the words "newly married bride," I came to the relief of the abashed innkeeper, and to Robertson's astonishment told him that, as the prospect from a window was not of much moment to a man out on the hills till dark, I should be very happy to exchange apartments with the lady; and then directed him to return with my compliments, and to assure her how pleased I was to have it in my power to comply with her wishes.

Not without a liberal supply of romantic ideas, associated with the interesting creature I had obliged, I proceeded to the mountains, stalked, shot most successfully, and killed three good stags. One of them, "good" only because of his great age, for he was going back instead of coming on, and ought to have fallen years before.

Well pleased with my day's work, and charmed with the knowledge and painstaking of the head forester, I approached mine inn, with a latent desire to see "the bride," when I beheld, coming to meet me, a round, comfortable, elderly female, who I expected was approaching to ask some question regarding dinner. She very shortly put an end to my romantic notions. She dropped me a curtsey, and thanked me for putting myself to inconvenience for *her sake*, in having surrendered to her the best room. Straight and without any romantic feelings in my heart, though not quite reconciled to my disappointment, I sought my own apartment. The bridegroom, however, made me some amends for the loss of the best room, for he had killed a small salmon during the day in a portion of the river to which the tenant innkeeper was permitted to take his guests; and a good slice of this excellent fish heralded my steak of broiled venison, cold lamb, and cherry tart.

Having selected from the kennel at Robertson's lodge a deer-dog called Bar, to take with me to the Far West as a present from Breadalbane, the next day saw me posting to Taymouth; and at that most beautiful of all lovely residences, I arrived with time

enough to look about me, and to arrange for my amusements in the few following days.

Everything was at my disposal. Carriages and horses to drive to all the views, keepers to receive my orders for fishing and shooting; in the evening a splendid dinner, with the richest and best wines of every sort and kind to tempt the palate, and perhaps induce the thought that it was not the wisest training to an approaching travel in a wagon, where at times a good cup of water might be wanting. However, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and sufficient for the day is the good that can be got in it; I therefore enjoyed myself with great gusto, and cried out to the desert of the Far West that it might do its worst—

> "Not Heaven itself upon the past has power—
> What has been has been, and I have had my hour!"

I visited the loveliest views of that most lovely scene, I killed a salmon one day for my dinner, and finished my first visit to Taymouth on the 12th, in a very short morning's shooting of scarce over two hours, before starting by a train to Glasgow, my bag being over thirty brace of grouse. Alas! I had no more time to spare, for I had to return home, pick up my things, and hasten to Liverpool to take the packet to New York.

After my return to England I accepted an invitation from Lord Breadalbane to repeat my visit. On my way to the Highlands I also accepted the kind invitation of Lady Strangford to pay her a visit at Lennox Castle, near Glasgow, and thither I repaired

for the 12th of August. Having passed some most happy days at Lennox, found plenty of grouse on the very capital little moor, and met with in Park, the keeper, one of the best dog-breakers I ever saw—the only man I at present know to whom I would entrust a timid or nervous young pointer or setter—I then went on, and for the second time found myself at Taymouth.

What a domain it was for perfection in all wild sport, and how gracefully its attractions were dispensed to those who had the happiness of being therein entertained! Immense as the estate was—you might post in a direct line more than a hundred miles, and every mountain in sight, to repeat the local phrase, was "just my lord's"—every particle of it was as well managed as an English manor of a thousand acres. Everything was properly looked after, and all appointments made with a view to the perfection of the whole; so that from the extensive and beautifully-kept miles of lawn around the Castle, to the mountain tops of the forest of the Blackmount, a watch and ward, and a minuteness of care were maintained that kept everything in its place and preserved every sort of deer, of game, and fish in abundance.

How beautiful those summer days and evenings were, when, rod in hand, on Loch Tay, or on its river, I used to kill the splendid trout, in spinning or with the fly, and how often have I ceased from my brilliant sport to sit down, on rock or heather, and with admiring eyes to drink in the beauties of the surrounding prospect!

Perched on the "Heron's Stone" in the midst of the rapid Tay, as it rushed and rippled through the pleasure-grounds close to the Castle, there sat the feathered fisherman who gave the appellation to the fragment from some rock above; while nodding over the stream on a pendent bough from fir or birch, sat the lordly cock of the woods, an emigrant whose race had been fully established there by the wisely experimentalizing hand of the noble proprietor. In the park in front of the castle wandered the dappled herds of the fallow and meynel deer, while in another park the black and dun deer dwelt along with a beautiful herd of Cashmere goats. The bisons enjoyed a third park, but not exclusively, for with them were some white stags, which, had my deeply-lamented friend lived, would have been turned out to the north hill to cross with the red deer already there.

To the southern hill some young bisons had been turned to disport themselves among the wild fallow deer—a fact which my noble friend and myself were desirous of keeping from the knowledge of my lady, lest she should be unnecessarily alarmed. In nooks and corners of the Tay, the wild ducks, teal, and widgeon flocked, while on the bosom of the mighty loch innumerable fowl could be descried when the water was calm and smooth. For bison, eland, red and fallow deer, roebuck, hare, and rabbit, the place was one continuous preserve.

How often at night that well-remembered, hearty voice, has said to me, "What will you do to-morrow?"

"Anything or nothing," was my wonted reply; "what do you wish me to do, or what is wanted to be done?"

"I want a fat buck or two, and sometimes more, if you'll kill them, or a stag or fallow venison, from the north hill, or grouse from the moors;" and to do one or other of these things, "breakfast when you like, and say the hour;" then he used to add, "be back in time for dinner."

If neither venison nor game was wanted, then I was left to my rod on river or on lake, and it used to delight me to send home a splendid trout of seven or eight pounds to be dressed for dinner. The first of these large and beautiful fish sent home thus by me induced my host to exclaim that for years previous to my visit, except by rare accident, not one had reached his table.

Previous to this my last visit to Taymouth, a young German prince, but whose name at this moment I forget, had been on a visit to Breadalbane, and had been taken up to the hill where Lady Breadalbane's new garden was making, in order that he might have a good view of the lake. Struck with the splendid prospect and view of the extensive water, the prince turned to his noble entertainer and asked—how much of the inland fresh-water sea was his?

"Oh, sir," replied the Highland chief, laughing in his hearty way, "one must have elbow-room. Your Highness, all you see is mine."

During my visit, I had the very great happiness of meeting Prince and her Royal Highness Princess

Leiningen, for a happiness it was to be in the presence of a princess whose gentle manners and most graceful good-humour put all who surrounded her at their ease; and to share in sport with a prince who, to his high station in life, added all the attributes of a most agreeable companion and sportsman. We stalked deer together; he made some very good shots, and I have since often wished that I might attend on him again, and assist at the deaths of as many good deer as fell on that occasion to our joint aim.

I recollect that one day his Highness, Breadalbane, and myself walked down to see the dairy, and as was customary with all visitors, the book kept there was handed to us for signature. As Prince Leiningen signed his name he remarked that to-morrow was his birthday. As he said this, Breadalbane glanced at me as much as to say that he had thought of something, and the first moment we were alone together, he said we must have a serenade. On the following morning by break of day I was awoke by hearing the private band playing beneath the windows of his Royal Highness.

The next visitor that came with whom I was particularly struck, was that gallant and accomplished soldier, gentleman, and sportsman, his Royal Highness the Duc d'Aumale. He used to talk to me a good deal on sporting, as well as on military subjects, and he was a capital shot with gun and rifle. On the north hill he killed two stags with a left and right shot. He was kind enough to say he wished we had been sent out to shoot together, but according to

Breadalbane's own arrangement, for some reason or other, the Duke always went out alone.

My old friend Lord Rokeby also came and shot very well, and when the two experienced soldiers got together and spoke of war, I used to listen with the utmost attention, and invariably had to admire the high tone of chivalry and sense of discipline manifested by the Bourbon prince.

Out of health, alas! as poor dear Lady Breadalbane was, still she was cheerful and most agreeable, and she always did that which people generally did not give her credit for—she took the deepest interest in the estate affairs; Breadalbane telling me in his peculiar way, that my lady was his woodman, and managed everything herself. She used to delight in her flower-garden on the banks of the Tay, which was so placed that it did not interfere with the surrounding view of the continuous, smooth, and appropriate lawn.

One day my noble host and myself were seated on a bench in front of the Castle, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Ha! look—yonder we are having our pictures taken; we are being photographed, whether we like it or not." As he said this we got up and went to a man in the pleasure grounds butting his head under a black cloth, and arranging his instruments to get us within focus. When we reached him Breadalbane said—

"Well, friend, are you getting a good view?"

The man pulled his head from under the cloth, then carelessly, and with very little deference, replied, "Pretty well."

At that instant a Highlander in full costume came up; he was one of those appointed to show the place, and had heard the reply given to his lord. "D'ye know, man," he angrily exclaimed, "who it is you are speaking to?—it's the Marquis of Breadalbane his. self."

The artist begged pardon, while Breadalbane good-humouredly smiling, told him he was welcome to take what views he wished.

It was during this visit, and between our moving from Taymouth to the Black Mount, when my host and hostess started to the Forest, that I went to pass a day or two at Achmore, the house at the other end of Loch Tay, where Glenorchy passed the happiest days of his life when he married his beautiful bride, that I accidentally hit on the legend of "Golden-haired Mary," and the little island fast subsiding into the lake which still bears her name. At the comfortable inn at the head of the lake I passed a couple of days until my friends were again ready to receive me at the Mount, or as they newly christened it, the Forest Lodge; and as I had nothing else to do than to idle away the happy hours with a small trout spinning at the stern of my boat, I pulled, or rather drifted, into every sheltered nook which the shores of that well-wooded locality so picturesquely afforded, and thus I gathered materials for the story of "Golden-haired Mary," which I presented to Lady Breadalbane.

Those dear friends of mine are now no more; the mighty domain so well protected and so amply cared for, is severed from its just propriety. Its moors and

forests, many of them, are let to tenants, and governed by strangers; its wild things killed or dispersed, and its splendid pictures and articles of *vertú* carried from beneath the ample roof they graced so long.

Should I ever return to those loved scenes again, in the words of Tennyson, the Tay might say to my desponding senses, "And man may come and man may go, but I go on for ever," while at every turn of the grounds and in every room I should seem to see the powerful frame of my noble friend and the form of his gentle lady as I used to see them in sunny and in happier hours. How sad to me it would be to walk as I have walked beneath that huge old and spreading avenue of limes, whose impervious shade turned day into night, and whose millions of blossoms filled the air with delicious perfume, and gathered amidst their leaves a chorus of insect music.

The life of the scene is gone, the soul of all that made it so agreeable is removed. Summer comes and goes, the river rushes in its wonted speed, and flowers, her own flowers, rebud and bloom as if they expected her again; but the lord of the hill is gone, the strong arm and the gentle one lie side by side in the silence of the family tomb, and all the music, all the perfume, all the beauty that can be lavished by the creation of an Almighty hand, are vain to arouse from that terrible sleep the forms of those who have been gathered to the grey walls of the "Black Campbell"—those stones still proof against all time, and still for all time the last-resting place to which the chieftain can repair.

CHAPTER XVI.

FASHIONABLE BATHS AND BATHING.

Cleanliness next to godliness—Perils of a bridal tour—Turkish bath for horses—Banting's discovery—Sea-bathing—Sir George Rose and his rigid laws—A savage man proper—A delicate situation—Lady Hastings' method of bathing—A fat couple—Mudeford and Bournemouth—My hermitage—Caught in a trap—The hunting-beetle.

THAT "cleanliness is next to godliness" is a proverb of such remote antiquity that it is impossible to trace its origin, but among no people on the face of the earth is it so thoroughly appreciated as by my own countrymen and women. The conduct of the English with this idea in view, was long a never-failing source of wonder and amusement to the continentals whose houses became their temporary domiciles during their travels abroad; and in consequence clean John Bull was made to suffer manifold annoyances. Nothing bothered him more than the little pie-dish and the cream-jug of water provided for his lavations in the hotels of France, Switzerland, and Germany. These establishments are now, I have been told, furnished in a very different manner, but the tourist who ventures far out of the beaten track must not expect to meet with those facilities for enjoying the cleanliness which

he regards as a claim at least to respectability and comfort, if not to religion.

It has often been a source of wonder to me how men could be induced to start on a continental tour for the honeymoon, thus casting a young bride upon the wholesale abominations of a foreign hotel; in some cases with a man to make her bed and to reply to questions she is afraid to ask. Where on earth can a newly-married pair be half so pleasantly placed as in an English country house? or where are those feelings of delicacy so necessary to the continuance of admiration likely to be so well maintained as in a country famed for its ablutions and for the nice arrangement of its clean and comfortable dwellings? It is within my knowledge that youthful and beautiful brides have brought death upon them rather than break down the barriers of modesty within which they had been educated. Yet still the cry is, "Oh! start —start on a wedding tour!" That foreign tour of a few months has often done, I am certain, more to break down admiration, than years would have effected passed in an English home.

Throughout my experience with and care for animals, I have found that nothing is so effective for the strengthening of sinews after strains, and the reduction of immediate inflammation of the most acute kind, as cold and hot water. I paid a visit to the bath for racehorses on the downs near Lambourne, in Berkshire, and saw a racehorse of Colonel Townley's operated on, or sweated in it, and I never beheld an animal enjoy anything more, or look better

after it. The only portion of the practice that alarmed the racer was the presentation of the syringe, and then the douche of cold water. When such applications are made, there ought always to be a shade over the patient's eyes.

The Turkish Bath may not be serviceable to the getting a racer into condition; nevertheless, in my opinion, it is a powerful resource against many injuries and diseases. It may not answer in some cases, and it may be successful in others, just as it is found to be with people according to their constitutions or bodily habits. Thus a great, coarse-skinned, bloated man, fat, unscrubbed, and not half washed, goes into a Turkish Bath, and like a snake, leaves his scales behind him, quitting it much refreshed; while on the other hand a clean, thoroughly washed, well exercised, and well rubbed down man tries the same remedy and derives no benefit from it.

The man to whom fat men owe the greatest obligation, is Mr. Banting. He ought to be thanked in the first instance for making a discovery, and in the second for rendering it intelligible. What a chance he has had of making a fortune, for if he had put together some harmless concoction, given it to his patients, and then dieted them as simply as he does now, the "Banting mixture" would soon have had a world-wide renown, and the real cause of the removal of a disease in flesh been overlooked.

Sea-bathing, as it deserves to be, is still in great request. Indeed the picturesque attractions of our coast scenery, the pleasant sands, the clear water, and

the facilities for reaching them afforded by the railways have largely increased the number of such favourite places of resort. Weymouth, where George III. and his family went regularly every summer; Brighton, the marine residence of the Prince of Wales and his set; Scarborough and Margate, once rivals for patronage, have found nearly a hundred imitators.

Having lived for many years on the coast, incidents of a ludicrous nature frequently came under my observation, illustrating watering-place life. These I will now relate.

One amusement of the late Sir George Rose, to whom I have previously alluded, was to constitute himself constable of the shore at Mudeford, and preside over the decency he deemed requisite on a public beach. To this work he was peculiarly urged by one Jane West, who presided over the bathing temples, whether on wheels or sequestered beneath the inscription on her hut, of "Hot and cold water baths." Any person who sought a lonely nook in the cliffs between Mudeford and Hurst Castle, about nine miles of shingly desert, there to indulge in the enjoyment of the bathing, was the object of this woman's detestation, because he or she avoided her twelvepenny tax.

She applied to Sir George to protect her "vested interests" in the beach, by the fine of a shilling against all such offenders, as she considered them. On learning this law, I cut steps in the cliff from my lawn to the sea, and bathed as I pleased, putting up a tent just above high-water mark for any ladies

who were staying with me, that they might do the same.

I shall never forget one day when I was on the beach between the old steamer and Mudeford Lodge, that Sir George Rose with his servant behind him came trotting up. "Do you see that horrid wretch?" he exclaimed, pulling his horse almost on his haunches—"the man bathing on the beach without a machine. It is dreadfully indecent!"

"I do not see anything to object to," I replied, "in the way you put it."

Sir George saw, or thought that he saw in me, an inclination to laugh, so he spurred on; and while the unfortunate fellow was luxuriously breasting the billows—

"Come ashore and put on your things!" he shouted.

Now the sea being common to us all, the bather remembered that he had a right to several lengths of salt water, so he puffed and blew, and struck out without deigning any reply to the mandate addressed to him.

Sir George waxed wrathful, and directed his servant to seize the man's clothes. The groom dismounted and obeyed the order; when apparently forgetful, or else exhausted by the throes of anger, Sir George relapsed into a quiet, meditative walk of his horse, and seemed oblivious to the very extraordinary little drama, *al fresco*, he had bespoken.

The servant having seized the clothes, the bather hurriedly approached the beach to demand restitution;

but the former rolled them in a bundle, and was carrying them off on the pommel of his saddle.

Thinking of nothing but his way back to Sandhills, Sir George Rose maintained his reverie, his groom the clothes, and thus they proceeded in solemn triumph till they found themselves in a throng of ladies, maid-servants, and little girls, the latter industriously digging holes in the sand, in the objectless manner common to children when at the seaside.

There was a tremendous sensation as the last of the three figures came into view, which ended in a rapid flight of the fair spectators; but it was not till the shouts of the donkey-boys at this strange Valentine and Orson procession, made the zealous magistrate turn as he reached his own gate, that he became aware of the outrage against every feeling of propriety he had created by his interference, for at his heels was a man whose nakedness could not be clothed, as the means had been taken from him.

I remember while resident at Beacon Lodge seeing the wheel of a bathing-machine come off, in a fast-rising tide, in which machine were some "genteel females." The aquatic hut had come down a great deal on one side, resting on its axle, and the boy and the bathing horse were occupied some distance off.

On seeing the accident, and hearing female screams, my first impulse was to enter the water and wade up to the scene of distress. As I uttered the words "Do not be alarmed," several angry faces were partly thrust into the holes made to let in the light, when the answer vouchsafed to me, and that in too sharp a

key to be pleasant, was, "Get away—do-o-o-o-o!" Of course I acquiesced instanter. When the females were removed from the broken down machine on the sharp hips of the old worn-out, sea-going horse, and behind the grinning monkey of a boy, I discovered that they were at feud with me on account of my just interference with their male relations as to sundry depredations on my game preserves.

When ladies first invented the costume of bathing bloomers, and thus accoutred, learned to swim and take headers into the water from the wheels and roofs of their aquatic carriages, the water running very shoal where they used to disport themselves, some of them could go out a long way with one foot pegging at the sand, and the other raised to the surface, as if in the act of swimming. While a young lady was thus attired and occupied, a boat with some sailors, coast-guard, or fishermen rowed by, one of whom called out, "Hillo, young gentleman, don't you get too far out, or you'll be carried away by the tide."

A curious circumstance happened to myself before the extreme delicacy of Sir George Rose and Jane West had separated the machines for gentlemen from those set apart for ladies, and placed them at a little distance from each other. I was bathing in company with three very large dogs, a retriever and two deer greyhounds, one of the latter being a full-grown puppy; I had swam out some distance, when the young dog became alarmed, and naturally sought me for assistance, making an attempt to land on my shoulders. Any one versed in the claws of a large,

strong-footed creature of this kind, will readily imagine the scarification likely to take place on naked shoulders by such an application, so I shouted to him to go back.

The two old dogs obeying this order also, the trio swam towards the shore together; but not making due allowance for the west-going sweep of the tide, they mistook a lady's machine for mine, and the door of it being open, the inmate was intensely alarmed by three huge dripping faces and forms suddenly climbing from the vasty deep up the steps, and shaking from their coats, mop fashion, enough spray to have formed a considerable billow. She had bathed, and was rubbing herself dry, when seeing the cause of her terror, and hearing her cries, I felt myself obliged to swim to her assistance. With only my head above water, I whistled for my dogs. Not having completed her toilet she had to select between the presence of man and the unpleasant companionship of three large and strange dogs. She chose the latter; at least she intimated this selection to me by closing the door in my face with a pretty little scream. Bobbing my head to her —for the depth of the water in which I kept myself admitted of no more graceful genuflexion—I implored her to open the door just wide enough to let the dogs out; and to enable her to do so, I drew to one side away from the space I counselled her to give them.

She could not, or would not, do this, and for a time I saw nothing but the noses alternately of the two old dogs coming out and drawing in again, as they attempted to obey my call, but from which they were prevented.

Nose on nose, little white feet and canine paws, continued to flit before me, while I kept whistling and kneeling on the sand, not without fear that the receding tide would very soon leave me high and dry. At last, however, at my suggestion, she contrived sufficiently to finish her toilette, the door was opened, and my dogs were permitted to join me.

The late Lady Hastings was bathing on the beach in direct contravention of the dictum of Sir George Rose, but it was out of his immediate district. The place she selected being in a most retired spot, she had ridden down to the sea on her pony. Her dress left on the crutch of the saddle, and her bathing apparel put on, she used to swim at the end of a long cord, held by a young lady friend of hers, who also had charge of her pony's rein. On one occasion they had neglected to take the rein entirely from the pony's neck, so that it had a back action on one side behind his ear, that made him back just when her ladyship, at the end of her tether, was laying great stress on it, and undergoing the seaward force of a very strong out-going tide.

"Oh! something is the matter with the horse," cried the young lady; "he is pulling me back, and I must loose the cord round your waist, or he will get away."

"Good gracious, child, do no such thing! I shall be drowned—don't!" screamed the bather.

But as the more he backed the more the pony felt the rein, the young lady had but one choice left. Presently away the pony went, squeaking and gallop-

ing and kicking up his heels in delight at the flying and fluttering and various coloured garments hanging on either side his saddle, right up the sands towards Lymington, or the inhabited part of the world, and the ladies after him.

It luckily happened that, though they were not aware of it, there sat in a sequestered nook an old sea-dog of a Preventive Man, who, glass in hand, had been watching the scene I have recounted.

On observing the flight of the pony with all the bather's clothes, he came forth, and catching the rein, led him back to meet his owner, who in the race had far outstripped her young friend. Of course the bather thanked and afterwards remunerated the Coast-guard, but she was some little time before she could induce him to forego attendance; and they returned along the strand in company, and for some distance, on either side the pony's neck, the Preventive Man peeping at the peach-coloured dress of the lady in intense but respectful admiration.

A very stout couple, man and wife, of the strictly-speaking agricultural class, came up to Mrs. West. "We want to bathe," said the man; "what do you charge for a machine?"

"One shilling each," she replied.

"Each!" exclaimed the farmer; "we only want one!"

The bathing woman would not sanction such an impropriety, and indignantly declined to let her machine; so they went away up the more lonely strand beneath Beacon Lodge.

One of the Look-out men being on duty saw a fat couple walking beneath the cliffs, among the *débris* of some of the fallen blue clay in which there are fossils, and there they suddenly disappeared; but presently emerged in a state of nature. In spite of Sir George Rose and Jane West, they walked hand-in-hand into the sea, and proceeded to disport themselves among the billows.

Mudeford, as the little place is called at the side of Christchurch harbour—so named from the stream, the Mude, which crosses the road and flows to meet the ocean tide—is a quiet little village, and so retired that when ladies come there, they do not think it necessary in their walks to be followed by a footman, caned and cocked-hatted. Nor do they simulate the folly of those at the neighbouring sea-bathing place, Bournemouth, and bob about from dell to dell as if they thought every bush concealed a serpent and a tempting apple, and that they were never safe unless at church.

Mudeford is an unpretending little place, but its air is frequently affected by an effluvium from the harbour mud. In its vicinity I have seen much fun, and indeed so I have at Bournemouth, the prettiest, most pretending, but generally stupidest place I ever was in. But were I to select between the two, I would infinitely sooner reside at little Mudeford than at overgrown Bournemouth, for society at the former is in a much less forced and artificial state of existence than at the latter.

A renter of houses and manors in the county for

the last six-and-thirty years, and surrounded with the sports of forest, river, and field, but having none of those to me most necessary adjuncts to render life agreeable, I felt while at Bournemouth like a fish out of water, and as if the "occupation of Othello" was really gone. Looking from the rather ricketty pier, there lies the West Bay, stretching from Christchurch Head up to the entrance to Poole harbour, but scarce a boat to render the blue waves free to the listless visitor.

In short, at Bournemouth man has no amusement of any kind; and what is stranger still, when men and women meet at this watering-place, there is no association, no promenade, as at other places, where the people walk; and not an opportunity sought in which to exchange an idea. Nature has been most prodigal in her gifts to this secluded scene. The sea in its changing aspects and its varying hues, the bold and beautifully-shaped cliffs tinted with brown and yellow sand, mingling with green and gold as broom and gorse burst forth in sheltered nooks; while at the back of the pretty villas, clustering one above another, lies a broad wild heath, teeming with honey and with health, spread with brilliant blossom here and there, as far as the eye can reach, soon to be succeeded by the glorious pink and purple of the heather bloom.

Thick among the villas rise the dark fir-trees, intermingled with the pendent blossoms of laburnum, and with flowering shrubs of every kind. The rhododendron flourishes side by side with azalea and the various sorts of heath; flowers of every kind deck the

warm and sunny borders, and fill the air with fragrance; and blackbird, thrush, finch, and lark continue their cheerful music all day long, till the whitethroat and the nightingale relieve them for the night.

Bournemouth seems made for social enjoyment, and to waken the heart to genial sympathy; yet the visitors apparently shrink within themselves, remaining in their lodgings or hotels, or secreting themselves in the cover afforded by the neighbouring bushes. It is a very quiet place for sedentary or literary occupations. But were it not for the advantages of the adjoining wilds, and a fir-wood still bearing the suggestive title of Cupid's Grove—because there was a time to my certain knowledge when lovers used to meet there—no one at this fashionable watering-place would be able to speak to his friend, to walk out, possibly not to sneeze, without its being known to and canvassed by the community in their various hiding-places.

It is—the air of it—deemed efficacious for complaints in the chest, and therefore the favourite resort of invalids, who may be seen in innumerable donkey-chairs labouring through heavy sands, and attended by drivers who seem to think that their long-eared quadrupeds cannot be made acceptable to their employers unless, like cream, they are whipped. The loud and continuous drumming of these boys with their sticks on the donkey's ribs ought to be melancholy music to the patient who occupies the little four-wheeled chair. If a donkey brays, as he constantly does on meeting with his four-footed acquaintances,

his driver becomes instantly excited into greater activity, and drums a rattling accompaniment on the poor creature's hide to the discordant roaring. This, however, does no good, for it produces neither silence nor acceleration.

Bournemouth is, as I have said, a very pretty place; it is also a very strange place. It has more Divine service in it, and the churches are more crowded and better attended than in any place I ever saw. Week-day as well as Sunday the apparently religious flock to their places of meeting, and then only can you judge of the number of people who between whiles secrete themselves in the bushes or occupy themselves in their seclusion at home in illuminating lengthened scraps of paper with gaudy letters that make a Scriptural quotation. When completed, these are stuck up in drawing-rooms and bedrooms, to the special disfiguring of the walls. From the way the churches were thronged, and the frequency of Divine service, I had thought at first that Bournemouth must rank high in sanctity and decorum, but on inspecting the visitors' list kept at the library, I therein saw that no less than twenty-seven fresh clergymen had arrived in one week. What then means this advent of religious men? surely there must be some reason for their flocking here. Either the place has been very wicked, or it must become good. I have been told that it is a nursery for Puseyism, and that this class of visitors come to learn its attractive ceremonial previously to introducing it to their own congregations. An advertisement that recently appeared in the *Times*,

mysteriously announcing the commencement of the "Autumnal Term," favours this impression. The church here is quite a St. Barnabas; indeed, recent enlargements and additional ornamentation, when completed, are likely to throw the little Pimlico cathedral into the shade.

Thank Heaven I am no longer a resident at this pretty but dull place. I have again a hut of my own, or little shooting-lodge, surrounded by forest and moor—a castellated structure by the way, but that like Horace Walpole I am destined to live out six sets of my own battlements, I rather doubt. Nevertheless it is more a hermitage than a castle, and to any one fond of seclusion must possess unusual attractions; for there are no neighbours to peep beneath the bushes. Indeed, so completely out of the way is it, that that evidence of civilization, the postman, will not venture within two miles of the place.

Here, however, as the tenant of Sir Ivor Guest, I am content to remain, pursuing my customary recreations in shooting and fishing, and studying the characteristics of animated nature on a wide expanse of land that is bounded on one side only by the sea: but even in this solitude, the hermit is not left entirely to himself.

It was on the 25th of last June, that the long-existing fresh breezes had died away, and under a clouded and rather thundery sky, everything seemed to listen for the electric cannonade. If a leaf fell before its time, it could have been heard among its still luxuriant fellows to patter down; and the hum of

the humble-bees as they yet butted their black heads and shoulders into the bosom of the latest blossoms of the rhododendron in search of honey with a drowsy or stifled chorus, seemed to invite me to sleep; or to invite us, for my faithful dog Brutus laid at my feet, to an oblivion of all but surrounding nature. All at once the most extraordinary and plaintively painful sound assailed my ears; there was something unnaturally canine in it, it was not altogether like the yelping of a dog. Brutus sprang to his feet, and so did I, for the sound, whatever it was, came from the preserve, and required instant attention. Before we had made up our minds what it was, the plaintively painful and continuous cry swelled suddenly into such a din of blatant grief as made the welkin ring again, and we plunged to seek it in the thick laurel cover. Directed by our ears, at last we burst upon a little open glade, when the following scene presented itself. On the ground lay a struggling mass of boyish limbs, entwined with the equally active legs and feet of a small, rough, white lurcher dog, caught above the pad in a heavy steel trap, chained and padlocked to a tree. The boy crying, was embracing the dog, and holding its mouth in an endeavour to stop its yelps, while over him stood, or rather danced, three women with dishevelled hair, wringing their hands and shrieking, a performance in which they were lustily joined by three little children, one of whom was tied on the top of the shoulders of a woman. As if this tumult was not enough, a second small lurcher barked and bit at everything till awed to a quiescent state by

the sudden appearance of Brutus, who stood over him in a threatening attitude.

I saw at once the nature of the catastrophe; the lurcher was caught in a vermin-trap, and a whole encampment of tramps had come from the high road to his assistance. Whether there were men among them I do not know, certainly none but women and children put in an appearance. I liberated the captive, giving his owners a caution not to let their dogs go hunting in the preserves again.

"Oh, sir!" cried one of the women, "it's our poor old blind 'ooman's dog; she'd be lost without him, and we are all thankful to you, sir, for your kindness."

"But what the deuce is going on there?" I said; "is there anything else caught in another trap? What's that uproar about in the ditch?" I stepped to the top of the bank, and then beheld the aforesaid blind old woman, butting first with her head against the bank, then backing frantically, and fighting and tearing at everything within her reach. She had heard the screams and yells, and believing her four-footed guide to be in danger, had rushed towards the sounds in a state of nervous fury amounting to temporary insanity. Had not the other women gone to her with shouts of "Mother, be quiet; it's all right," the poor creature would most likely have broken her neck.

In walking over the heath the other day, on the white, narrow, sandy path at my foot, my observation was called to a beetle that was bearing aloft in

his mouth, carrying it so as to prevent its being any impediment to progress, some heavy insect he had captured. By kneeling down, I discovered that this game was a large brown spider, its legs gathered up and collapsed in death. The beetle had wings, and his sides were of a bright orange or scarlet colour, the rest was of a sombre hue. He was rather fly-like in shape, and more than half an inch long. As small blades of grass occasionally thwarted his progress and caused him to back or go round them, I placed the point of my stick in his way, and when he had ascended it with his burden, I lifted him up to a nearer view. While undergoing this inspection, the weight of the spider over-balanced him, and he and his burden fell to the path, separating ere they came to the ground. Apparently the beetle was in no way alarmed by the idea of human interference, for the moment he came to his legs, he commenced a hurried search for his game, which lay about a foot off, and then I saw that a beetle has a nose as well as a dog. Having made two or three circles without finding it, he passed down wind, and then went straight to his prey.

It was perfectly obvious to me that the spider had been a dangerous enemy, for the beetle on getting up to him avoided his head, and by putting out a fore leg and touching the insect's side, ascertained that life was extinct. Having convinced himself on this point, he again seized his prey and commenced once more to bear him eagerly away.

Resolved to watch the issue, I interfered no further:

after carrying his burthen about a couple of feet along the path, he set it down, and went on without it. Now it was obvious to me that it was by no means his intention to leave his burthen where he had set it down; so on my hands and knees I followed him, and saw him quit the sandy path and climb up to the top of several sprigs of heather. From the last of these he quickly descended, and retraced his steps direct to where he had left the quarry, again possessed himself of it, and bore it on to the foot of the sprig up which I had just observed him climb. On coming to its root he set down his burthen to rest, presently picking it up again he climbed to the top, and deposited the dead game in the fibres he had previously ascertained to be adapted to hold it and to keep it safe. This done, he again descended, and I saw him go off among the roots of the heather, as if in search of more game.

By kneeling down and giving a very minute inspection to these several sprigs of heather, I discovered that the only one that could have held the spider had been selected. The beetle, in short, had hung up his dead game in the most artistic manner, and in order to test the soundness of his judgment, I waved the sprig of heather to and fro as violently as any breeze of wind could have done, yet the spider remained unshaken.

Now who will deny to the insect brain, the faculty of reasoning? The beetle thought that if he did not hang up his game, it might fall a prey to other predatory creatures, and took all the trouble

I have described to secure for it the best and safest larder.

The descent from man to insect seems a great one, but though the size of the creature immensely differs, there are much the same links in the existence of the one as in the other, although

> Man hopes to be forgiven,
> And claims himself a sole exclusive Heaven.

Of man, of animal and insect, yet I could converse, but the inevitable "finis" is at hand; to a book, as to life, it must come. On the courteous reader's kind forbearance, I therefore now rest an author's claim, content if my labours have relieved a tedious hour, or won from the lips of the gentler sex an approval it has ever been my proudest hope to gain.

THE END.

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